WISDOM

THE MAGAZINE OF KNOWLEDGE FOR ALL AMERICA

THE THINKER by Rodin (photographed by Karsh of Ottawa)

first anniversary edition

JANUARY 1957

ONE DOLLAR

WISDOM

THE MAGAZINE OF KNOWLEDGE FOR ALL AMERICA

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THE COVERS—Rodin's famous statue, *The Thinker,* posed a special problem for photographer Karsh of Ottawa. On assignment for WISDOM, he flew to the Rodin museum operated under the direction of the Philadelphia Museum of Art, only to find that the statues had just been waxed, creating highlights difficult to photograph. How well he succeeded can be seen on the front and back covers of this month's issue.

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ACKNOWLEDGING THE MEN AND WOMEN OF WISDOM

HAL STEBBINS is a nationally known writer, advertising executive, publishers' consultant and author of the sophisticated *Dictionary for Moderns.* "Ideas That Made History" introduces WISDOM readers to a crucial moment in the development of Darwin's theory of evolutionary progress. Mr. Stebbins's article in November dealt with the discovery of penicillin. We are grateful to *Printers' Ink* for the loan of the illustration used in this month's feature.

FREDERICK MAYER'S "Invitation to Understanding" has been one of WISDOM's most popular features. In past issues he has reviewed the thought of Shakespeare, Kant, Socrates and Thoreau. In this month's essay he discusses one of the most important thinkers of modern times, Albert Einstein. Dr. Mayer is professor of philosophy at the University of Redlands and author of eight books and over 100 articles.

JOSEPH M. THOMAS, a professor at the University of Minnesota, edited a book on composition for college students and published another on 19th century English prose.

OSCAR J. CAMPBELL studied in the U.S. and extensively abroad: Oxford, Berlin, Copenhagen, Paris and London. He is an expert on Shakespeare.

HARDIN CRAIG has been visiting professor of English at the University of Missouri since 1949. He is a well known author and editor of scholarly books.

JAMES F. PYRE, who received his Ph.D. in 1897, was associate professor of English at the University of Wisconsin from 1909 until his death in 1934.

"Johnson and Boswell" is taken from *Great English Writers,* © 1938 by Appleton-Century-Crofts, Inc., the joint product of these four men. They collaborated on an earlier two-volume English anthology.

C. BROOKE WORTH and ROBERT K. ENDERS jointly produced "Life in the Universe," which is taken from *The Nature of Living Things,* © 1955 by the authors and published by the New American Library as a Signet Key Book. Dr. Enders heads the Department of Biology at Swarthmore College and has held important Governmental posts in the Agriculture and Interior Departments. Dr. Worth, formerly associated with the Division of Medicine and Public Health of the Rockefeller Foundation, is now on the staff of the University of Pennsylvania School of Medicine.

RUSSEL CROUSE began his writing career as a journalist in the Midwest, moved to New York as reporter and columnist. He is represented in WISDOM by a selection from an early book, *Mr. Currier and Mr. Ives,* © 1930 by the author and published by Doubleday and Co. Other books and magazine articles followed, as did librettos: *Anything Goes, Red, Hot and Blue,* etc. *Life with Father* (in conjunction with Howard Lindsay) set records on Broadway. His most recent Broadway hits include *Call Me Madam* and *Detective Story.*

NINA PULLIAM, wife of a newspaper publisher, has been active in Midwestern newspaper and radio circles for many years, and has taken part in various women's press and professional organizations. To write *I Traveled a Lonely Land,* © 1955 by The Bobbs-Merrill Co., Inc., she covered Down Under Land—which has interested her since childhood—by plane, foot and horseback. "Australia, the Lonely Land" is a portion of this book.

LOUIS WEINBERG, art critic, painter, lecturer, author and editor, was a member of the art department at City College of New York, and for many years a lecturer at the Metropolitan Museum of Art. He is the author of *Color in Everyday Life.* "A. Rodin, Sculptor of the Soul" is taken from his book *The Art of Rodin,* published and © 1918 by Boni & Liveright, Inc.

VICTOR FRISCH introduces his biography of Rodin with the words, "I have learned from Rodin two basic things: to work, and to let the work speak for itself." The biography does speak for itself as an eyewitness report. Mr. Frisch met Rodin at a Munich salon in 1894, accepted the sculptor's offer to work as his assistant in Paris and was his friend until Rodin's death. When the Philadelphia Rodin Museum was set up, Mr. Frisch served as adviser. And it was he, who had studied with Rilke in Vienna, who brought the poet and the sculptor together, Rilke serving as Rodin's secretary.

JOSEPH T. SHIPLEY taught at Yeshiva College, was drama critic of the *New Leader* and edited an encyclopedic history of literature. He has done many translations from the French, and has contributed poetry and essays to magazines both here and abroad. From his collaboration with Frisch came *Auguste Rodin,* © 1939 by Frederick A. Stokes Co. We have selected the dramatic chapter, "The Thinker No Academy Could Kill," for presentation here as an interesting sidelight on the sculptor.

JOHN J. B. MORGAN, former professor of psychology at Northwestern, set up his criteria for "creative struggling" as a guide to the utility and effectiveness of rational, properly placed action. "Learning to Fight Wisely" forms a part of his *Keeping a Sound Mind,* © 1934 by The Macmillan Co., and is used with permission. Dr. Morgan's "The Technique of Correct Thinking" appeared in our September issue.

JULIAN HUXLEY, grandson of Thomas Huxley, the great disciple of Darwin; son of Leonard Huxley, editor, biographer, and poet; brother of Aldous Huxley, English author, is one of the world's outstanding experts on zoology. Mr. Huxley's interest in social aspects of science is perhaps best reflected in his appointment as executive secretary of UNESCO. Our selection, "The Ant World," is from *Ants* by Julian Huxley, used by permission of the copyright owner, Peter Smith, Gloucester, Mass., publisher. While Mr. Huxley seldom attempts drawn-out analogies between ant and human societies, his awareness of resemblance provides much material for reflection.

EARL W. MOUNCE and ROBLEY D. STEVENS provide free—and expert—advice to the layman in their article "Sign on the Dotted Line," © 1956 by the authors. Mr. Stevens is a practicing business consultant, and Mr. Mounce is a professor of law at the University of Maryland and a member of the Bar of the United States Supreme Court.

E. WAYNE MARJARUM, who served as professor of English at Rutgers University and editor of the Rutgers University Press, tells us how to make the most of our reading time in "The Art of Rapid Reading." This is a portion of his *How to Use a Book,* published by the Rutgers University Press and © 1947 by the Trustees of Rutgers. He gives many useful tips on increasing speed in reading and in skimming.

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A Letter from the Publisher

We are experiencing the dawn of a new age. Automation, new modes of travel, the magic of modern science—all these point to a period which will be radically different from previous eras. The shorter work week will provide more leisure than ever before and more opportunity for creative endeavors. Yet the question remains: Shall we use these advances to enrich our lives or shall we live an existence of noisy futility? Will the last half of the 20th century be a Utopian dream or a technological nightmare?

WISDOM magazine arose as a response to the challenge posed by this new age, and already its acceptance has been truly overwhelming. This wholehearted response is symbolic of a longing not merely for information but also for those eternal ideas which give more meaning and satisfaction to life. As one reader wrote, "WISDOM tills the soil of the soul." It is directed to man's spirit; it seeks to widen his intellectual horizon and to expand his vision. It offers him hope for the future, as WISDOM is dedicated to an optimistic philosophy of life. We believe, indeed, that this new era will be greater than the Renaissance or the Age of Pericles.

Skeptics might point to the rise of juvenile delinquency, or to the materialism which seems to dominate our civilization. "Is our reading taste not on a low level?" they ask. "Is there not a vast gulf between first-rate and third-rate thinking?" "Have we not failed to create great art?" As a matter of fact, when WISDOM was started skeptics doubted that it could succeed. "The public," they said, "is largely indifferent to culture." But they were wrong. Every month we receive thousands of letters from subscribers who have found in WISDOM both intellectual stimulation and inspiration for meeting the problems of daily living.

Among our many lifetime subscribers, for example, are college students, who certainly are not overprivileged financially. But they feel that this investment in knowledge and faith is worth any temporary sacrifice.

Such deep interest is profoundly encouraging—not only to us but also to all persons who are interested in the improvement of our civilization. We have heard so much from the prophets of doom that we sometimes overlook the evidence which promises a bright future. In the next 10 years, we might note, regular school enrollment will double. More and more adults will attend night classes. Cultural programs on television will be viewed by vast audiences. In short, the real hunger for education in America is greater than ever before—and it will continue to grow. WISDOM is an expression of this tremendous yearning.

With the spread of dictatorship in Europe, many men of genius found a haven in the United States. Albert Einstein, Thomas Mann and other distinguished Europeans undoubtedly inspired American scientists and writers, who have won an increasing number of Nobel prizes in the last 10 years. Our scientific organizations and industrial research programs now set the pace for other nations; our literature is read around the globe. America may well make a contribution to world civilization which will exceed that of Athens.

This is not an idle dream for certainly we have the material resources and the educational institutions. Moreover, we have an abundance of great minds. All we need is enthusiastic devotion to the pursuit of the higher values. Once we realize how exciting the life of the mind and spirit can be, our lives as individuals will be transformed together with our society.

The philosophy of WISDOM is like that expressed so beautifully in William Faulkner's Nobel prize acceptance speech: "I believe that man will not merely endure; he will prevail. He is immortal, not because he alone among creatures has an inexhaustible voice, but because he has a soul, a spirit capable of compassion and sacrifice and endurance."

To demonstrate its firm dedication to these ideals, WISDOM recently honored the outstanding leaders of government, industry, science and the arts in an imposing ceremony. The WISDOM awards were designed not only to pay tribute to the eminent men and women of our times but also to inspire others to emulate their achievements. (A list of WISDOM award recipients appears on pages 72-73.)

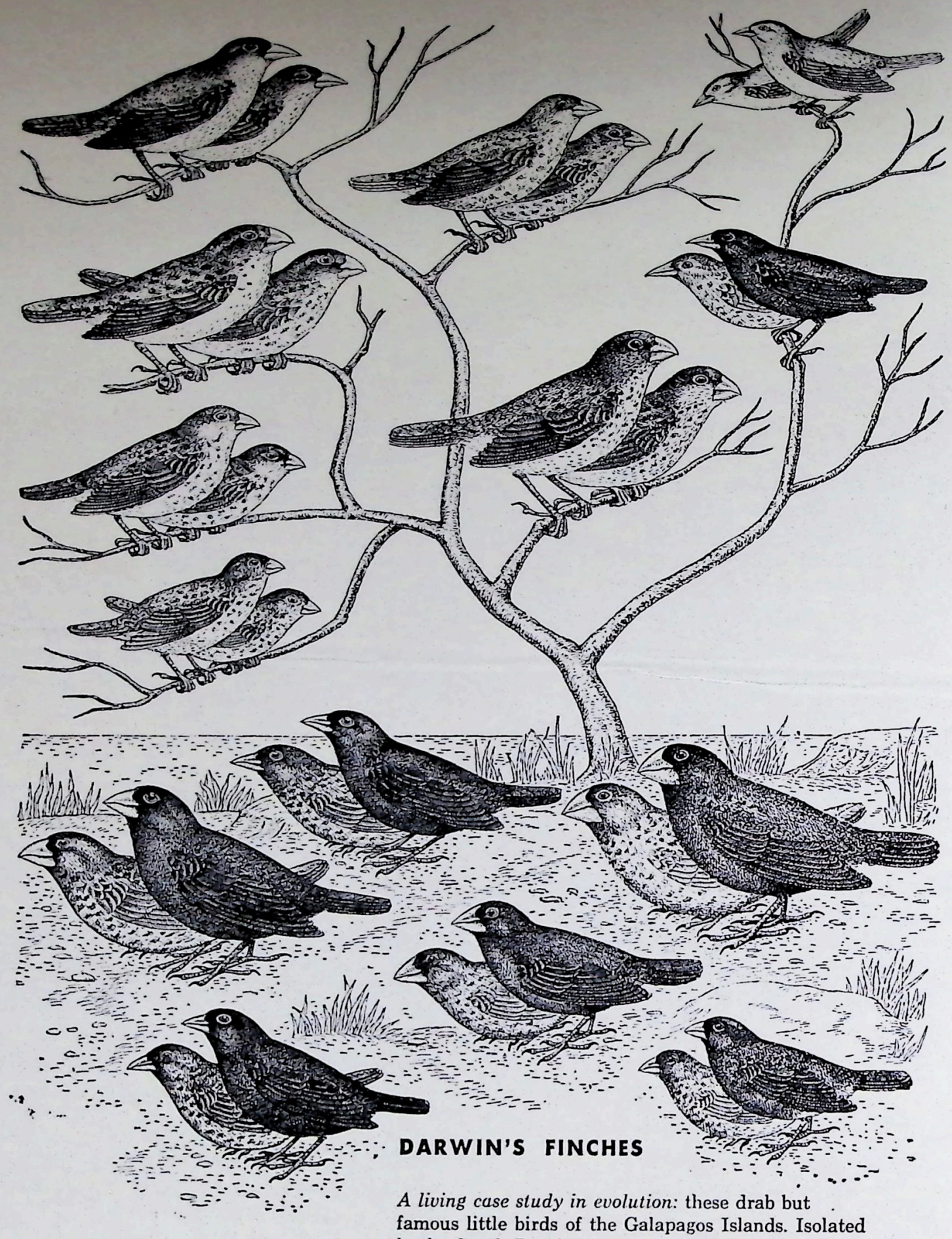
The first year of publication has been a milestone to WISDOM. It has been truly a year rich in fulfillment for all of us who are associated with the magazine. We have sincerely appreciated your constructive comments, for they have helped us to discover your dreams and desires. We have received letters from countless people, both famous and unknown, from all walks of life—and from lands as distant as India and Iran. We treasure them because they have guided us—and will guide us—in expanding and improving WISDOM.

We look forward eagerly to the new year. Our editors will continue to explore every realm of knowledge in order to find the most important ideas of all time—and the finest pictures to illustrate them.

You, the readers, are the pillars of WISDOM. Your encouragement is our sustenance, and your ideals are our hopes. You are our partners in the glorious adventure that lies ahead.

Leon Gutterman

EDITOR AND PUBLISHER



DARWIN'S FINCHES

A living case study in evolution: these drab but famous little birds of the Galapagos Islands. Isolated in the South Pacific, they have developed 14 species from a common ancestor—here arranged to show the evolutionary tree of their development.

Ideas

THAT MADE HISTORY

by Hal Stebbins

Time: 1835. Place: the volcanic Galapagos Islands in the Pacific . . . 600 miles west of South America, 3000 miles east of Polynesia.

Charles Darwin (whose five-year observations as naturalist on H.M.S. *Beagle* resulted in the *Origin of Species*) saw a group of small, drab, finchlike birds. But Darwin, ever-present notebook in hand, saw what others hadn't:

These Galapagos finches were a classic case study in evolution. Life on such a remote island provides an ideal test tube through which we can see countless years of evolutionary development *without outside intervention.*

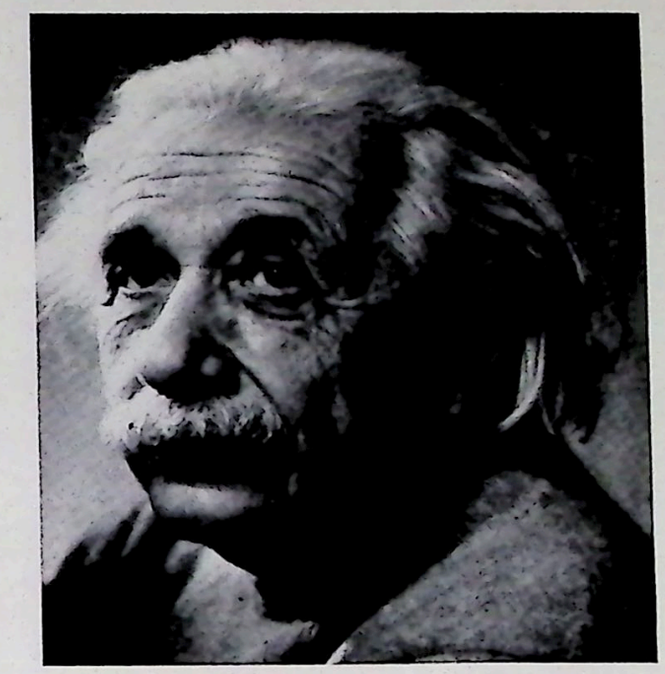
Therefore, to Darwin, the evolution of these finches threw valuable light on the way birds, animals and man had evolved in general. They supplied a powerful stimulus to his speculations on the origin of species—speculations that led to his Theory of Evolution by Natural Selection. ◆

Invitation

TO UNDERSTANDING

by Frederick Mayer

"Man is here for the sake of other men."
—ALBERT EINSTEIN



ALBERT EINSTEIN

Einstein was the Socrates of the 20th century. Like the great Greek thinker, he probed the foundations of knowledge and he upset the traditional theories of the universe. Like Socrates, Einstein believed in humility, for to him knowledge was a limitless process and an unending adventure. Did not man know only a fragment of the universe? Were not our insights fallible? Was not our knowledge dependent upon the idols of our time? Einstein felt that the scientific laws of our age would become obsolete in the next century. His theory of relativity indicated the importance of perspective and implied that modern man would witness the twilight of the absolute.

A profound mathematician, Einstein at the same time was interested in political and social affairs. A master teacher, he remained a constant learner. World-renowned and a Nobel prize winner, he lived a very simple life with few material comforts. Even in advanced age he retained a youthful vigor and a sense of complete spontaneity. He was not an ivory-tower scholar, for he knew that ignorance threatens not only the progress of science, but the survival of humanity.

Einstein believed in the unity of life. Man had to satisfy his biological drives if he wanted to become creative. There could be no disembodied spirituality. Technology, to Einstein, was the foundation of progress, but the main challenge of civilization was aesthetic and intellectual. Man, Einstein maintained, exists not merely for fleeting pleasures, but also for wider appreciation and more profound understanding.

The more Einstein probed the secrets of the universe, the more he became conscious of the debt he owed to other researchers and scientists. He realized that in his own personal life, in his search for love and fulfillment, he depended on others. In one of his essays he wrote, "I am determined to give in return as much as I have received."

How important his philosophy is for our own time! So often we feel that we are self-sufficient and that we do not need others. Then a crisis comes and we realize the importance of love and encouragement. Is not love the bond which unites us with the universe and God? Is not love a feeling which transcends our own mortality?

We honor Einstein not only as a scientist, but also as a humanitarian. Because he developed new world views and because he saw the unity of mankind, all of us are in his debt. Einstein teaches us to look beyond social, political and economic frontiers. He teaches us to see life under the aspect of totality. He teaches us to welcome diversity. Above all, he teaches us that we find ourselves only through concern for others and through dedication to the cause of humanity. ♦

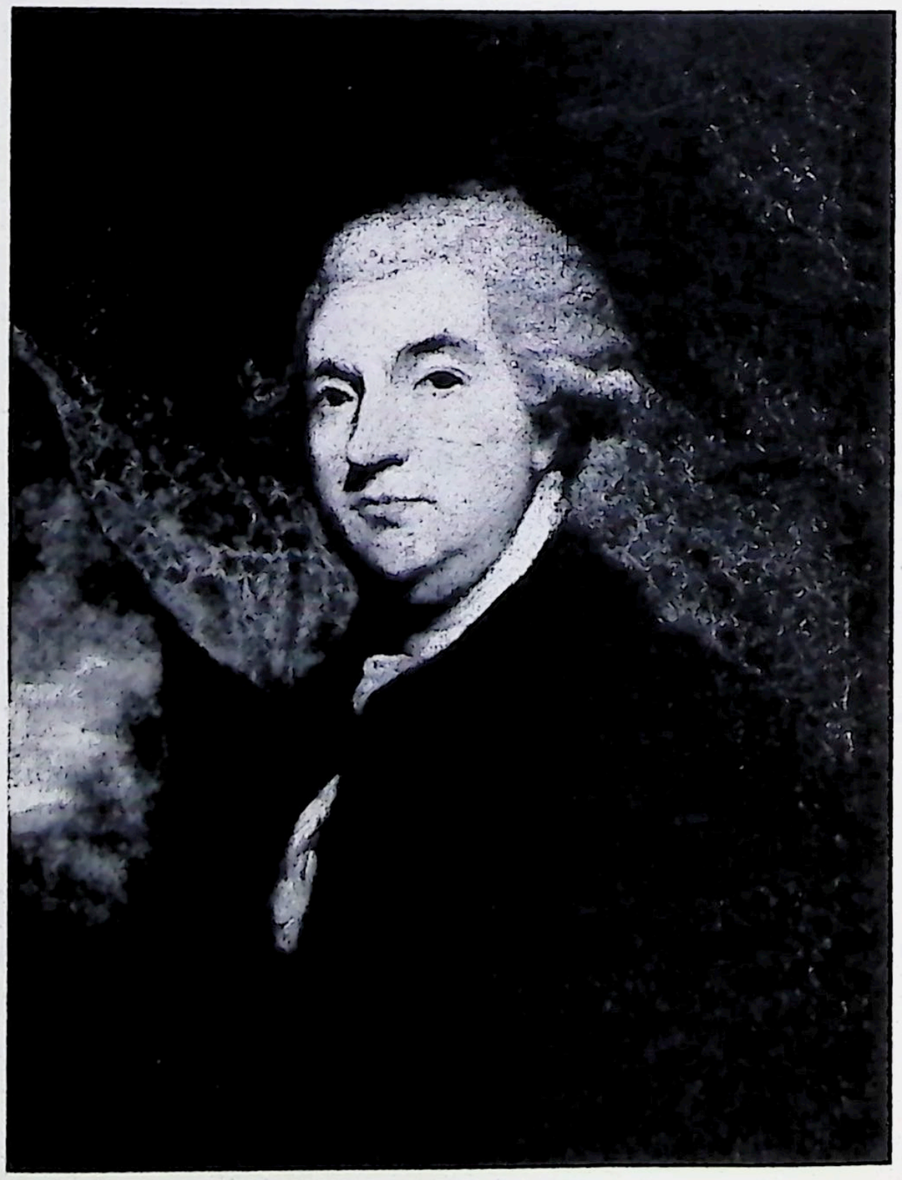
DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON

JOHNSON and BOSWELL

by Joseph M. Thomas & Associates

Samuel Johnson, virtual dictator of English letters during the latter half of the 18th century, exercised his power as much by his person as by his writings. He has so fascinated biographers—largely, perhaps, because of his many eccentricities—that new studies of his life continue to appear. The "Life of Samuel Johnson" by James Boswell, the eager young friend of Johnson's later years, is probably the greatest biography in the English language. Johnson, himself a biographer, advised Boswell how a biography should be written and patiently submitted to endless questioning. For a century, opinion of Boswell was formed largely by Macaulay, who described him (in 1832) as "a coxcomb and a bore, weak, vain, pushing, curious, garrulous . . ." and a "fool" who was "always laying himself at the feet of some eminent man and begging to be spit upon or trampled upon." In 1950, however, after acquiring the newly discovered Boswell papers, Yale University published Boswell's "London Journal," and began a revival of interest in him; his fifth journal, "Boswell in Search of a Wife," appeared recently. These volumes have resuscitated his own reputation as a painstaking artist and complex personality. If Johnson was the epitome of his time, Boswell's "Johnson" is a panoramic reflection of that time as well as an intimate portrait of its most powerful literary figure.

JAMES BOSWELL



BOSWELL'S *Life of Johnson* arose from a mutual recognition by Boswell and Johnson respectively of opportunity and ability. Johnson was perfectly willing to be celebrated, for his favorite antipathy was false modesty. He had cured himself of that vice, if he had ever practiced it, and he did not always permit the exhibition of even genuine modesty in his presence for fear it was false. Although for all other varieties of cant Boswell required a great deal of correction, Johnson had little difficulty with him on this score, for Boswell had little modesty, either genuine or false. As to the nature of the book and what should constitute its excellence, they were perfectly agreed.

Johnson knew that he was a great talker, and it was the chief joy of his life. He objected to John Wesley because Wesley was always in a hurry, whereas Johnson, above all things, liked "to fold his legs and have his talk out."

Johnson had, moreover, a definite and characteristic conception of what conversation is; in his practice it became one of the manly

Johnson's father

"Mr. Michael Johnson was a man of a large and robust body, and of a strong and active mind; yet there was in him . . . a weariness of life, an unconcern about those things which agitate the greater part of mankind, and a general sensation of gloomy wretchedness . . . He was a pretty good Latin scholar, and a citizen so creditable as to be made one of the magistrates of Lichfield; and being a man of good sense, and skill in his trade, he acquired a reasonable share of wealth, of which however he afterwards lost the greatest part . . . He was a zealous high-churchman and Royalist . . ." (Thus Boswell described Johnson's father, whom he never met. Little is known about his relations with his mother. She apparently irritated him at times, but his affection for her remained strong until he died, although he had not visited her for the 25 years prior to her death. He wrote "Rasselas" to pay her funeral expenses.)

sports. The favorite figure for describing his conversation, even in his presence, is that of tossing or goring his adversary. Yet though he often "talked for victory," as on the occasion in the stage coach when he defended the Spanish Inquisition, he disapproved in general of talking for effect. His deeper object was what he called unburdening his mind. He was wonderfully unreserved himself and he demanded a confidential relationship from those with whom he talked—the full stream of talk and the joy of intimate self-revelation.

Early in their acquaintance Johnson perceived in Boswell the ability to reproduce what he saw and heard, for Johnson himself had very considerable ability of that kind, and urged upon Boswell the keeping of a journal in which he might record important particulars which passed under his observation. At almost the same time Boswell recognized Johnson as his quarry and intimated that he was desirous of writing Johnson's life. There is not necessarily any significance in this, since Boswell probably entertained the same ambition with regard to other great men whom he had chanced to meet, but the important thing is that he actually began to make notes on Johnson's conversation. He was a wonderfully skillful note-taker and wrote a sort of shorthand. He boasted that his notes were taken at the time and had faith in them against all criticism, with a sort of journalist's pertinacity of belief that such were the facts. This made him distrust, and not without reason, the reports of less careful workers like Mrs. Piozzi and Sir John Hawkins, and Boswell never fails to have the better of controversies with them—another way of saying that he had a scholar's conscience in the matter of accuracy and fullness. His reconstruction of Johnson's interview with the King, in which he goes far beyond Johnson's own later memory, is a masterpiece of method. It must not be thought, however, that Boswell took down every word that Johnson said; far from it—he selected his materials with the most careful art.

He made the artist's effort and had the artist's despair. "I cannot," he said, "take down the full strain of his eloquence." Of course, he also selected his materials according to his own limitations. Boswell was devoted to the pertinent; his ideal was wit, and he loved discourse which applied to the situation in hand.

The Johnson whom Boswell saw was a famous man with an enormous life work behind him. He was the son of a bookseller at Lichfield, and had made his way slowly against poverty and misfortune. When, however, Boswell was introduced to him in 1763, Johnson was 53 years old, the author of the first great

(continued on page 11)

Samuel Johnson as a baby

Johnson's wife

Elizabeth—Johnson called her "Tetty"—Porter was a widow, 52; Johnson was 26 when he married her. She gave him intellectual companionship, and the marriage seems to have been happy. The weak-eyed, melancholy scholar thought her charming, despite satirical descriptions of her appearance. She died 11 years before Boswell met Johnson. This portrait, perhaps glamorized, contradicts most contemporary descriptions.

"There is no doubt that Johnson, though he showed a manly firmness, proved a most affectionate and indulgent husband to the last moment of Mrs. Johnson's life; and in his 'Prayers and Meditations', we find very remarkable evidence that his regard and fondness for her never ceased, even after her death . . . Mr. Garrick described her to me as very fat, with a bosom of more than ordinary protuberance, with swelled cheeks, of a florid red produced by thick painting and increased by the liberal use of cordials; flaring and fantastic in dress, and affected both in speech and general behavior . . ."

"Seven years, my Lord, have now passed, since I waited in your outward rooms, or was repulsed from your door . . . during which time I have been pushing on my work through difficulties, of which it is useless to complain, and have brought it, at last, to the verge of publication, without one act of assistance, one word of encouragement, or one smile of favor . . . The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labors, had it been early, had been kind; but it has been delayed till I am indifferent, and cannot enjoy it; till I am solitary, and cannot impart it; till I am known, and do not want it. I hope it is no very cynical asperity not to confess obligations where no benefit has been received, or to be unwilling that the public should consider me as owing that to a patron which Providence has enabled me to do for myself . . ."
(*from a Johnson letter to Lord Chesterfield*)

Johnson was poor, awkward, sometimes vulgar and ferociously frank; Chesterfield was wealthy, urbane, polished and an expert on manners. Chesterfield's repeated refusal to see Johnson led to a rupture between the two; Johnson's epithets on him are classics.

A, The first letter of the European alphabets, has, in the English language, three different sounds, which may be termed the broad, open, and slender.

The broad sound resembling that of the German *a* is found, in many of our monosyllables, as *all*, *wall*, *malt*, *salt*; in which *a* is pronounced as *au* in *cause*, or *aw* in *law*. Many of these words were anciently written with *au*, as *sault*, *waulk*; which happens to be still retained in *fault*. This was probably the ancient sound of the Saxons, since it is almost uniformly preserved in the rustic pronunciation, and the Northern dialects, as *maun* for *man*, *haund* for *hand*.

A open, not unlike the *a* of the Italians, is found in *father*, *rather*, and more obscurely in *fancy*, *fast*, &c.

A slender or close, is the peculiar *a* of the English language, resembling the sound of the French *e* masculine, or diphthong *ai* in *païs*, or perhaps a middle sound between them, or between the *a* and *e*; to this the Arabic *a* is said nearly to approach. Of this sound we have examples in the words, *place*, *face*, *waste*, and all those that terminate in *ation*; as, *relation*, *nation*, *generation*.

A is short, as, *glass*, *grass*; or long, as, *glaze*, *graze*: it is marked long, generally, by an *e* final, *plane*, or by an *i* added, as, *plain*.

A, an article set before nouns of the singular number; *a* man, *a* tree; denoting the number *one*, as, *a* man is coming, that is, *no more than one*; or an indefinite indication, as, *a* man may come this way; that is, *any* man. This article has no plural signification. Before a word beginning with a vowel, it is written *an*, as, *an* ox, *an* egg, of which *a* is the contraction.

A is sometimes a noun; as, a great *A*, a little *a*.

A is placed before a participle, or participial noun; and is considered by Wallis as a contraction of *at*, when it is put before a word denoting some action not yet finished; as, I am *a* walking. It also seems to be anciently contracted from *at*, when placed before local surnames; as, Thomas *a* Becket. In other cases, it seems to signify *to*, like the French *à*.

A hunting Chloë went. *Prior.*

They go *a* begging to a bankrupt's door. *Dryd.*

May pure contents for ever pitch their tents
Upon these downs, these meads, these rocks, these mountains,
And peace still slumber by these purling fountains!
Which we may every year
Find when we come *a* fishing here. *Wotton.*

Now the men fell *a* rubbing of armour, which a great while had lain oiled; the magazines of munition are viewed; the officers of remains called to account. *Wotton.*

Another falls *a* ringing a Pescennius Niger, and judiciously distinguishes the sound of it to be modern. *Addison on medals.*

A has a peculiar signification, denoting the proportion of one thing to another. Thus we say, The landlord hath a hundred *a* year; The ship's crew gained a thousand pounds *a* man.

The river Inn, that had been hitherto shut up among mountains, passes generally through a wide open country, during all its course through Bavaria; which is a voyage of two days, after the rate of twenty leagues *a* day. *Addison on Italy.*

A is used in burlesque poetry, to lengthen out a syllable, without adding to the sense.

For cloves and nutmegs to the line-*a*,
And even for oranges to China. *Dryden.*

A is sometimes, in familiar writings, put by a barbarous corruption for *he*.

A, in composition, seems to have sometimes the power of the French *a* in these phrases, *a droit*, *a gauche*, &c. and sometimes to be contracted from *at*; as, *aside*, *aslope*, *afoot*, *asleep*, *athirst*, *aware*.

If this, which he avouches, does appear,
There is no flying hence, nor tarrying here.
I gin to be *a weary* of the sun;
And wish the state of the world were now undone.
Shakespeare's Macbeth.

And now a breeze from shore began to blow,
The sailors ship their oars, and cease to row;
Then hoist their yards *a-trip*, and all their sails
Let fall, to court the wind, and catch the gales.
Dryden's Ceyx and Alcyone.

A is sometimes redundant; as, *arise*, *arouse*, *awake*; the same with rise, rouse, wake.

A, in abbreviations, stands for *artium*, or arts; as, A. B. bachelor of arts, *artium baccalaureus*; A. M. master of arts, *artium magister*; or, *anno*; as, A. D. *anno domini*.

AB, at the beginning of the names of places, generally shews that they have some relation to an abbey.

ABA'CKE. *adv.* obsolete. Backwards.

But when they came where thou thy skill didst show,
They drew *abacke*, as half with shame confound,
Shepherds to see them in their art outgo. *Spens. Past.*

ABACTOR. n. s. [Lat. *abactor*, a driver away.] Those who drive away or steal cattle in herds, or great numbers at once, in distinction from those that steal only a sheep or two. *Blount.*

ABACUS. n. s. [Lat. *abacus*.]

1. A counting-table, anciently used in calculations.
2. In architecture, it is the uppermost member of a column, which serves as a sort of crowning both to the capital and column. *Dict.*

ABA'FT. *adv.* [of abaftan, Sax. Behind.] From the fore-part of the ship, towards the stern. *Dict.*

ABAI'SANCE. *n. s.* [from the French *abaiser*, to depress, to bring down.] An act of reverence, a bow. *Obeysance* is considered by Skinner as a corruption of *abaisance*, but is now universally used.

To ABA'LIENATE. *v. a.* [from *abalieno*, Lat.] To make that another's which was our own before. *Calv. Lex. Jur.* A term of the civil law, not much used in common speech.

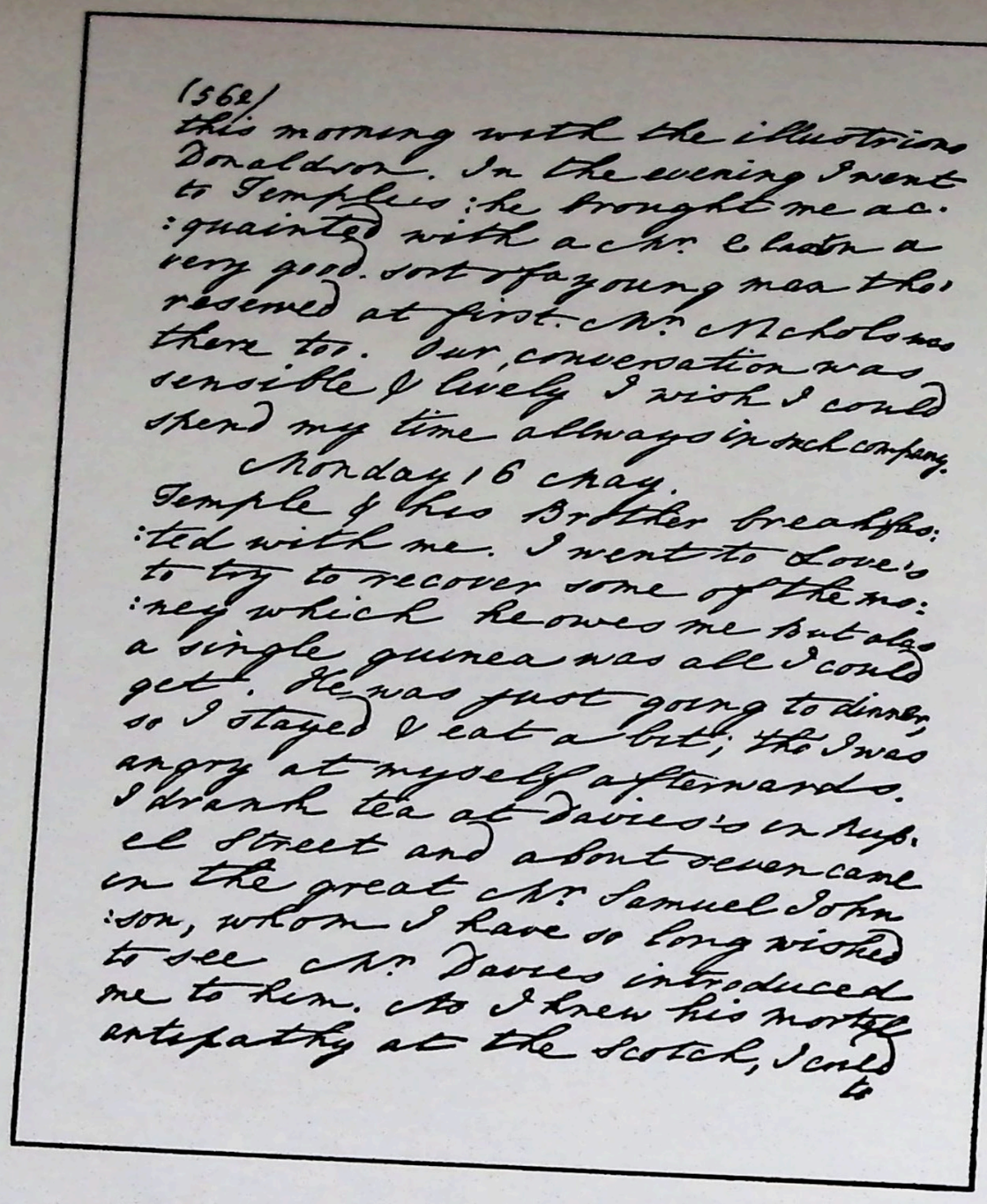
ABALIENA'TION. *n. s.* [Lat. *abalienatio*.] A giving up one's right to another person; or a making over an estate, goods, or chattels by sale, or due course of law. *Dict.*

To ABA'ND. *v. a.* [A word contracted from abandon, but not now in use. See ABANDON.] To forsake.

Those foreigners which came from far
Grew great, and got large portions of land,
That in the realm, ere long, they stronger are
Than they which sought at first their helping hand,
And Vortiger enforced the kingdom to *aband*.
Spenser's Fairy Queen, b. ii. *cant.* 10.

To ABA'NDON. *v. a.* [Fr. *abandonner*. Derived, according to *Menage*, from the Italian *abandonare*, which signifies to forsake his colours; *bandum* [*vexillum*] *deserere*. *Pasquier* thinks it

A page of Johnson's *Dictionary of the English Language*


(562)
this morning with the illustrious
Donaldson. In the evening I went
to Temples: he brought me ac-
:quainted with a Mr. Claxton a
very good sort of a young man tho'
reserved at first. Mr. Nichols was
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Monday 16 May.
Temple & his Brother breakfas-
:ted with me. I went to Love's
to try to recover some of the mo-
:ney which he owes me but alas
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get. He was just going to dinner,
so I stayed & eat a bit, tho I was
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I drank tea at Davies's in Rus-
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to see. Mr. Davies introduced
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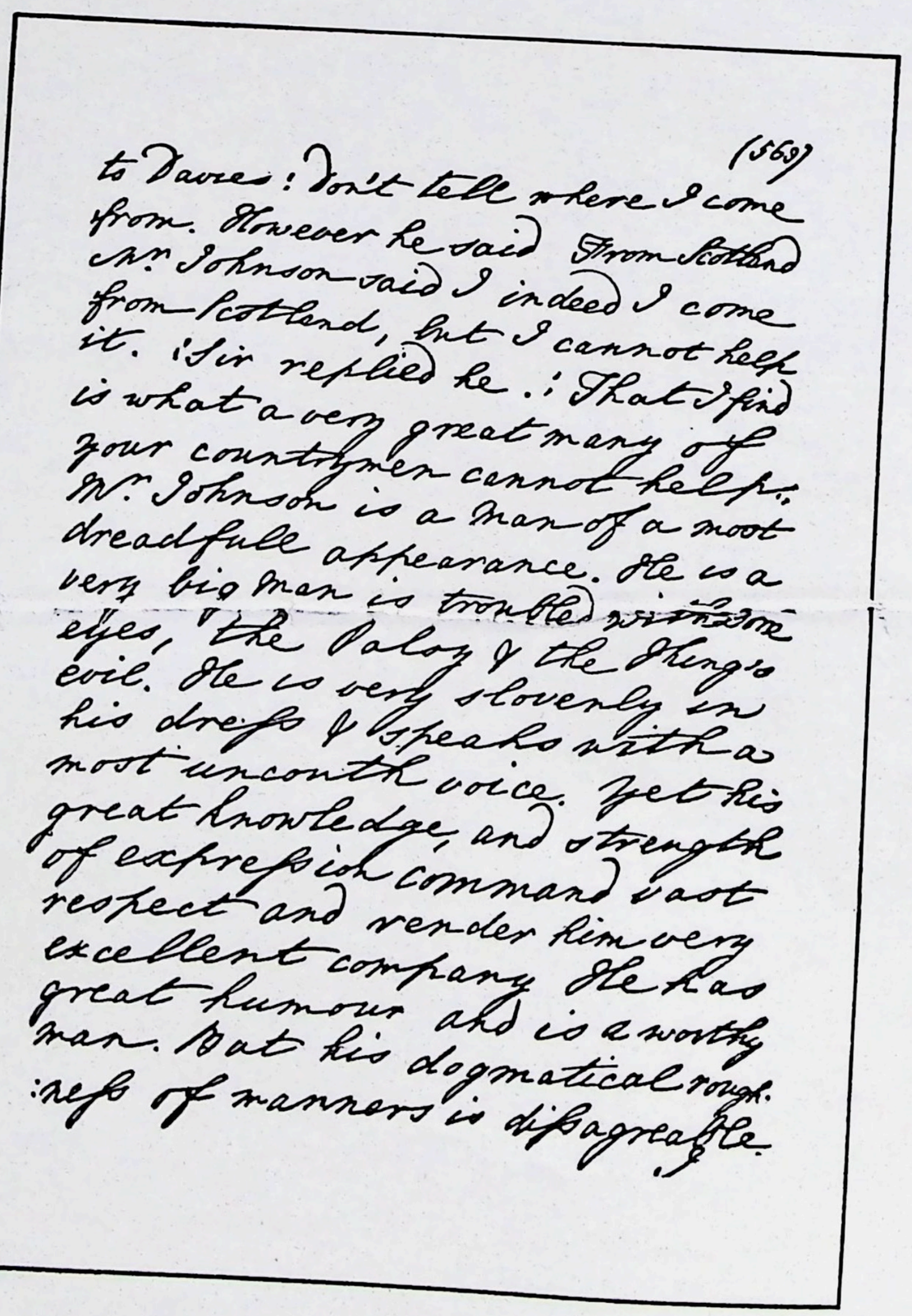
BOSWELL'S JOURNAL DESCRIBING HIS MEETING WITH JOHNSON

(562)

"this morning with the illustrious Donaldson. In the evening I went to Temple's; he brought me acquainted with a Mr. Claxton, a very good sort of a young man, though reserved at first. Mr. Nichols was there too. Our conversation was sensible and lively. I wish I could spend my time always in such company.

Monday 16 May.

"Temple and his brother breakfasted with me. I went to Love's to try to recover some of the money which he owes me. But, alas, a single guinea was all I could get. He was just going to dinner, so I stayed and eat a bit, though I was angry at myself afterwards. I drank tea at Davies's in Russel Street, and about seven came in the great Mr. Samuel Johnson, whom I have so long wished to see. Mr. Davies introduced me to him. As I knew his mortal antipathy at the Scotch, I cried


(563)
to Davies: Don't tell where I come
from. However he said From Scotland
Mr. Johnson said I indeed I come
from Scotland, but I cannot help
it. 'Sir replied he.: That I find
is what a very great many of
your countrymen cannot help.:
Mr. Johnson is a man of a most
dreadfull appearance. He is a
very big man is troubled with sore
eyes, the palsy & the kings
evil. He is very slovenly in
his dress & speaks with a
most uncouth voice. Yet his
great knowledge, and strength
of expression command vast
respect and render him very
excellent company. He has
great humour and is a worthy
man. But his dogmatical rough-
:ness of manners is disagreeable."

(563)

"to Davies, 'Don't tell where I come from.' However, he said, 'From Scotland.' 'Mr. Johnson,' said I, 'indeed I come from Scotland, but I cannot help it.' 'Sir,' replied he, 'that, I find, is what a very great many of your countrymen cannot help.' Mr. Johnson is a man of a most dreadful appearance. He is a very big man, is troubled with sore eyes, the palsy, and the king's evil. He is very slovenly in his dress and speaks with a most uncouth voice. Yet his great knowledge and strength of expression command vast respect and render him very excellent company. He has great humor and is a worthy man. But his dogmatical roughness of manners is disagreeable."

* * *

(Boswell mistook Johnson's convulsive tics for palsy; "the king's evil" was the name for scrofula, which could be cured, it was thought, by a king's touch.)

modern dictionary, popular as an essayist through *The Rambler* (1750-2) and *The Idler* (1758-60), a poet of no mean standing as author of *London* (1738) and *The Vanity of Human Wishes* (1749), recently author of a fascinating philosophic romance, *Rasselas* (1759), and for some years engaged on an edition of Shakespeare. These really great works embodied a portion of his colossal learning and had served to enhance his reputation as a moralist to the highest degree. His social activities had been long under way and had added to his reputation; he was almost the greatest man in the world. Life and books had entered almost equally into his education.

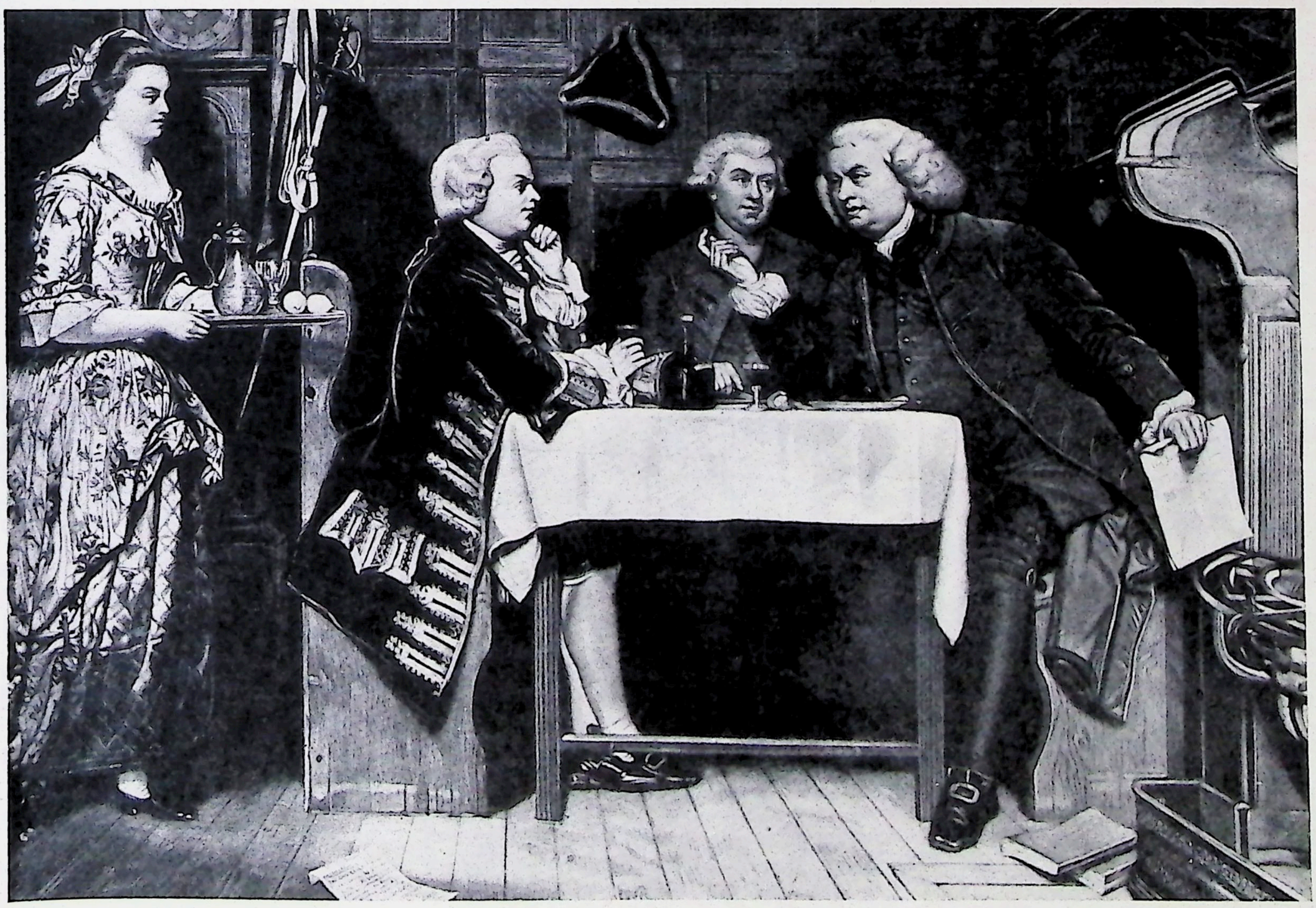
James Boswell, born in 1740, a young Scotch advocate of distinguished family and considerable wealth, intemperate in habits and unstable in character, belonging to a different order of humanity from the points of view of social class, life experience and moral outlook, had on the surface little enough to unite him with Johnson. The pair nevertheless formed almost the most distinguished literary partnership in our annals. We must, moreover, believe that the famous biography reflects Boswell as well as Johnson, and that Boswell, in his aspirations at least, was a man of nobility of soul like Johnson.

The practical basis on which the two men came together is a theory of biography which Johnson had long held, since he gives an explanation of it in *The Rambler* and teaches it to Boswell. "Nobody can write the life of a man," he says, "but those who have eat and drunk and lived in social intercourse with him." There is nothing he laments more frequently than the scarcity of good biographical materials; and in the collection of such materials with reference to Johnson the two frequently collaborated. On such occasions Boswell was happy. At other times Johnson grew weary of the task and rebuffed Boswell cruelly when Boswell attempted to question him too closely. In recording such experiences Boswell not infrequently conceals his name, a thing he had learned to do from the ridicule which fell upon him after the publication of *The Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides with Samuel Johnson, LL.D.* (1785).

Yet he records embarrassing things in his own name, usually with proper and characteristic apologies: "Nay, Sir," said Johnson, "it was not the *wine* that made your head ache, but the *sense* that I put into it." BOSWELL: "What, Sir, will sense make the head ache?" JOHNSON: "Yes, Sir (with a smile), when it is not used to it."

"I had learnt that his place of frequent resort was the Mitre Tavern in Fleet Street, where he loved to sit up late, and I begged I might be allowed to pass an evening with him there soon, which he promised I should . . . Friday the 1st of July (1763) he and I and Dr. Goldsmith supped at the Mitre . . . Goldsmith attempting this evening to maintain, I suppose from an affectation of paradox, 'that knowledge was not desirable of its own account, for it often was a source of unhappiness.' JOHNSON: 'Why, Sir, that knowledge may in some cases produce unhappiness, I allow. But, upon the whole, knowledge, per se, is certainly an object which every man would wish to attain, although, perhaps, he may not take the trouble necessary for attaining it.' . . This evening passed very well. I was quiet and attentive."

Goldsmith, Boswell and Johnson chat at the Mitre Tavern, a favorite meeting place.



Johnson lived just off Fleet Street (above) for many years; his love of the city—one of the many 18th century tastes that he shared—was communicated to Boswell. He also influenced the younger man's politics, religion and—to a degree—his morals.

"We walked in the evening to Greenwich Park. He asked me, I suppose by way of trying my disposition, 'Is not this very fine?' Having no exquisite relish of the beauties of Nature, and being more delighted with 'the busy hum of men', I answered, 'Yes, Sir, but not equal to Fleet Street'. JOHNSON: *'You are right, Sir'."*

"No man," Boswell continues, "who has a true relish of pleasantry could be offended at this; especially if Johnson in a long intimacy had given him repeated proofs of his regard and good estimation."

Boswell was above all things anxious to convince the reader that he stood high in Johnson's affection and esteem. Johnson's theory of biography, as adopted by Boswell, is that if the whole man is presented to you, you will get a just and admirable picture. It was often necessary for Boswell to reassure himself with this theory as his work proceeded.

Boswell was a most agreeable man; everybody liked him, and he had some reputation as a wit. His treatment of Johnson when they traveled together was perfectly charming, and his tact and patience and ready forgiveness were usually superb. An example of this is the dinner with Wilkes. Nothing but consummate tact could have brought the two somewhat antagonistic lions together and managed them after they met.

Johnson was a difficult person, and poor Boswell has been abused by Macaulay and others because he was so gentle and forgiving, so patient and so full of reverence for the great man with whom he was fortunate enough to come into contact. But we need not waste our time with Macaulay's unjust theory, for Boswell sought, like a reporter, not so much to express his own soul as to find the expression of it in another. Carlyle saw the fine quality of loyalty in Boswell, although he did not fully realize Boswell's lovable character.

Boswell's extreme sensibilities seem contemptible, but they are not; they are quite as much the result of his affectionate nature as of his vanity. What brought him most trouble, after all, was his insistence on a personal relationship. He was forever trying to test Johnson's affection for him: "My regard for you," says Johnson, "is almost greater than I have words to express, but I do not choose to be always repeating it; write it down in the first leaf of your pocket-book, and never doubt of it again."

We are not through, moreover, with contrasts when we have called attention to differences in age, personality and circumstances. The two men were at opposite poles in the characteristic thought of the age in which they lived. Boswell could judge of particulars one by one with remarkable perspicacity, but was confused in his philosophy. He belonged to the newer time and, like Goldsmith, held in his heart the opinions of Voltaire and Rousseau, the growing ideas of the approaching revolution. He had a liking also for all the cant and sentimentality which characterized the age of Henry Mackenzie and Laurence Sterne; cant in religion

and politics, a tendency to self-analysis and foolish fears. He found in Johnson a comforter and a sympathetic friend. He found the manly common sense that was necessary to stiffen his own backbone, but it was necessary for him to sacrifice upon the altar of Johnson's friendship his revolutionary sympathies. By swearing to so many of Johnson's impeccable orthodoxies he made it impossible to defend his own deeper beliefs.

It was Johnson's idea that Boswell needed education, a thing which in very general terms is correct; but if Boswell could have set his ideas in order, he might have come out a "patriot," a "freethinker" and a "bottomless vile Whig," and thus have been unfit for Johnson's society. It is probably fortunate for us, if not for him, that he had no philosophy or organized system of thought, or he might have given us an extremely tiresome book. As it is, Boswell poses in the matter of his public opinions and soon exhausts himself. Like Johnson's old friend Edwards, Boswell might have said: "I have tried too in my time to be a philosopher; but, I don't know how, cheerfulness was always breaking in."

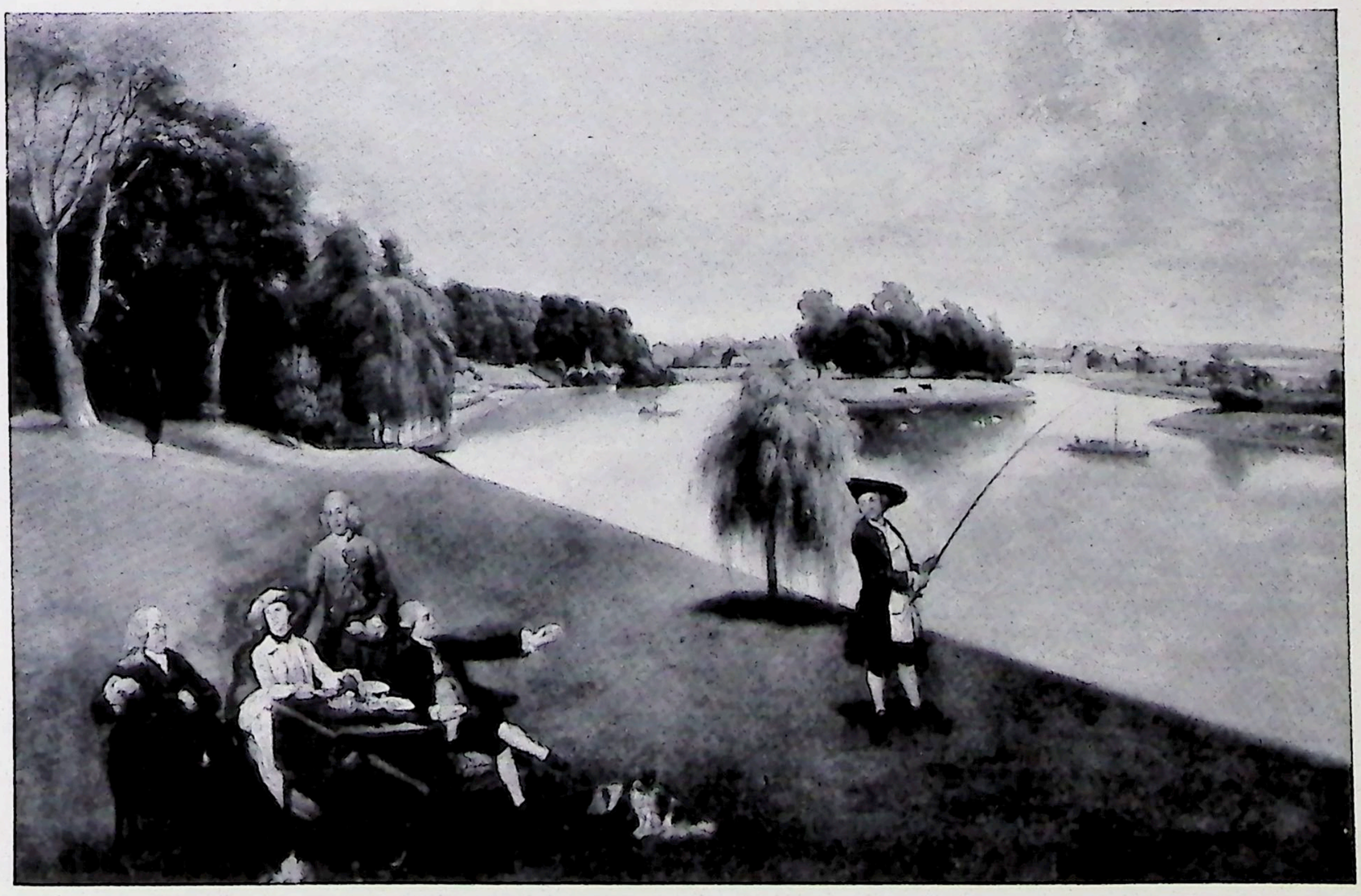
Yet it would be a mistake to stop with this view of the case. Although Boswell had no complete philosophy, he was seriously troubled with questions. He may be said to have had the most magnificent curiosity on record. The things that he puts before Johnson for consideration are precisely the things of real import and greatest interest. He is more than a straw man, and he secures Johnson's reaction on the burning questions which were the spirit of the age. The end of an era is an interesting time, and Boswell's mind, vacillating, interrogating, unsteady, struck fire from Johnson's sane and ordered intellect. To attack Johnson was to attack a system, and for Boswell to draw fire from him was for a submarine to draw fire from a dreadnought. There is a popular belief that Boswell spent his time in observing how Johnson opened gates and ate his food and in asking trivial questions like what Johnson would do if he found himself left all alone in care of a young infant. The fact is otherwise. Simply from the point of view of subjects treated there is no more weighty book than Boswell's *Johnson*.

We are apt to forget the great disparity of age between Boswell and Johnson. Johnson was 31 years older than Boswell, and Boswell was only 22 when he became acquainted with Johnson. In the light of this disparity Boswell's subservience to Johnson is at once more intelligible and more becoming. The relation between them, like that between Xenophon and Socrates, was one of teacher and pupil. Many of the defects of character in Boswell which Johnson sought to correct, and which we see were immutable, were to Johnson merely the effects of youth, to be removed by education. The habit of their friendship was thus fixed on that basis, and it is doubtful if, even at the very end, Johnson had in any way changed his hopeful ambition of making out of Boswell a stanch conservative in politics and religion and a sound classical scholar. They were joined in the bonds of a joint undertaking.

There is no evidence that Johnson took Boswell's desire to be his biographer very seriously until they made the journey to the Western Islands. Then he became convinced of the excellence of Boswell's abilities. "He has better faculties," he writes Mrs. Thrale, "than I had imagined; more justness of discernment, and more fecundity of images." Boswell represents himself in the *Journal* as the accepted biographer of Johnson, and Johnson certainly took great joy in Boswell's journal during the trip. The *Journal* is in some respects fresher and bolder than any part of the *Life*, and one wonders at the courage of Johnson in letting many of Boswell's narratives stand without protest. But Johnson lived by the truth and Boswell was the master of fact. ◆

David Garrick, the famous actor who was once Johnson's student at Lichfield, entertained Johnson often at his villa in Hampton. He is shown standing behind his wife and a Mr. Bowden; his brother, George, is fishing. Johnson was often piqued by, but proud of, his pupil's success.

"His friend Garrick was so busy in conducting the drama that they could not have so much intercourse as Mr. Garrick used to profess an anxious wish that there should be. There might, indeed, be something in the contemptuous severity as to the merit of acting, which this old preceptor nourished in himself, that would mortify Garrick after the great applause which he received from the audience. For though Johnson said of him, 'Sir, a man who has a nation to admire him every night may well be expected to be somewhat elated'; yet he would treat theatrical matters with a ludicrous slight . . . Sir Joshua Reynolds observed, with great truth, that Johnson considered Garrick to be as it were his 'property'. He would allow no man either to blame or to praise Garrick in his presence without contradicting him."



The famous anecdote, related below, of Johnson's rescuing Goldsmith from his landlady unfortunately seems to be untrue. It was later discovered that as early as October 1762, Goldsmith had already sold a third of his novel—*The Vicar of Wakefield*—to one Benjamin Collins, by whom it was eventually printed. The occurrence described here by Johnson is variously dated 1764-1766.

"I (Johnson) received one morning a message from poor Goldsmith that he was in great distress . . . begging that I would come to him as soon as possible. I sent him a guinea, and promised to come to him directly. I accordingly went as soon as I was dressed, and found that his landlady had arrested him for his rent, at which he was in a violent passion. I perceived that he had already changed my guinea, and had got a bottle of Madeira and a glass before him. I put the cork into the bottle, desired he would be calm, and began to talk to him of the means by which he might be extricated. He then told me that he had a novel ready for the press, which he produced to me. I looked into it, and saw its merit; told the landlady I should soon return, and having gone to a bookseller, sold it for 60 pounds. I brought Goldsmith the money, and he discharged his rent, not without rating his landlady in a high tone for having used him so ill."

The famed portraitist, Sir Joshua Reynolds, an intimate of Johnson, entertained frequently. Boswell's account is unusual; the guests were usually "Johnsonians," as below (left to right): Boswell, Johnson, Reynolds, Garrick, politician Edmund Burke, Pasquale Paoli—an exiled Corsican revolutionary, music historian Charles Burney, poet-laureate Thomas Warton and Goldsmith.

"On Saturday, May 2, I dined with him at Sir Joshua Reynolds', where there was a very large company, and a great deal of conversation; but owing to some circumstance which I cannot now recollect, I have no record of any part of it, except that there were several people there by no means of the Johnsonian school; so that less attention was paid to him than usual, which put him out of humor; and upon some imaginary offense from me, he attacked me with such rudeness that I was vexed and angry, because it gave those persons an opportunity of enlarging upon his supposed ferocity, and ill treatment of his best friends. I was so much hurt, and had my pride so roused, that I kept away from him for a week; and, perhaps, might have kept away much longer, nay, gone to Scotland without seeing him again, had not we fortunately met and been reconciled. To such unhappy chances are human friendships liable."

The Literary Club was one of the most influential intellectual groups of the day. Pictured above (left to right) are Burke; Bennet Langton, an expert on Greek literature and one of the nine charter members; 1st Earl of Charlemont, James Caulfield—leader of the Irish independence movement; Goldsmith; Boswell; Johnson; Sir William Jones, Orientalist and jurist; and Reynolds.

"The gentlemen went away to their club, and I was left at Beauclerk's till the fate of my election should be announced to me. I sat in a state of anxiety which even the charming conversation of Lady Di Beauclerk could not entirely dissipate. In a short time I received the agreeable intelligence that I was chosen. I hastened to the place of meeting, and was introduced to such a society as can seldom be found: Mr. Edmund Burke, whom I then saw for the first time, and whose splendid talents had long made me ardently wish for his acquaintance; Dr. Nugent, Mr. Garrick, Dr. Goldsmith, Mr. (afterwards Sir) William Jones and the company with whom I had dined. Upon my entrance, Johnson placed himself behind a chair, on which he leaned as on a desk or pulpit, and with humorous formality gave me a 'Charge', pointing out the conduct expected from me as a good member of this club."

In 1765 Johnson met Mr. Thrale, an opulent and cultivated brewer, and his charming wife. A complex relationship grew up among the three, and Johnson spent much of the next 16 years under their roof, where his whims and his hypochondria were humored. The ties weakened with Mr. Thrale's death, and Johnson—old and sick—broke them by denouncing Mrs. Thrale's remarriage.

"Mr. Thrale was tall, well proportioned and stately. As for 'Madam', or 'my mistress', by which Johnson used to mention Mrs. Thrale, she was short, plump and brisk . . . He (Thrale) understood and valued Johnson, without remission, from their first acquaintance to the day of his death. Mrs. Thrale was enchanted with Johnson's conversation for its own sake, and had also a very allowable vanity in appearing to be honored with the attention of so celebrated a man.

"Nothing could be more fortunate for Johnson than this connection. He had at Mr. Thrale's all the comforts and even luxuries of life; his melancholy was diverted, and his irregular habits lessened by association with an agreeable and well ordered family. He was treated with the utmost respect and even affection. The vivacity of Mrs. Thrale's literary talk roused him to cheerfulness and exertion, even when they were alone."

James Boswell

. . . and DR. JOHNSON said:

What most distinguishes Boswell's writings as literature is his recording of conversations. He was fortunate in both time and subject; Johnson, the year before meeting Boswell, had been pensioned by George III, and—after years of struggling for a living—had the leisure to talk at length. Further, Johnson excelled in the brief, dramatic thrust, the type of conversation Boswell most effectively reported (witness his failure with Burke, perhaps a better speaker but a more discursive one). Boswell at first recorded bits of dramatic dialogue in the notes for his journal as a kind of shorthand, but later, through exposure to Johnson, and possibly the influence of the theater, he adopted this style as an artistic method. It resulted in his producing some of the best examples in English of the art of recording conversations, a few of which are here presented.

DR. JOHNSON DEFENDS A TRAVEL WRITER

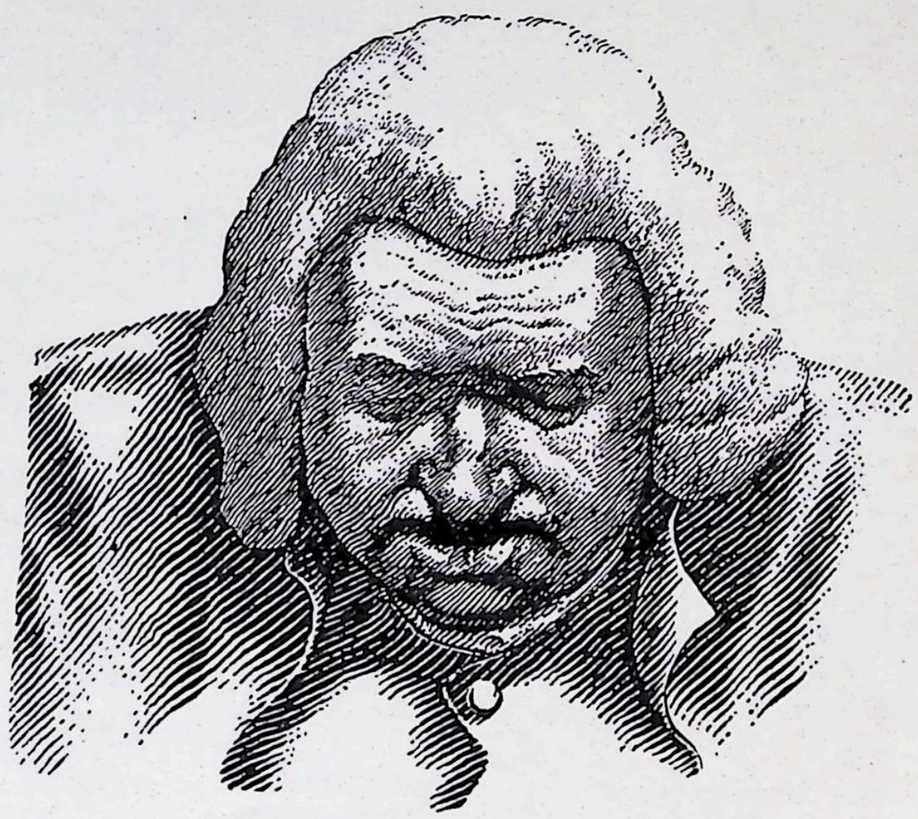
"PERCY: 'Pennant does not describe well; a carrier who goes alongside of Loch Lomond would describe it better.' JOHNSON: 'I think he describes very well.' PERCY: 'I traveled after him.' JOHNSON: 'And *I* traveled after him.' PERCY: 'But, my good friend, you are shortsighted, and do not see so well as I do.' I wondered at Dr. Percy's venturing thus. Dr. Johnson said nothing at the time, but inflammable particles were collecting for a cloud to burst. In a little while Dr. Percy said something more in disparagement of Pennant. JOHNSON (pointedly): 'This is the resentment of a narrow mind, because he did not find everything in Northumberland.' PERCY (feeling the stroke): 'Sir, you may be as rude as you please.' JOHNSON: 'Hold, Sir! Don't talk of rudeness; remember, Sir, you told me, (puffing hard with passion struggling for a vent) I was shortsighted. We have done with civility. We are to be as rude as we please.' PERCY: 'Upon my honor, Sir, I did not mean to be uncivil.' JOHNSON: 'I cannot say so, Sir; for I *did* mean to be uncivil, thinking *you* had been uncivil.' Dr. Percy rose, ran up to him, and taking him by the hand, assured him affectionately that his meaning had been misunderstood; upon which a reconciliation instantly took place. JOHNSON: 'My dear Sir, I am willing you shall *hang* Pennant.'"

DR. JOHNSON TALKS ON BEARS

"While Sir Joshua Reynolds and Mr. Langton were carrying on a dialogue about something which engaged them earnestly, he, in the midst of it, broke out, 'Pennant tells of bears—' (what he added, I have forgotten). They went on, which he, being dull of hearing, did not perceive, or, if he did, was not willing to break off his talk; so he continued to vociferate his remarks and *bear* ('like a word in a catch,' as Beauclerk said) was repeatedly heard at intervals, which coming from him who, by those who did not know him, had been so often compared to that ferocious animal, while we who were sitting around could hardly stifle laughter, produced a very ludicrous effect. Silence having ensued, he proceeded: 'We are told that the black bear is innocent; but I should not like to trust myself with him.' Mr. Gibbon muttered in a low tone of voice, 'I should not like to trust myself with you.'"

DR. JOHNSON DISCUSSES VOWS

"He gave me some salutary counsel, and recommended vigorous resolution against any deviation from moral duty. BOSWELL: 'But you would not have me to bind myself by a solemn obligation?' JOHNSON (much agitated): 'What! A vow—O, no, Sir, a vow is a horrible thing, it is a snare for sin. The man who cannot go to Heaven without a vow—may go—' Here, standing erect, in the middle of his library, and rolling grand, his pause was truly a curious compound of the solemn and the ludicrous; he half-whistled in his usual way, when pleasant, and he paused, as if checked by religious awe. Methought he would have added—'to Hell'—but was restrained."

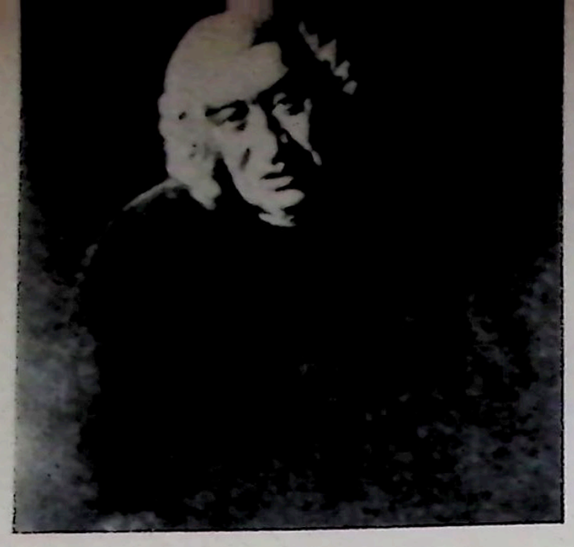


DR. JOHNSON TALKS OF PRAYERS

"'I have thought of getting together all the books of prayers which I could, selecting those which should appear to me the best, putting out some, inserting others, adding some prayers of my own, and prefixing a discourse on prayer.' We all now gathered about him, and two or three of us at a time joined in pressing him to execute this plan. He seemed to be a little displeased at the manner of our importunity, and in great agitation called out, 'Do not talk thus of what is so awful. I know not what time God will allow me in this world. There are many things which I wish to do.' Some of us persisted, and Dr. Adams said, 'I never was more serious about anything in my life.' JOHNSON: 'Let me alone, let me alone; I am overpowered.' And then he put his hands before his face, and reclined for some time upon the table."

DR. JOHNSON PRAISES TAVERNS

"There is no private house in which people can enjoy themselves so well as at a capital tavern. Let there be ever so great plenty of good things, ever so much grandeur, ever so much elegance, ever so much desire that everybody should be easy, in the nature of things it cannot be; there must always be some degree of care and anxiety. The master of the house is anxious to entertain his guests; the guests are anxious to be agreeable to him; and no man, but a very impudent dog indeed, can as freely command what is in another man's house, as if it were his own. Whereas, at a tavern, there is a general freedom from anxiety. You are sure you are welcome, and the more noise you make, the more trouble you give, the more good things you call for, the welcomer you are. No servants will attend you with the alacrity which waiters do, who are incited by the prospect of an immediate reward in proportion as they please. No, Sir; there is nothing which has yet been contrived by man by which so much happiness is produced as by a good tavern or inn."



from the Wisdom of

DR. JOHNSON

ADVICE: The advice that is wanted is commonly unwelcome, and that which is not wanted is evidently impertinent.

ARGUMENTS AND UNDERSTANDING: "Johnson argued for some time with a pertinacious gentleman. His opponent, who had talked in a very puzzling manner, happened to say, 'I don't understand you, Sir,' upon which Johnson observed, 'Sir, I have found you an argument; but I am not obliged to find you an understanding.'"

AUTHORS: There is nothing more dreadful to an author than neglect, compared with which, reproach, hatred and opposition are names of happiness.

"Mrs. Cotterell one day asked Dr. Johnson to introduce her to a celebrated writer. 'Dearest Madam,' said he, 'you had better let it alone; the best part of every author is in general to be found in his book, I assure you.'"

The reciprocal civility of authors is one of the most risible scenes in the farce of life.

No man but a blockhead ever wrote except for money.

AVARICE: Avarice is generally the last passion of those lives of which the first part has been squandered in pleasure, and the second devoted to ambition. He that sinks under the fatigue of getting wealth lulls his age with the milder business of saving it.

BIOGRAPHY: The necessity of complying with times, and of sparing persons, is the great impediment of biography. History may be formed from permanent monuments and records; but lives can only be written from personal knowledge, which is growing every day less, and in a short time is lost forever. What is known can seldom be immediately told; and when it might be told, it is no longer known.

CENSURE OF A MAN'S SELF: All censure of a man's self is oblique praise. It is in order to show how much he can spare. It has all the invidiousness of self-praise, and all the reproach of falsehood.

CHILDREN: Allow children to be happy their own way, for what better way will they ever find?

COMPLIMENTS: Unusual compliments, to which there is no stated and prescriptive answer, embarrass the feeble, who know not what to say, and disgust the wise, who, knowing them to be false, suspect them to be hypocritical.

CONDESCENSION: There is nothing more likely to betray a man into absurdity than *condescension* when he seems to suppose his understanding too powerful for his company.

DIFFUSION OF MENTAL POWERS: A man may be so much of everything that he is nothing of anything.

DISAPPOINTING OURSELVES: We do not indeed so often disappoint others as ourselves. We not only think more highly than others of our own abilities, but allow ourselves to form hopes which we never communicate, and please our thoughts with employments which none ever will allot us, and with elevations to which we are never expected to rise; neither our friends nor our enemies wonder that we live and die like the rest of mankind; that we live without notice and die without memorial; they know not what task we had proposed, and therefore cannot discern whether it is finished.

EATING: "At supper this night he talked of good eating with uncommon satisfaction. 'Some people,' said he, 'have a foolish way of not minding, or pretending not to mind, what they eat. For my part, I mind my belly very studiously and very carefully; for I look upon it that he who does not mind his belly will hardly mind anything else.'"

EDUCATION: Endeavoring to make children prematurely wise is useless labor. Suppose they have more knowledge at five or six years old than other children, what use can be made of it? It will be lost before it is wanted, and the waste of so much time and labor of the teacher can never be repaid. Too much is expected from precocity, and too little performed.

EMPLOYMENT: You cannot give me an instance of any man who is permitted to lay out his own time contriving not to have tedious hours.

ESTIMATE OF ONESELF: There is no being so poor and so contemptible, who does not think there is somebody still poorer and still more contemptible.

FAME: Every name which kindness or interest once raised too high is in danger lest the next age should by the vengeance of criticism sink it in the same proportion.

FAVORS: He only confers favors generously who appears, when they are once conferred, to remember them no more.

FLATTERY: He that is much flattered soon learns to flatter himself; we are commonly taught our duty by fear or shame, and how can they act upon the man who hears nothing but his own praises?

FORGETFULNESS: The business of life is to go forwards; he who sees evil in prospect meets it in his way; but he who catches it by retrospection turns back to find it. That which is feared may sometimes be avoided, but that which is regretted today may be regretted again tomorrow.

FRIENDSHIP: If a man does not make new acquaintance as he advances through life, he will soon find himself left alone. A man, Sir, should keep his friendship *in constant repair.*

GENIUS: People are not born with a particular genius for particular employments or studies, for it would be like saying that a man could see a great way east, but could not

west. It is good sense applied with diligence to what was at first a mere accident, and which by great application grew to be called by the generality of mankind, a particular genius.

GRATITUDE: There are minds so impatient of inferiority that their gratitude is a species of revenge, and they return benefits, not because recompense is a pleasure, but because obligation is a pain.

HAPPINESS: That man is never happy for the present is so true that all his relief from unhappiness is only forgetting himself for a little while. Life is a progress from want to want, not from enjoyment to enjoyment.

HOPE: It is necessary to hope though hope should always be deluded; for hope itself is happiness, and its frustrations, however frequent, are yet less dreadful than its extinction.

A gentleman who had been very unhappy in marriage married immediately after his wife died; Johnson said it was the triumph of hope over experience.

INTEGRITY AND KNOWLEDGE: Integrity without knowledge is weak and useless, and knowledge without integrity is dangerous and dreadful.

LIFE: To improve the golden moment of opportunity, and catch the good that is within our reach, is the great art of life.

Human life is everywhere a state in which much is to be endured and little to be enjoyed.

LOVE: Love is only one of many passions and it has no great influence upon the sum of life.

MANKIND: We are to consider mankind not as we wish them but as we find them, frequently corrupt and always fallible.

MARRIAGE: Marriage has many pains but celibacy has no pleasures.

Such is the common process of marriage. A youth or maiden, meeting by chance, or brought together by artifice, exchange glances, reciprocate civilities, go home and dream of one another. Having little to divert attention or diversify thought they find themselves uneasy when they are apart, and therefore conclude that they shall be happy together. They marry and discover what nothing but voluntary blindness before had concealed; they wear out life in altercations and charge nature with cruelty.

MELANCHOLY: When any fit of anxiety, or gloominess, or perversion of mind lays hold upon you, make it a rule not to publish it by complaints, but exert your whole care to hide it; by endeavoring to hide it you will drive it away. Be always busy.

MIRTH: The size of a man's understanding may always be justly measured by his mirth.

MONEY: Getting money is not all a man's business; to cultivate kindness is a valuable part of the business of life.

OPINIONS: The greatest part of mankind have no other reason for their opinions than that they are in fashion.

PATRIOTISM: Patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel.

PIETY: A wicked fellow is the most pious when he takes to it. He'll beat you all at piety.

POVERTY: Resolve not to be poor; whatever you have, spend less. Poverty is a great enemy to human happiness; it certainly destroys liberty, and it makes some virtues impracticable and others extremely difficult.

PRAISE: Just praise is only a debt, but flattery is a present.

READING: I am always for getting a boy forward in his learning; for that is a sure good. I would let him at first read *any* English book which happens to engage his attention; because you have done a great deal when you have brought him to have entertainment from a book. He'll get better books afterwards.

RICHES: It is better to *live* rich than to *die* rich.

SORROW: Sorrow is the mere rust of the soul. Activity will cleanse and brighten it.

SUICIDE: "We talked of a man's drowning himself. Johnson: 'I should never think it time to make away with myself.' I put the case of Eustace Budgell, who was accused of forging a will, and sunk himself in the Thames before the trial of its authenticity came on. 'Suppose, Sir,' said I, 'that a man is absolutely sure that if he lives a few days longer he shall be detected in a fraud, the consequence of which will be utter disgrace and expulsion from society.' Johnson: 'Then, Sir, let him go abroad to a distant country; let him go to some place where he is *not* known. Don't let him go to the devil where he *is* known!' "

SYMPATHY: To feel sincere and honest joy at the success of another, though it is necessary to true friendship, is perhaps neither very common nor very easy. There is in every mind implanted by nature a desire of superiority which counteracts the pleasure which the sight of success and happiness ought always to impart.

TEACHERS OF MORALITY: Be not too hasty to trust or to admire the teachers of morality; they discourse like angels but they live like men.

TRUTH: Nobody has a right to put another under such a difficulty that he must either hurt the person by telling the truth, or hurt himself by telling what is not true.

VARIETY: The great source of pleasure is variety. Uniformity must tire at last, though it be uniformity of excellence.

WISDOM: Daily business adds no more to wisdom than daily lesson to the learning of the teacher.

WOMEN PREACHERS: A woman's preaching is like a dog's walking on his hinder legs. It is not done well; but you are surprised to find it done at all.

WORDS: Don't accustom yourself to use big words for little matters.

WRITING WITHOUT THINKING: Next to the crime of writing contrary to what a man thinks is writing without thinking.

LIFE in the UNIVERSE

by C. Brooke Worth and Robert K. Enders

Life cannot be defined precisely. Living things are familiar objects, but they may depend for their life on important dead components such as the cellulose or woody parts of plants or the shells of snails or the feathers of birds. These nonliving parts paradoxically sometimes "survive" as durable monuments after the death of a plant or animal so that in fossils it is possible to perceive the basic structure of an organism that had a sentient, succulent existence millions of years ago.

Life seems wedded to dead things. Indeed, life as we know it is such an exceptional state or aggregation of matter that it is unlikely ever to have existed anywhere else but on the planet Earth. From what astronomers can tell us, mankind and his relations—both vegetable and animal—fight their battles within a vast domain of space that is peopled by billions upon billions of flaming suns. The suns are gathered into constellations, the constellations into innumerable galaxies. The total weight of these suns may be exceeded by the mass of intergalactic dust that drifts in space. All of this is dead matter.

Nevertheless life of other qualities and forms may have evolved elsewhere. No one can categorically deny the possibility. The flying-saucer business (which is still good business for the tabloids and even the respectable press) points to contemporary extra-terrestrial life, presumably within the solar system. There is no scientific basis for asserting that life could not be generated upon or within other heavenly bodies, for all cosmic material, dispersed or aggregated, is composed of the same 90-odd elements found on the earth, many entering into the composition of living material.

It should be emphasized that the weight of scientific opinion is all against flying saucers (originating from outer space). This problem can be approached from a mathematical point of view as well as from more familiar or welcome ones. But just think for a moment how suggestible human beings are. At this exact stage in our civilization, when not only the comic books but also our foremost scientists entertain the notion of space travel as a practical enterprise, we have our first intimations of invasions from outer regions that threaten to outstrip the inventiveness of our mechanized culture. Why only *now*? Why should it not have happened hundreds or thousands of years ago?

No, the coincidence is too great to be accepted. As already suggested there are other reasons for repudiating flying saucers, these reasons being derived from observation. But mathematically (just to bolster the case) the score is so stacked that it amounts to the unlikelihood of quintuplets each having five sets of viable quintuplets or of a tossed penny coming up "heads" every time for 5,000,000 consecutive flips.

These statements are introduced to emphasize both the uniqueness and the isolation of living things on earth. There is no proof—despite alleged detection of fossil spores in meteorites—that life has "happened" elsewhere . . . our kind of life, that is. There is reason also to suppose that the life here on Earth began, exists and will end. There are those who believe we are near the middle of the span vouchsafed to living protoplasm on this planet. That gives us lots of time, since intelligence has been a laggard complication of living processes. It has only just appeared on the scene.

Thus, although we must foresee the extinction of life some billions of years from now, we can likewise expect a staggering development of intellect in the relatively near future. In the scale of evolution, human beings are not much more than cave men who have learned to construct artificial caves out of boards, plaster, concrete blocks and steel. We still blink at one another in the sudden strong light of civilization's morning.

Therefore let us presume that we can peer into the world and into the universe in full privacy. No one from outer space is looking through our keyhole. Our ancestors were a lot of numskulls. Our contemporaries, even up through the apes, are stupid—despite trained pigeons and fleas. Our superior descendants have not yet been born. We are alone.

The story of life, as well as the histories of stellar and planetary evolution, must always arouse questions of a spiritual nature. We are now concerned with factual matters and with theories that can be derived from known facts. It is nonetheless of some interest to ask how the problems of origin and cause are currently viewed by scientists. The public too often believes that science is opposed to religion and that all scientists are agnostics if not atheists.

On the contrary the majority of scientists find more than sufficient reason to regard existing knowledge of natural phenomena with profound reverence, and all of them must admit that there are concepts—such as the meanings of time, space, and infinity—that may never be captured by man's finite intelligence. Biology has its place within the spiritual and the cosmic. ♦

Early Greeks peopled the skies with legendary heroes changed to stars, as in the nebula of Orion, at left. Man sought later to read his future in the heavens. Today, still seeking knowledge of life in the universe, scientists are preparing space satellites that may eventually satisfy the age-old human desire to know what the stars really hold.

CURRIER & IVES

America's Pictorial Historians

by Russel Crouse

THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS AT PLYMOUTH, MASS., DEC. 22, 1620

HISTORIANS always take history too seriously. With the distressing faithfulness of unimaginative bookkeepers they set down names and dates and places. They have seen life as a parade of wooden soldiers and have left us the line of march.

Fortunately, however, each era has had its romanticists, too. Without them our day and age would have little understanding of things gone before. They have supplemented the gaunt and annoyingly accurate chronicles of the historians with observations born of vision less constrained. From them we have learned that men not only lived and died but also loved and hated.

Mr. Currier and Mr. Ives were, without even suspecting it, America's pre-eminent romanticists. They left us a pictorial record of their times inestimably more valuable as Americana than all the archives that have been gathering dust since 1492. For years they captured, in pictures as simple as parables, the charade that was going on about them. They did it without the self-consciousness of professional historians.

In the middle 19th century almost every American home had at least one of their pictures. But, for their own period, their work was so journalistic that it lacked endurance. It soon became as out-of-date as a day-old newspaper. Because of this fact it was almost lost to posterity. Then, at the turn of a new century, that curious creature, the collector, rediscovered the old prints in attics and in barns. Now the story has been pieced together again. It is a story the historians have missed. And it reveals Mr. Currier and Mr. Ives as more than mere "printmakers to the American people."

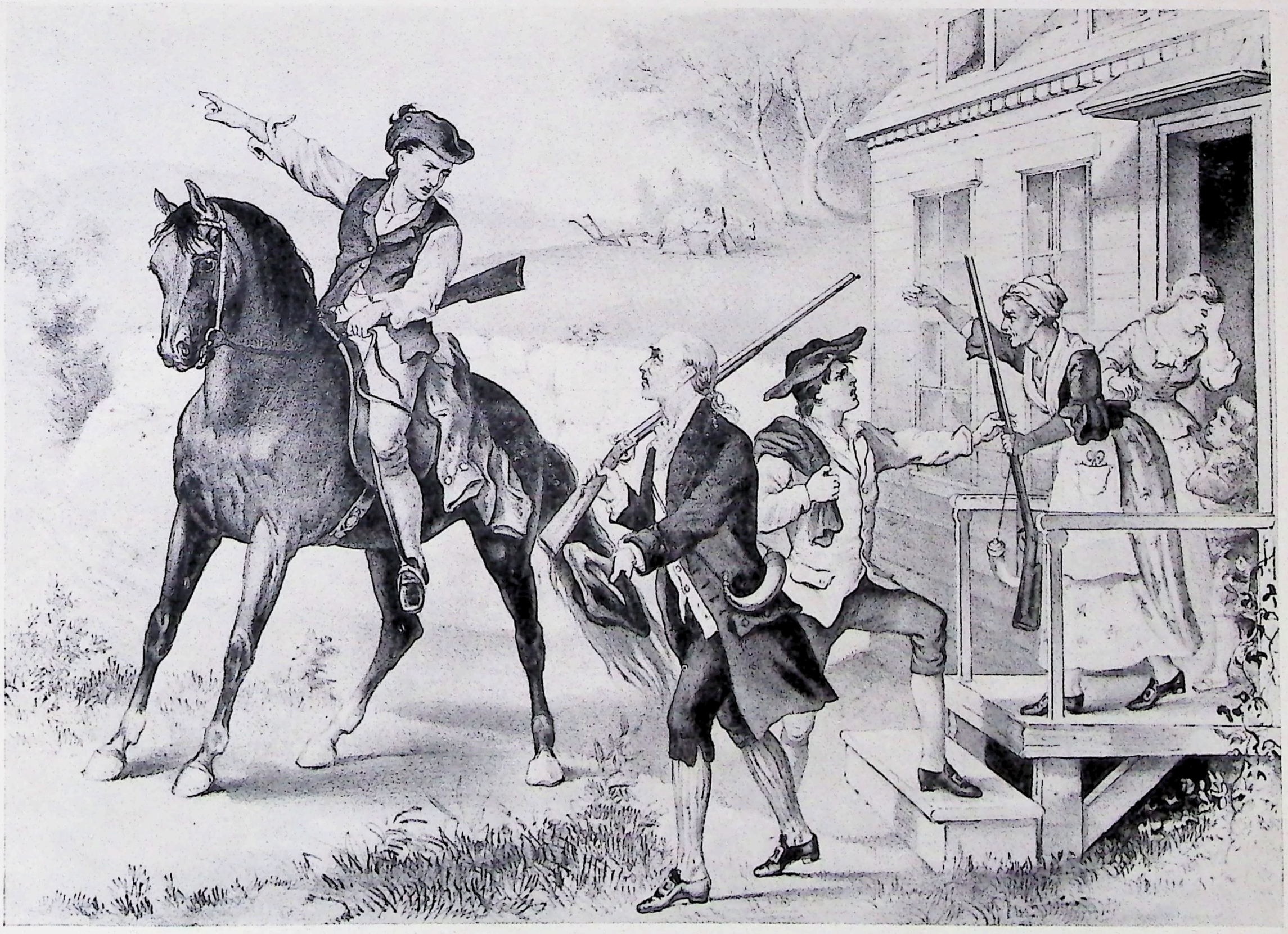
In the beginning there was just Mr. Currier. Mr. Ives came later. Mr. Currier was Nathaniel Currier. He was born in 1813 in Roxsbury, Mass., not too far from Boston, where the process of lithographing first took root in America after a little Bavarian named Alois Senefelder had discovered, late in the 18th century, that he could draw pictures on stone and transfer them to paper.

It took some years for this new process to reach America, and it took some years, too, for Mr. Currier to grow up. By the time William and John Pendelton had established in Boston the first successful American lithographing firm, however, Mr. Currier was 15 and ready for work. He found it as their first apprentice and learned so rapidly that five years later he set out for himself.

First he tried Philadelphia, without success, and then in 1834 moved on to New York, where he took a shop at 137 Broadway with a man named Stodart. A year later the partnership was dissolved and Mr. Currier moved to 1 Wall Street, on his own. In that first year of his business independence New York was swept by fire. It was unfortunate for New York, for 13 acres of the city's finest property went the way of all smoke. But it was fortunate for Mr. Currier.

Four days later, while the embers were still cooling, Mr. Currier

THE "MINUTE-MEN" OF THE REVOLUTION



offered for sale a lithograph called: "Ruins of the Merchants' Exchange N. Y. after the Destructive Conflagration of Dec. 16 & 17, 1835." Any metropolitan newspaper could do the same today within an hour. A hundred years ago it was very different. The dazzling speed of Mr. Currier's presses was something of a sensation. Thousands of copies of the print were sold and Mr. Currier's local reputation had been established.

For several years he went on making prints of whatever he thought would interest New Yorkers. And then, on a bitter January night in 1840, the steamboat *Lexington* caught fire in Long Island Sound. More than 100 lives were lost. Three days later Mr. Currier was ready with a picture of the burning ship, together with seven columns of detailed description of the disaster.

This time there was such a demand that he had to keep his presses running night and day. The interest, of course, was not purely local. Other cities sent for copies and Mr. Currier himself wrapped and tied the bundles and sent them away. And when those busy days came to an end Mr. Currier had a national reputation and a national clientele.

Mr. Ives came upon the scene in 1852. He was James Merritt Ives, a young man who yearned to be an artist but who was a bookkeeper because he had no particular desire to starve. He and Mr. Currier's brother had married sisters. He was first employed by Mr. Currier to keep accounts but it was soon discovered that he could do a great many other things as well. He made himself generally useful and five years later he became a partner.

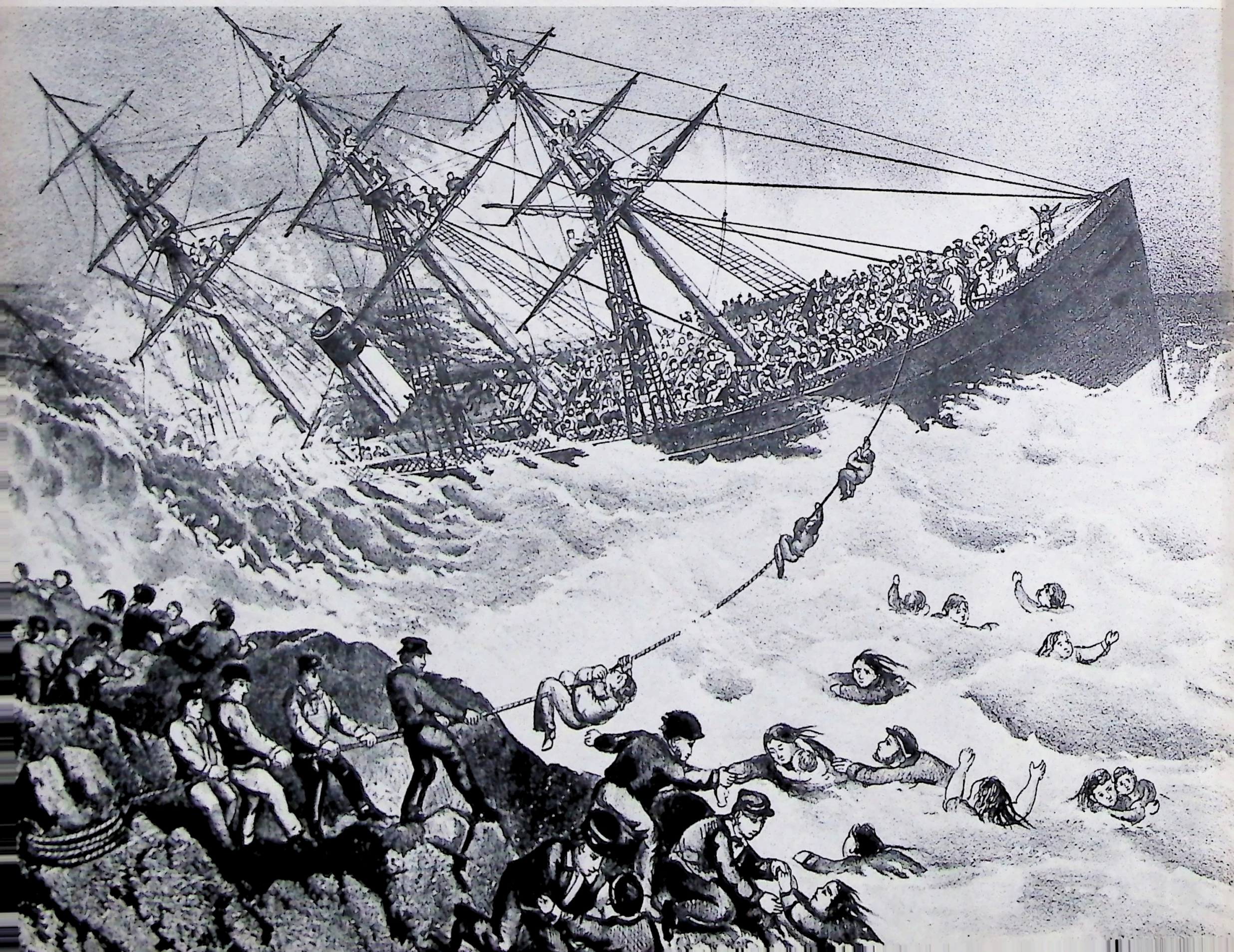
Mr. Currier was tall and spare and almost fair. Mr. Ives was short and plump and dark. He was handy enough with the brush to be credited with some of the more colorful paintings which the firm transferred to stone, although there is no definite proof he did them. Mr. Currier's knowledge of art was not so practical.

Whatever their contrasts, the two partners had one thing in common. Each could sense, as though by instinct, what the public wanted. They shared a keen and seldom-failing "nose for news." They were, it might be said, the tabloid-newspaper publishers of their day, seeking to catch the eye of the passing crowd with something strikingly graphic.

Theirs, of course, was a very different era. The day of sophistication had not dawned. Life was simple. Mr. Currier and Mr. Ives had only to do with the emotions that were on the surface, for no complex network had been built up around them. Man, for instance, was still primitive enough to be fascinated by danger and death—woman by sentiment. To these, primarily, they appealed.

It is psychologically true that men always have gazed with awe upon fire. Within the limits of safety they have run to it instead of from it. Early fire departments always have been

THE WRECK OF THE ATLANTIC



THE GREAT FIRE AT CHICAGO

composed of those who served without pay for the thrill of being near the danger. Mr. Currier and Mr. Ives capitalized on this instinct. Every blaze of any consequence they reproduced in the red of cheap color to huge sales.

And it was so with every element of danger. The perils of the sea gave them opportunities. Wreck scenes were popular among those who had escaped them. When pioneers set out to conquer the West those who remained at home were eager to buy pictures which depicted others fighting every inch of the way against odds and Indians.

It is said also of early Americans that they were so fascinated by death that they inquired each morning whether there were any funerals to which they might go. They enjoyed the sense of superiority life gave them in the presence of death. Mr. Currier and Mr. Ives, sensing this morbid interest, reproduced the deathbed scene of every person worthy of notice almost before the undertaker had called.

Sex, to be sure, was not for them, for, while it is said upon the best authority to have been existent in their day, it was not recognized. On one occasion they did print a picture of the "Three Graces," as represented by nude, and rather plump, ladies, but the storm of protest that arose closed that field forever.

However, in place of sex there was sentiment. And so they pictured the ecstasies of courtship and the joys of married life. Most of the "God Bless Our Home" mottoes were hung by the grace of Mr. Currier and Mr. Ives. Biblical scenes were turned out by the thousands. A certain Mr. Volstead was blamed by most Americans for what we called, for want of a better name, Prohibition. Mr. Currier and Mr. Ives had more, perhaps, to do with it, for their illustrations of the fate of the drunkard helped to frighten a generation into a temperance movement.

This serious background was not altogether unrelieved. Mr. Currier and Mr. Ives had humor, too. They published, as an indication of this fact, great quantities of whimsical and frankly waggish pictures—social caricatures no more subtle than slapstick, and political cartoons insidious as acid.

Through the entire panorama ran the theme of life itself, the life of a Nation growing up. Ships that widened the world, railroads that broadened the Nation, the first pair of long trousers, the last tooth, the beginning of woman's fight for her place in the sun, the end of the Indian's struggle to keep his place on the earth.

In what numbers these pictures flooded the Nation it is difficult to tell. They were stacked in bins for sale in the shop of Mr. Currier and Mr. Ives. Peddlers hawked them through the streets with pushcarts. Agents sold them over the counter of many a country store. A firm in London distributed them over the Continent. Collectors in the last few years have found them as far away as France and Denmark.

From the fragmentary representation that has been retrieved in the revival of interest in them a list of more than 4000 titles has been compiled. How many of each of these titles were printed is problematical. When a print established itself as a favorite Mr. Currier and Mr. Ives made numerous stones of it and flooded the market. When a print failed to attract attention it was scrapped. It is known that one print of the "Darktown Comics" series sold 73,000 copies. Others may have done better.

The question of their artistic merit must be settled elsewhere. That some of them are hideous is not to be denied. There is a monotony about their color scheme—glaring green for grass, bull-maddening red for fire, placid blue for water—that sometimes offends the eye, for all its quaintness. There is a certain lack of

(continued on page 29)

CHILDHOOD

The Season of Joy

In life's sweet springtime,
childhood's happy hours,
Thoughtless of care
and from its burden free,
We roam o'er pleasant fields
bedecked with flowers,
And wake the echoes
with our childish glee.

Joining the lambkins' play,
the birdlings' song,
Our pleasure pure as gold
without alloy,
With merry laugh
we gaily bound along,
And fear no future
in the present joy.

The Four

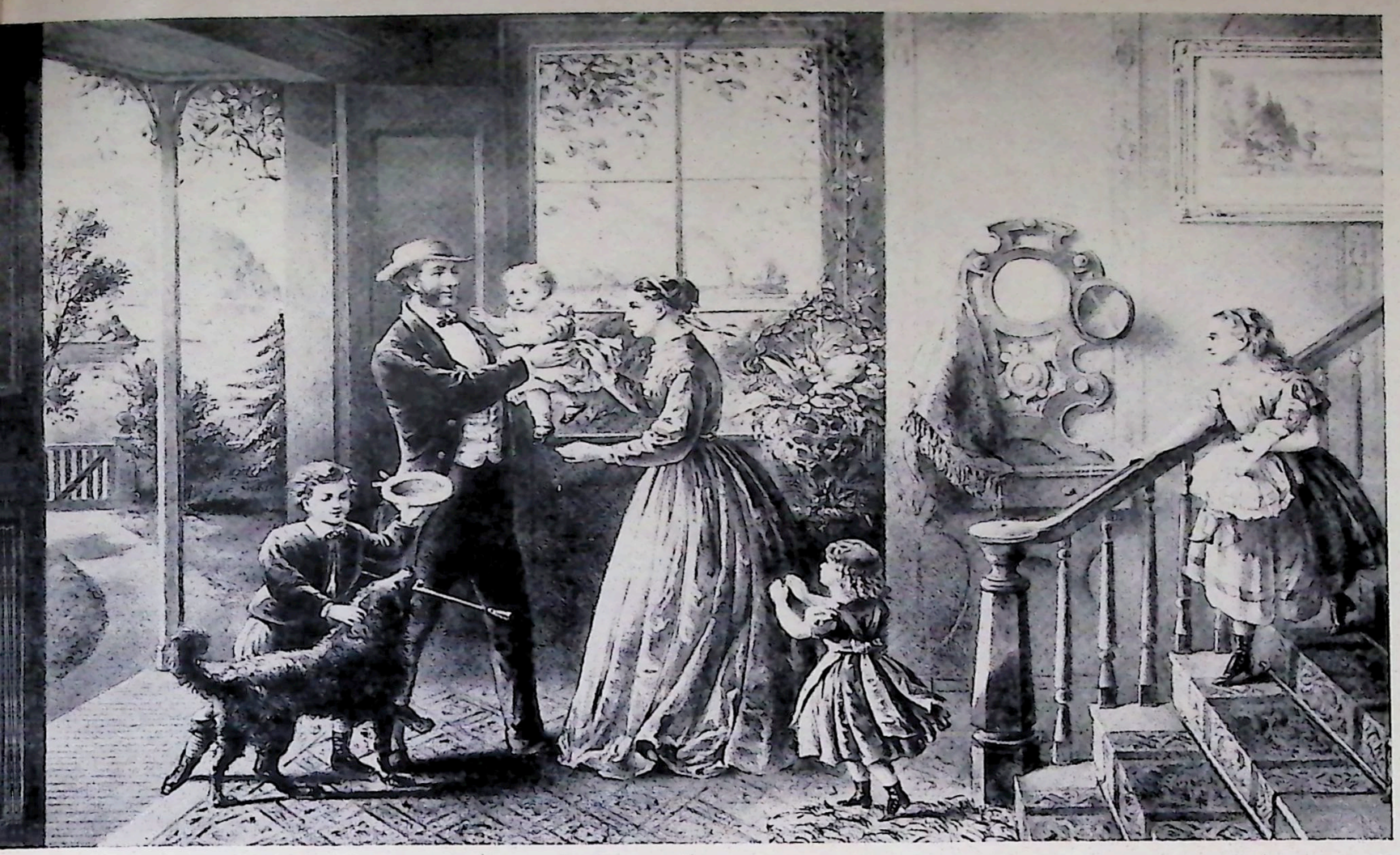
CURRIER & IVES

YOUTH

The Season of Love

Life's summer comes,
and ripening like the grain,
New aims and hopes
our youthful minds inspire,
Then love repeats
his story o'er again,
And lights within us
his celestial fire.

Around us all the landscape
seems more fair,
More bright the sunshine
in the skies above,
As hand in hand, and heart
to heart, we share
The sweet mysterious power
of youthful love.



MIDDLE AGE

The Season of Strength

But as the hues
of summer fade away,
And varying tints
the days of autumn bring,
So life's autumnal season
brings its gray,
And cares, like ivy,
to our pleasures cling.

Sweet cares when home
and loving hearts are ours,
And loving lips breathe forth
their welcome song.
For them we labor
through the passing hours,
And bear our burdens,
thankful we are strong.

Seasons of Life

OLD AGE

The Season of Rest

Last comes the winter
of life's circling year,
And strength departs,
but love and joy abide,
That "perfect love"
which "casteth out all fear,"
That joy that lives
beyond life's restless tide.

Grateful for mercies past,
and trusting still
In Him whose goodness
all our lives hath blest,
We rest secure,
and calmly wait His will,
To call us hence,
to His eternal rest.

WOMAN'S HOLY WAR

Grand Charge on the Enemy's Works

THE BAD HUSBAND

The Fruits of Intemperance and Idleness

THE AGE OF BRASS

or The Triumphs of Woman's Rights

anatomical proportion, too, that is annoying, particularly when it makes midgets of children.

But, on the other hand, there are many that have the touch of skill and inspiration. Capable artists were on the staff of Mr. Currier and Mr. Ives. It was not at all impossible for an artist to starve to death in his garret. Few could make a living by painting alone. The field of lithography was one in which they could earn an extra penny. And so many men and women who were later to be lauded as great turned to it for bread and butter. These in addition to those who considered it a worthy field in itself.

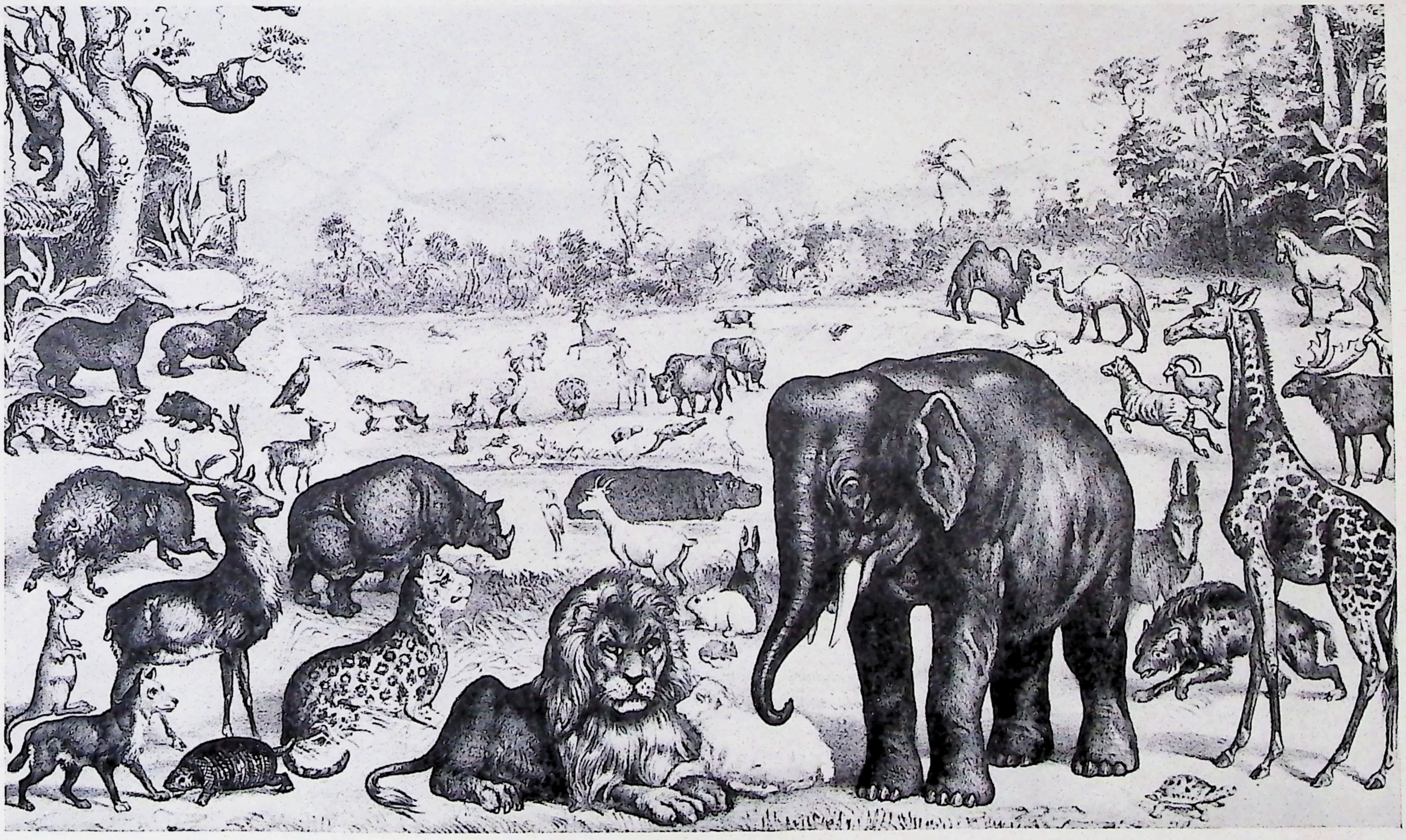
The shop of Mr. Currier and Mr. Ives had all the bustle of a newspaper office. The two kept in touch with events and assigned artists to cover them, when it was possible to do so, much in the way that modern city editors send out reporters and photographers.

Everyone knew that the two men could be counted on to be a step or two ahead of the times. Horace Greeley, the great editor of the day, spent much of his time in the shop, as though he expected the news to find its way to Mr. Currier and Mr. Ives before it reached his newspaper office. P. T. Barnum, who manufactured his own news as he went along, was also a frequent caller. And so was Henry Ward Beecher.

The factory that turned out the prints was on Spruce Street. There the stones were prepared and the lithographs were made. They were not, as many believe, printed in color. They came off the presses plain and then went to a great center table where a

FARMER GARFIELD

Cutting a Swath to the White House



THE ANIMAL CREATION

AMERICAN FRONTIER LIFE

The Hunters' Stratagem

dozen women, working from a model, added the greens and reds and blues.

Mr. Currier and Mr. Ives were not the only lithographers of their day. They had rivals who did excellent work, including J. Baillie, Sarony & Major, Kellogg & Comstock, Thomas Kelly and C. B. and E. C. Kellogg. But they endured over a greater span of years and they kept closer to their public than any of the others.

Just as Mr. Currier was the first to come, he was the first to go. He retired from the firm in 1880 with something of a ceremony, in which he presented a gift to every one of his employees. He died eight years later at his home on West 27th Street, his son, Edward West Currier, succeeding him.

Mr. Ives carried on until 1895 and was still active when he died at his home in Rye, N. Y. He left his interest to his son, Chauncey Ives. The new Mr. Currier and Mr. Ives could, of course, have kept the firm name in existence for another generation but they had not inherited the intuitive gifts of their predecessors. Young Mr. Currier, for instance, was a lawyer. And his health was such that he could not stand the strain of an exacting business. He was the first to give way, selling his interest to the young Mr. Ives.

But by this time the camera had come, and the newspapers and the magazines were filled with pictures. The fad was on its last legs. Young Mr. Ives finally sold out to Mr. Daniel W. Logan, a son of the firm's former general manager. The name of Currier & Ives continued to stand over the doorway of the shop, however, until 1907, when Mr. Logan gave up the fight, sold the stones by the pound and wrote the last chapter.

At least he thought he had written the last chapter. For by this time the garish old prints had given way to artistic progress. They had come down from the walls of American homes and had

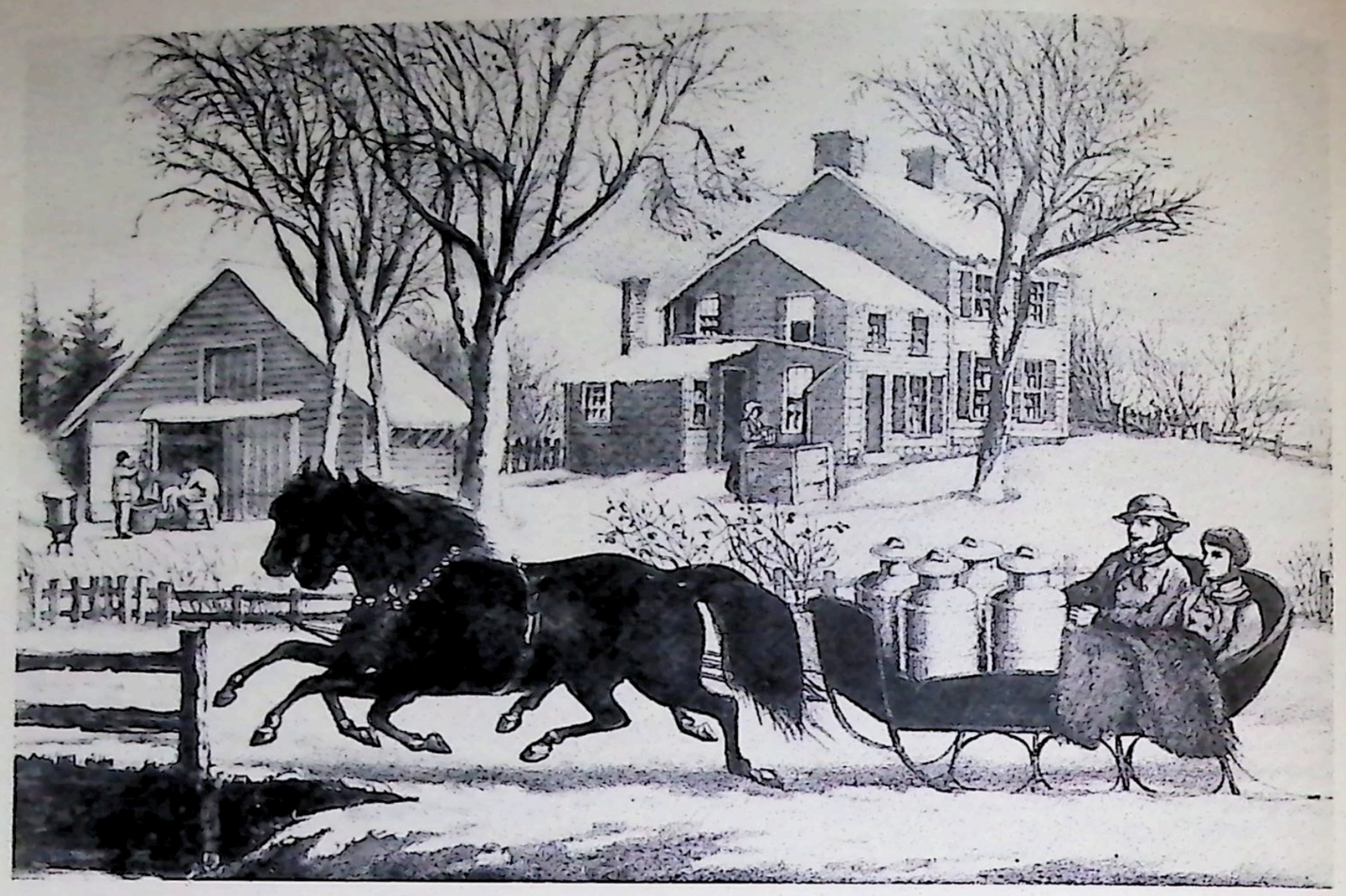
(continued on page 34)

CORNWALLIS IS TAKEN!

Lieut. Col. Tighlman of Washington's staff, announcing the surrender of Cornwallis, from the steps of the State House, (Independence Hall) at midnight, October 23, 1781

THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG, PA., JULY 3, 1863

This terrific and bloody conflict between the gallant "Army of the Potomac," commanded by their great General George S. Meade, and the host of the rebel "Army of Virginia" under General Lee, was commenced on Wednesday July 1st, and ended on Friday the 3rd at 5 O'Clock P.M. The decisive Battle was fought on Friday, ending in the complete rout & dispersion of the rebel Army. Undying fame, and a Nation's thanks, are ever due the heroic soldiers, who fought with such unflinching bravery, this long fight.



WINTER MORNING
IN THE COUNTRY

FARM LIFE
IN SUMMER

CURRIER

HUNTING, FISHING
AND FOREST SCENES

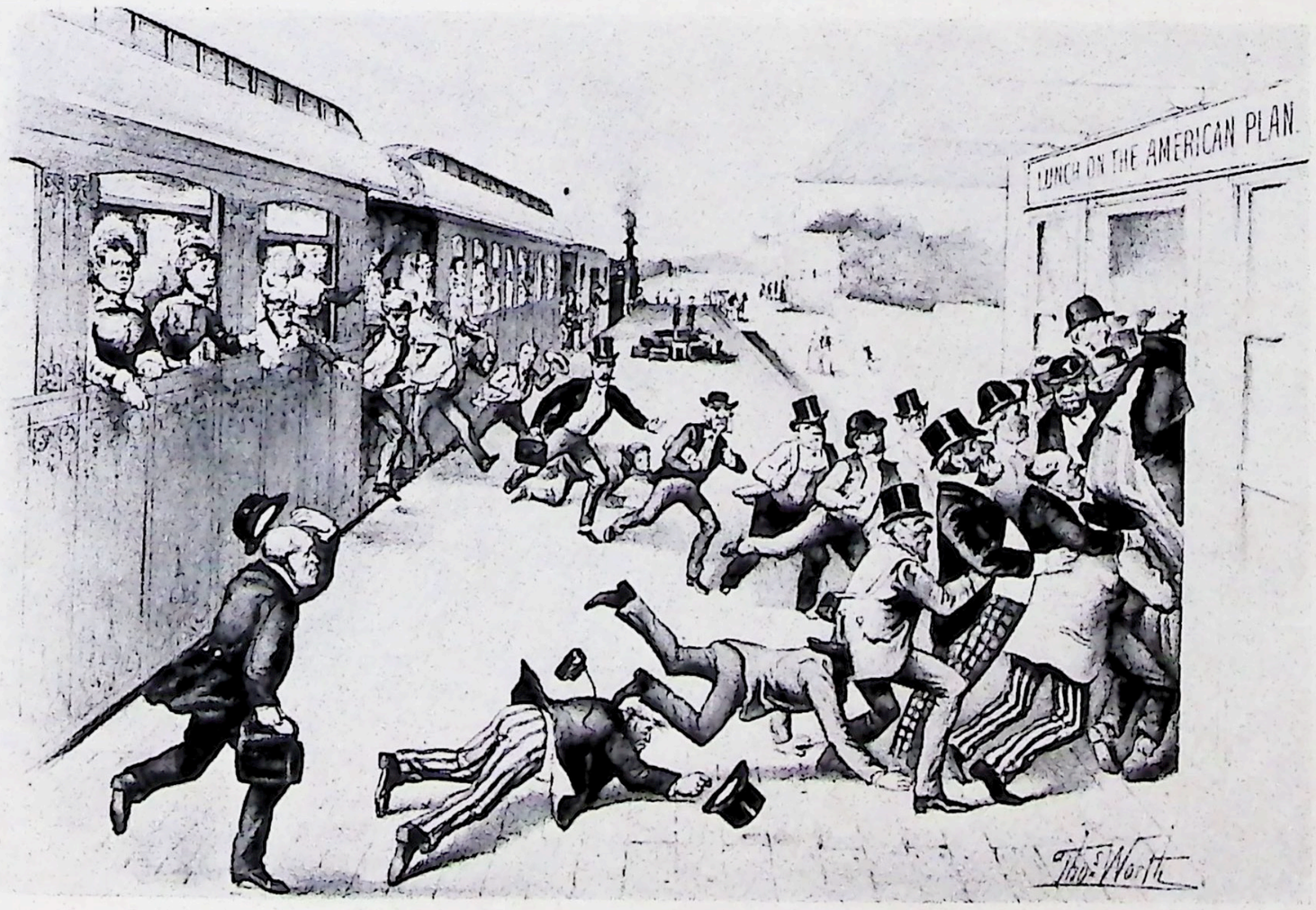
Good Luck All Around

THE EXPRESS
TRAIN

IVES

ACROSS THE
CONTINENT

Westward the Course
of Empire Takes Its Way



A LIMITED EXPRESS

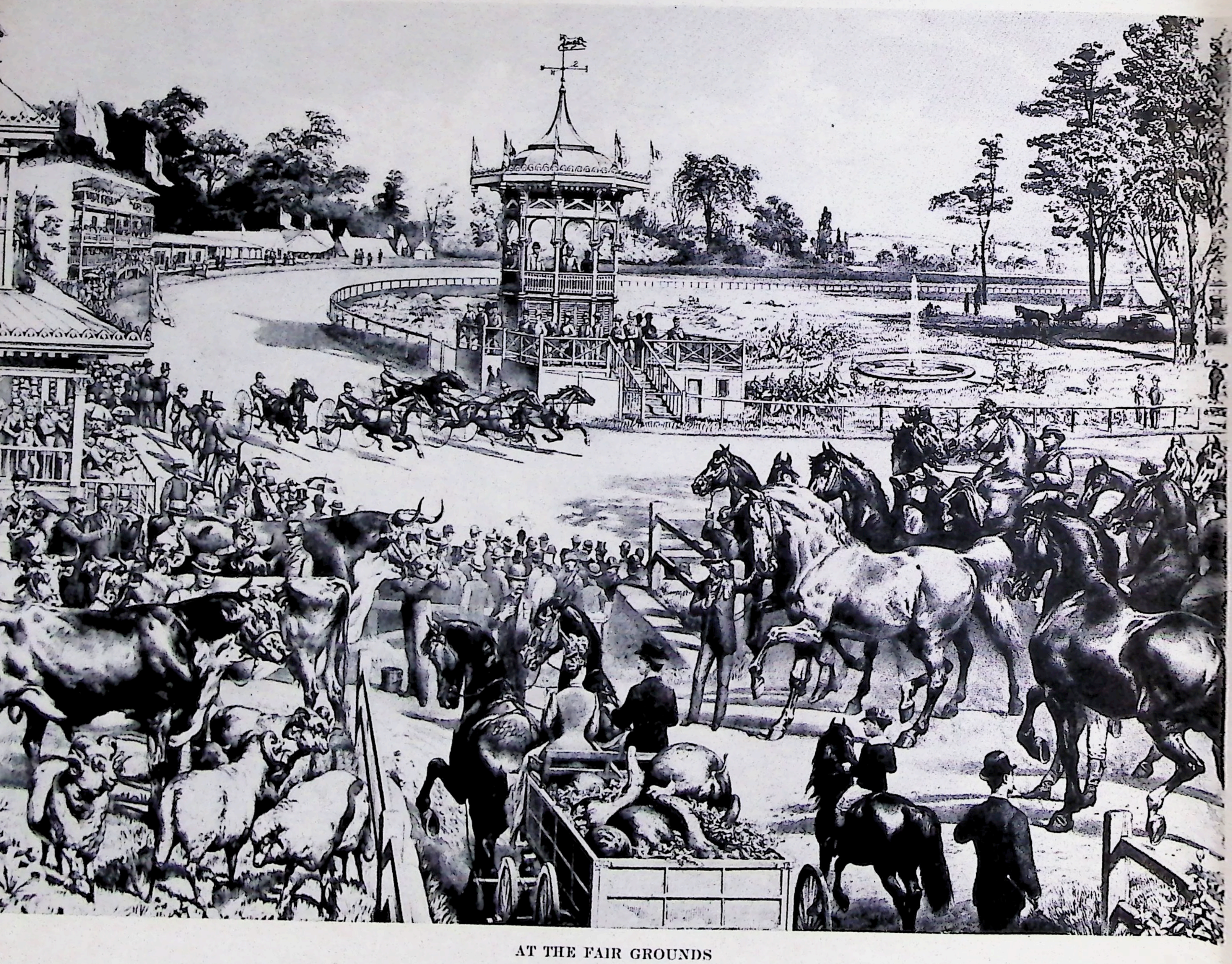
"Five Seconds for Refreshments!"

been hidden away to gather dust. They were old-fashioned. But they were not antique. The gulf that lies between is a graveyard.

And then, just about the time they were forgotten, they were remembered. Collectors began to accumulate them. The word spread. Hiding places were ransacked. They were brought forth again, as many as remained.

Prices began to mount in accordance with the law of supply and demand. The smaller prints that had sold for 15 and 25 cents when they were new and the folios which had brought no more than $1.50 and $3.00 now sold for hundreds, even thousands.

The dust that had settled on them made them only more valuable. ◆



AT THE FAIR GROUNDS

THE TRIAL OF PATIENCE

TIMOR SEA

ARAFURA SEA

MELVILLE I.

BATHURST I.

DARWIN

CARPE

NATIONAL MAPPING SECTION · DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR

BROOME

PORT HEDLAND

ONSLOW

CARNARVON

GERALDTON

PERTH

FREMANTLE

BUNBURY

ALBANY

INDIAN OCEAN

GREAT AUSTRALIAN BIGHT

ADELAIDE

KANGAROO ISLAND

MOUNT GAMBIER

WARRNAMB

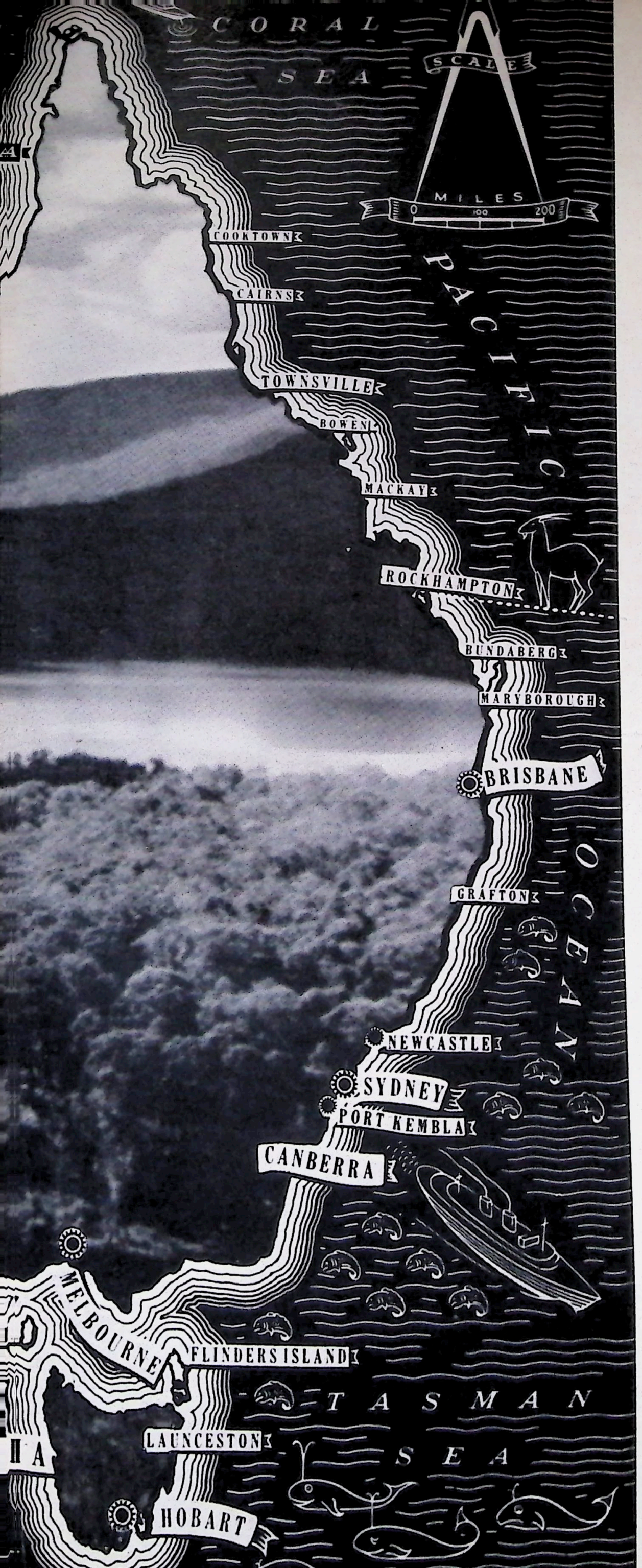
TASM

SOUTHERN OCEAN

AUSTRALIA

AUSTRALIA

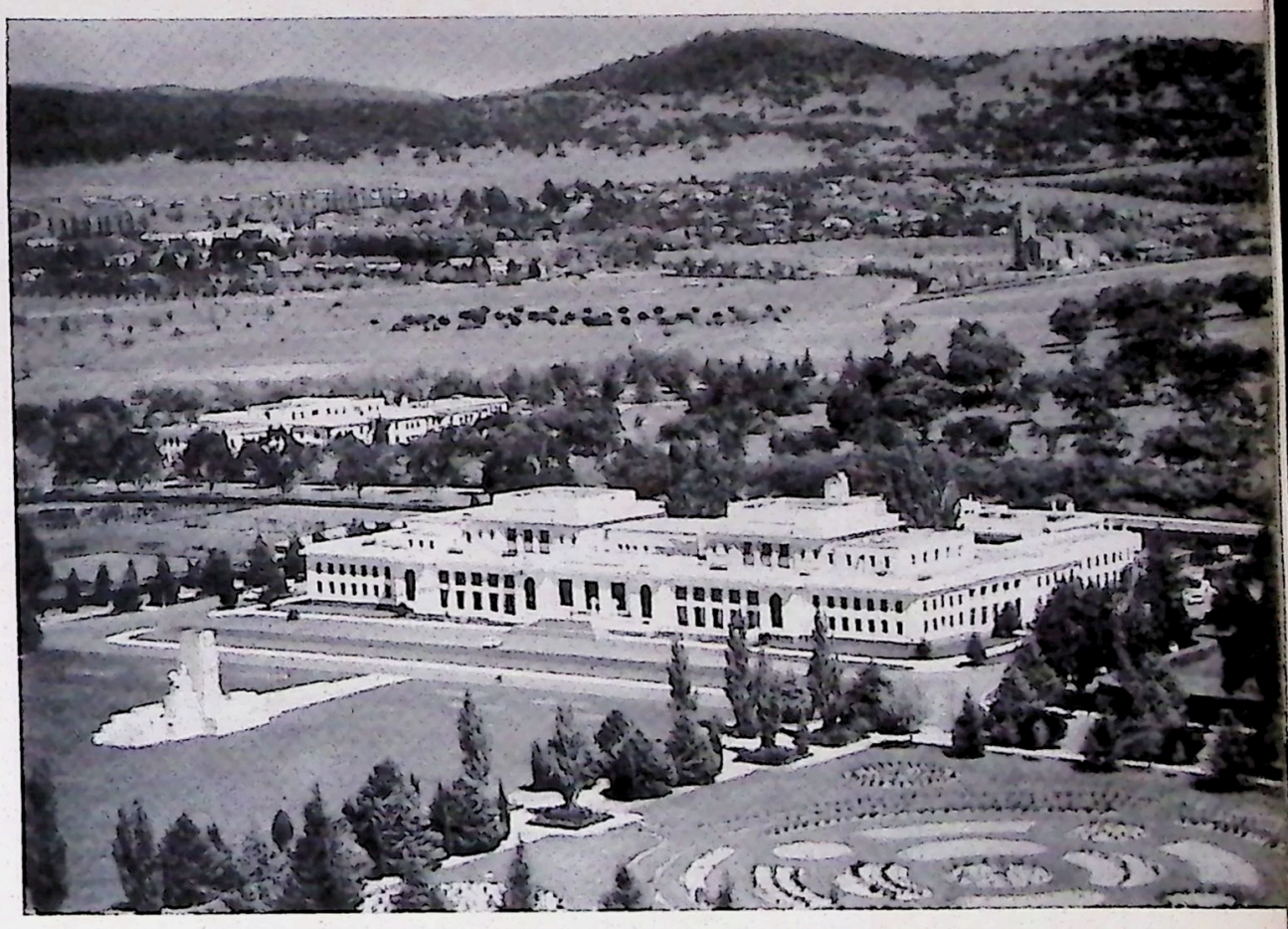
The Lonely Land



by Nina Pulliam

THE MAP of Australia somewhat resembles that of the United States, turned upside down. She's the earth's largest island, its smallest continent—the only one occupied by a single nation. She's the flattest, most uniform of all the continents and contains the earth's oldest known land mass. She lies south of the Equator under the sign of the Southern Cross, so her summer is winter in America, her winter our summertime. She's washed by seven seas: the Pacific, Indian and Southern Oceans, the Timor, Tasman, Arafura and Coral Seas. More than a third of the land is tropical; the barren interior, extending over 600,000 square miles, is the third-largest desert area in the world.

Her native animals and many of her flowers and trees, which are fascinating or beautiful or slightly awesome, are unique to her. Closed off for centuries—the land bridges which may once have linked her to other parts of the world quite gone from sight now—without mixing or melding influence from the outside, Australia



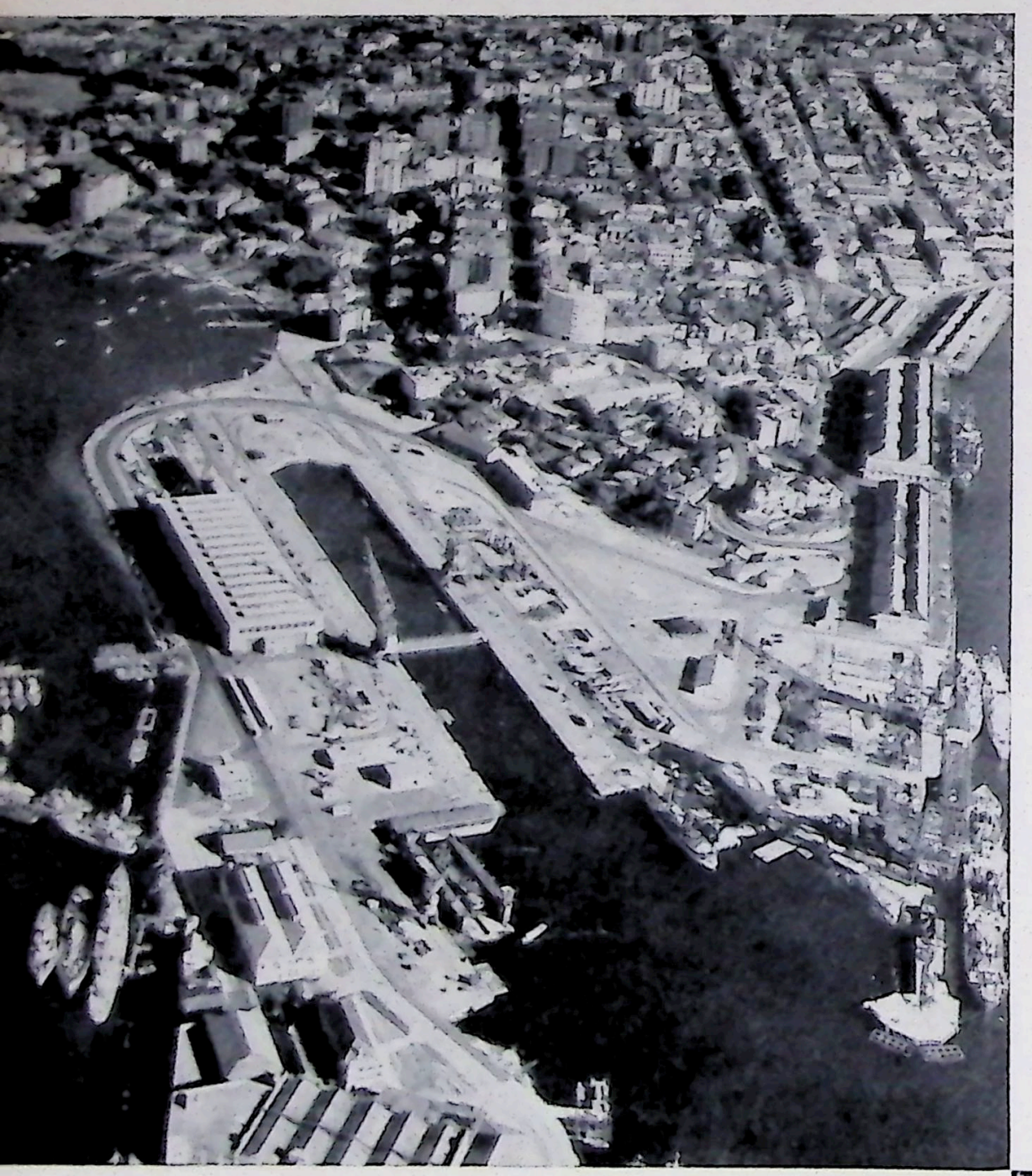
Parliament House, Canberra

has developed a flavor all her own—in the animal, vegetable and mineral kingdoms.

She has no Everest, no Matterhorn, no Aconcagua—her highest peak, Mount Kosciusko in the Australian Alps, is 7328 feet. She has no Mississippi or Amazon or Nile—her longest river is the Murray, 1609 miles. Uncounted and unnamed dozens of her rivers run dry and are only dust and salt and clay pans. She lies within the zone of the southeast trade and prevailing westerly winds; by and large, the elements are in a fair frame of mind as they pass around and over her.

And in all that great Lonely Land, so nearly a dead ringer in size for our own United States, there are no more people than live in Greater New York City. Sydney herself is home to around 20 percent of all Australians.

Historically, Australia is young. The first white-man settlement on her shores was made in 1788—the fading echoes of the "shot heard round the world" from Concord, Mass. For Australia, then known as New Holland, came into being as the direct result



Hyde Park is a peaceful corner of Sydney, the headquarters of many industrial and commercial concerns. The spire in the background belongs to St. James Church, built as a courthouse in 1814.

Captain Cook Dock, at Point Piper, Sydney, is a modern and busy part of this modern, busy city. Port Jackson, better known as Sydney Harbor, is considered one of the finest in the world.

The giant floral clock, 18 feet in diameter, is one of the attractions at Sydney's Taronga Park. It contains over 100,000 plants, with another 100,000 in surrounding beds. In the right background is the seals' pond; Harbor Bridge is at rear.

of the conclusion of the American Revolution, which put an end once and for all to Britain's practice of transporting her convicts to the American Colonies.

With the American outlet closed, and having subsequently discovered that the hot, fever-ridden coasts of Africa were too rigorous for even the British soldier, Britain had, perforce, to find some other distant spot to which she could send her human rejects—the "seconds" in her society.

On a hot summer's day in January 1788, more than eight months after setting sail from Britain, Captain Arthur Phillip brought His Majesty's convict ship, the *Supply*—with 10 other vessels following—into the little-known waters of what is now the great harbor of Sydney, New South Wales, Australia.

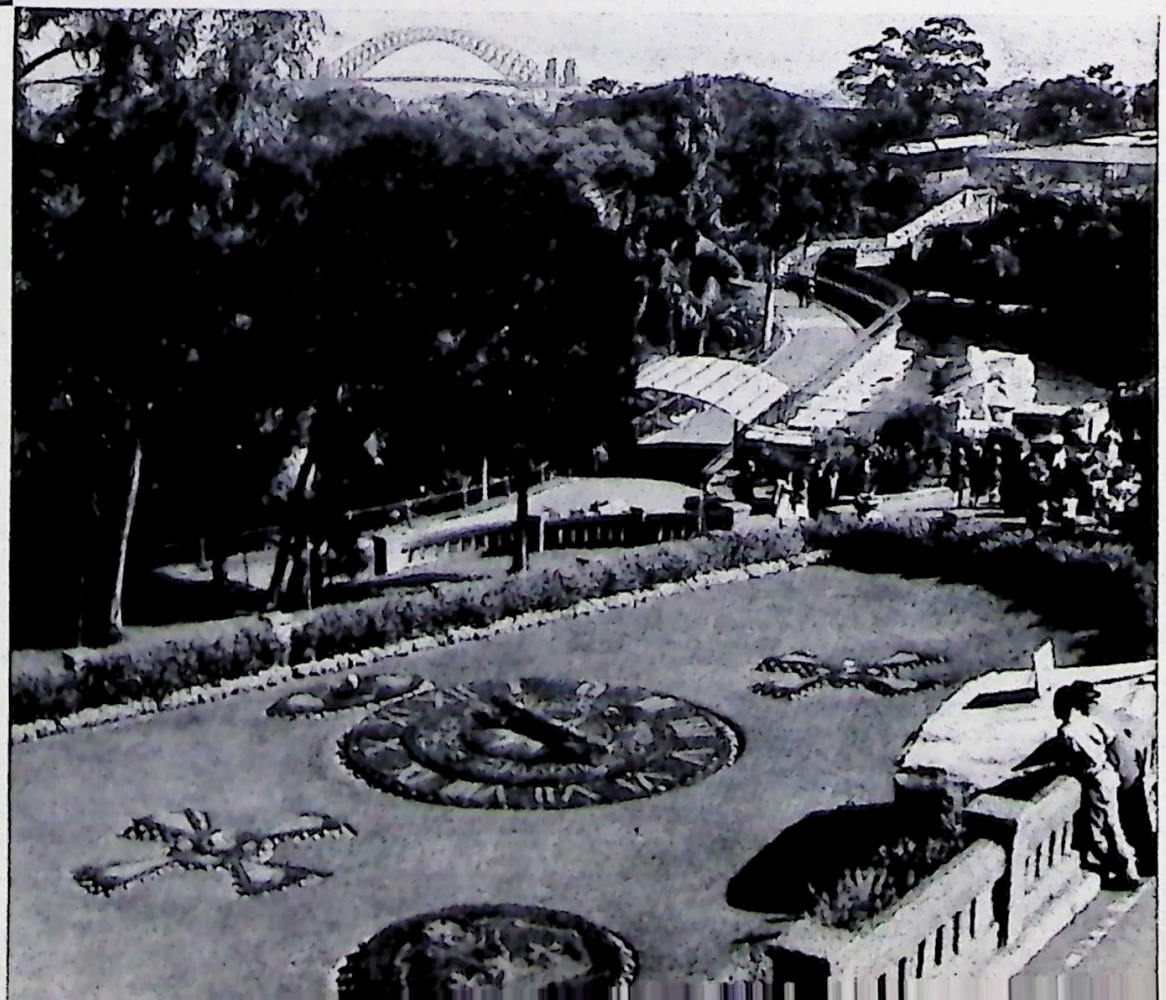
Those 11 ships, total tonnage 4000, have gone down in history for better or for worse as the First Fleet. They delivered on the shores of that remote continent around 1000 people, of whom 290 were listed as officers, marines, women and children; the balance of something over 700 were ticketed as convicts, unclassified as to sex, social standing or otherwise.

By the time the Napoleonic Wars were ended, a good many wealthy British were turning wise eyes in the direction of Australia, for the young country was then sending an impressive amount of fine wool into the world market. The industry had become a good and going thing; they wanted in on it. They took their money and the fastest ship and headed for the South Land.

They and many others, both emancipist and assisted immigrant, were hungry for land. They loaded all they owned into the big covered wagons and the open drays of the day. They hitched their bullocks to the towering loads, put their women and children on board, got astride their horses—some were fine, spirited ancestors of the great Australian horses of today—and they headed out into the new world, into the unknown. By 1850 most of the best land had been taken over.

And then came the magically alluring cry of "Gold!" Gold-seekers swarmed into the country from everywhere—from England and Scotland and Ireland, from the gold fields of California, from Germany and France, from Norway and China. The population more than doubled, as fast as ships could make the long crossing to the land Down Under. By 1860 it had swelled to over 1,100,000.

In the cities, gas lighting made its debut in 1841; trams—horse-drawn, but trams nonetheless—were running by 1862. Early in the 1870s the famed O.T.—the Overland Telegraph—was built. The telegraph connected South Australia with the North and the country with the outside world. Sydney and Melbourne had been linked by telegraph as long ago as 1858 (although they didn't accomplish connection by telephone until 1907). In 1877 the east



coast was connected with the far west, at Perth, by telegraph. By 1873, Australia and San Francisco established mail connections. And 10 years later, the first railway was built all the way between Sydney and Melbourne.

By 1898 a constitution, bearing recognizable resemblance to that of the United States was referred to the Australian people; and at last on January 1, 1901, the Commonwealth of Australia was proclaimed a fact.

The Commonwealth of Australia is composed of six states and the federal territories. She's a member of the British Commonwealth of Nations, and she functions through a political system similar to that of Britain.

Since 1924, Australians have been required to vote or pay fines for their failure to do so unless they have airtight alibis.

The Prime Minister corresponds more nearly than any other Australian official to our President. He's the leader of the Commonwealth and draws his Cabinet from members of the House and Senate. Each Cabinet Member is a Minister, vis-à-vis a Secretary in the United States.

The Monarch appoints, as her personal representatives, a Governor-General for Australia and, in addition, a Governor for each Australian state. Each state has also a Premier, a Parliament and other governmental machinery, varying somewhat from state to state, but generally similar to that of the Australian Commonwealth proper.

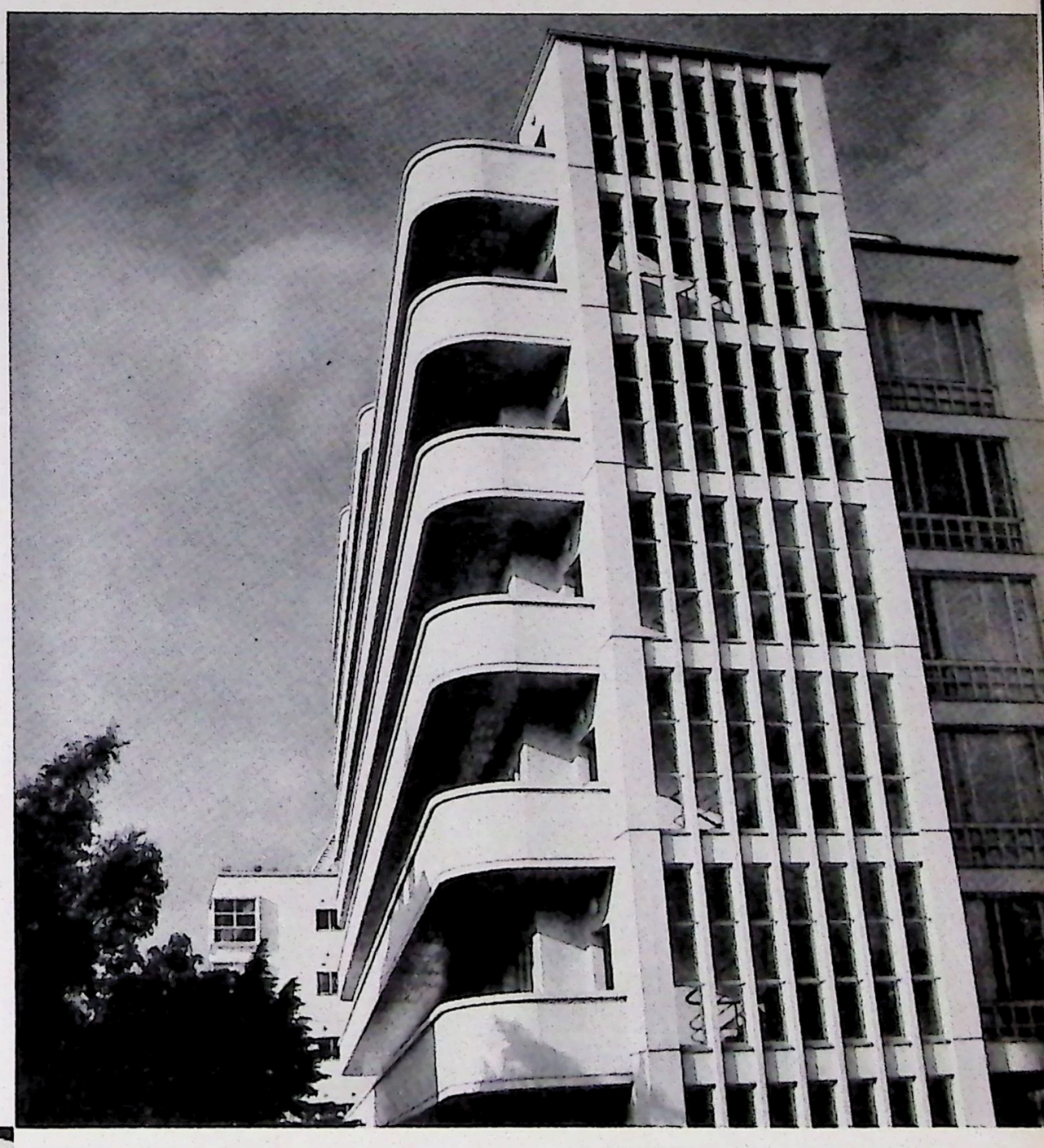
There is complete freedom of worship in Australia, and the Australian believes in this about as wholeheartedly as does any person in the world. All branches of the Protestant faith are represented, as well as the Roman Catholic. The Church of England has the largest number of adherents. The Roman Catholic Church is second in total membership.

There are some fine churches and cathedrals in the country. Some of the loveliest are the oldest ones—simple freestone structures built by early convicts. Today, in their quiet, frequently off-the-beaten-path locations, they're among the few charming or noteworthy pieces of architecture on the continent.

Despite the fact that a good many Australian children must get their schooling under laborious difficulties, because of the widely scattered pattern of the population in many areas of the country, Australia has one of the highest literacy rates in the world. Education is compulsory and free to the age of 14, in some states to 15.

Radio gives Australians a sense of security by bringing them into close and up-to-the-minute contact with those faraway places. They listen extensively to their radios, and the listener pays his government two pounds per year as license fee for this privilege.

Melbourne University's Ormond College was founded by the Presbyterian Church of Victoria in 1877. There are four denominational colleges on "College Crescent," each encompassing 10 acres.



Symmetrical and harmonious, this nine-story apartment building in Melbourne is one of the few examples of contemporary residential design. War shortages hampered building in recent years.

Melbourne's century-old Botanic Gardens provide an ideal background for the "Music for the People" symphony concerts, held the first Sunday of the month in summer. Up to 100,000 persons attend the free concerts in this city, "Australia's Boston."

Another aspect of "new" Australian culture is the Highland Pipe Band, with members drawn from the entire country.

In the Army, football and especially boxing, the Australian aborigines (above) have achieved prominence. Their water-colors of the brilliant landscape have also aroused excitement. And, for many years, these Stone Age people, who neither farm nor use metal, have been invaluable for anthropological study.

"New Australians" (left)—immigrants from all over the world—add the Old World to the young country's indigenous culture.

Younger members of the growing population are cared for in this typical preschool center (below) in New South Wales.

Movies are popular, especially American-made ones, with a heavy downbeat on Westerns. Australian movie houses bear a closer resemblance to ours than most of their other facilities do. In some places, if you want a good seat for the evening's show, you've got to get your ticket before noon, at least.

The theater hasn't reached an especially important place in the Australian's entertainment although I should say it's gaining. Not a great deal has been done so far by way of producing native dramatist, drama or even actor. Like too much other Australian talent, the hopeful actor or actress tries to leave the country for some more promising place.

The Australian is a superexcellent sportsman, one of the world's best. Horse racing is his favorite sporting activity. Every township has a track, all the way from a little soup plate on up; and every city has several.

Australians love cricket and tennis and croquet, which they usually pronounce *croakie*, and football, of which they have several versions—Rugby Union, Rugby League, Association and Australian Rules—each more savage than the other.

The Australian also loves bowling, hockey, soccer, lacrosse, billiards, wrestling, boxing, surfing, sculling, sailing, water skiing (which he usually pronounces *she-ing*), yachting, rowing, lifesaving, diving, plain and fancy swimming, hiking and bicycling, mountain skiing, mountain climbing and golf.

The Australians read a great deal. You can buy many books by American and British and French and other authors in Australia—books which are neither comics nor trash nor limited even to best-seller types. There are many well stocked, well patronized bookstores in Australia.

Good writing has been coming from Australian authors for a long time. Their poetry is ranked as outstandingly fine in the amassed poetry of the world. There are numerous Australian writers who have long been known in American writing circles.

This woman, helped by a hired man, runs a modern 20-acre orchard.

A riveter swells the labor force at a New South Wales dockyard.

Seasonal workers—new for Australia—help out in the lush fields.

Young veterans learn a new trade in a government fishery school.

Some of those authors are beginning to show up on the lists of American publishing firms, to the benefit of all concerned.

Australia has given the world some of its brightest-shining talent. Music's a good ground: Dame Nellie Melba, whose glorious voice could never be forgotten by any who heard it; Ernest Hutcheson, who became president of the distinguished Juilliard School of Music in the United States; John Brownlee and gallant Marjorie Lawrence, just two of the Australian-born stars of opera; Leslie Hodge, conductor of the San Diego and Phoenix Symphony Orchestras; Percy Grainger, renowned composer and pianist.

The American stage has for years been illuminated by the genius of Judith Anderson; Merle Oberon's beauty and talent are familiar to all American stage and screen audiences; Errol Flynn made his name and fortune on the American screen; and there are many more.

Sydney is the biggest and oldest city of the continent and second city in the entire British Commonwealth of Nations. Close to 2,000,000 people make her their home. As the capital of New South Wales, wealthiest and most populous of the six states of the Commonwealth—good-naturedly called the "Ma State"—Sydney is in truth the center of the nation.

Sydney has laid claim to many miles of coast and meadow and hillside. She runs without rhyme, but with considerable reason, hither, thither and yon and back again, over her harbor hills and down the long promontories reaching out into the bay.

Downtown Sydney bows her back and tries to bear the burden of her traffic. She has grown at near breakneck speed, and like other great cities of the world, she hasn't solved, and is hardly gaining on, this time-and-patience-consuming snarl. There are one-way streets which change with irritating irregularity. There are pedestrian refuges, spots in the center of the streets (often called roads). Down the center of the sidewalks (often called footpaths) a yellow line has been painted in order to establish a sort of one-way lifesaving principle. You walk, of course, to the left of this line just as you drive on the left-hand side of the street or highway.

Sydney has glorious beaches, a whole constellation of long, clean sweeps of sand and sea—33 in all. There are few places where nature has more prodigally laid down her best and most beautiful. The perpetually changing Pacific has carved a marvelous masterpiece—22 miles of harbor and only a little less than 200 miles of foreshores.

Night life—meaning nightclubs and the like—is the untasted recipe in Australia except as it's savored in Sydney. The nightclubs generally purvey excellent food and exceptionally unattractive attractions. Sydney's dance bands play American music, and she dances her version of the rumba, the samba and all the old-timers.

Australia's most famous animals, aside from the platypus, are marsupials. The marsupial is a mammal which carries its young in a pouch provided by nature for that purpose. It lives in few parts of the world, but Australia has more than 150 different types. Taronga Park in Sydney gives you the opportunity, in the most delightful settings and circumstances, to see many of these, ranging from the tiny marsupial mouse, of all amusing things, to the great gray kangaroo, graceful, fleet big red or bulky, handsome wallaroo.

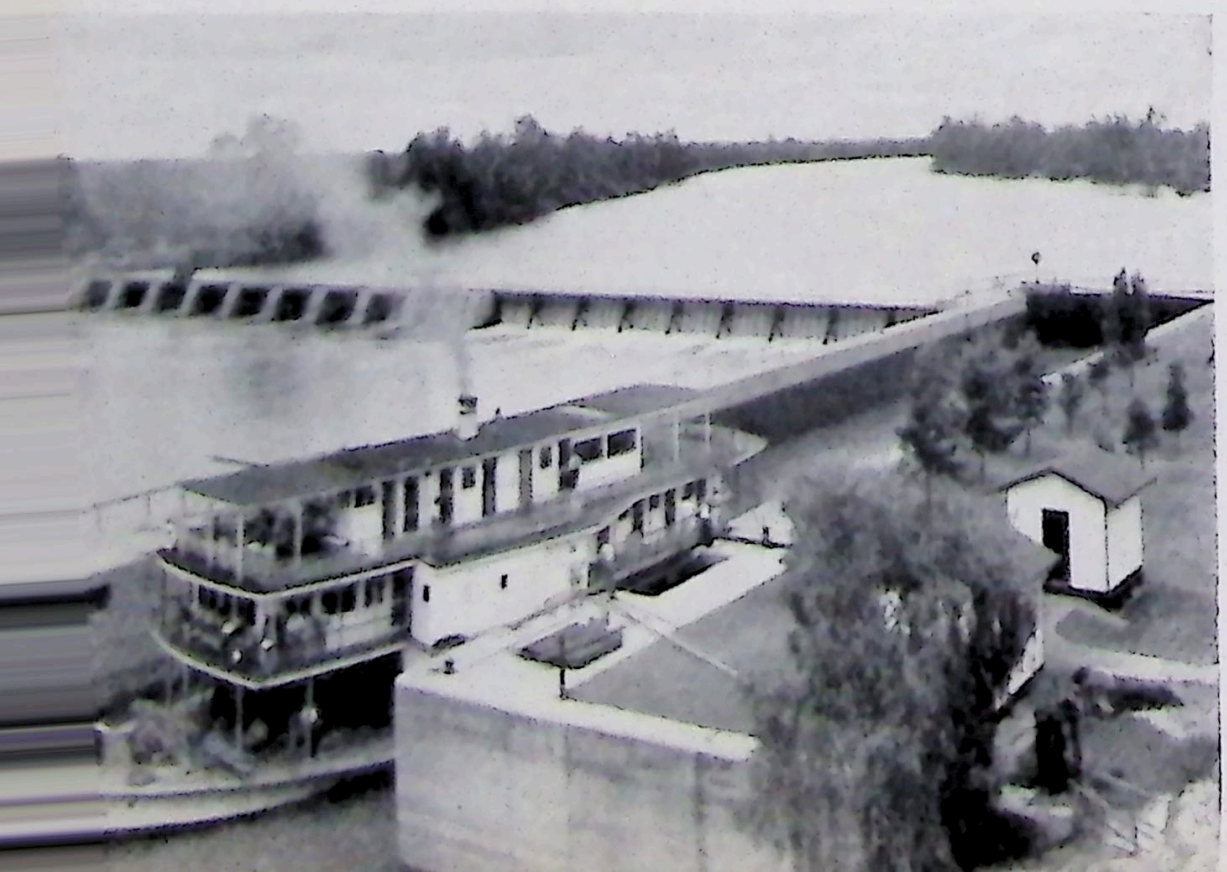
In parts of Australia the kangaroos are so numerous they're a problem to the graziers and farmers. There's always the threat of a water and grazing shortage, and even though the 'roo isn't gluttonous, it does add to the over-all problem.

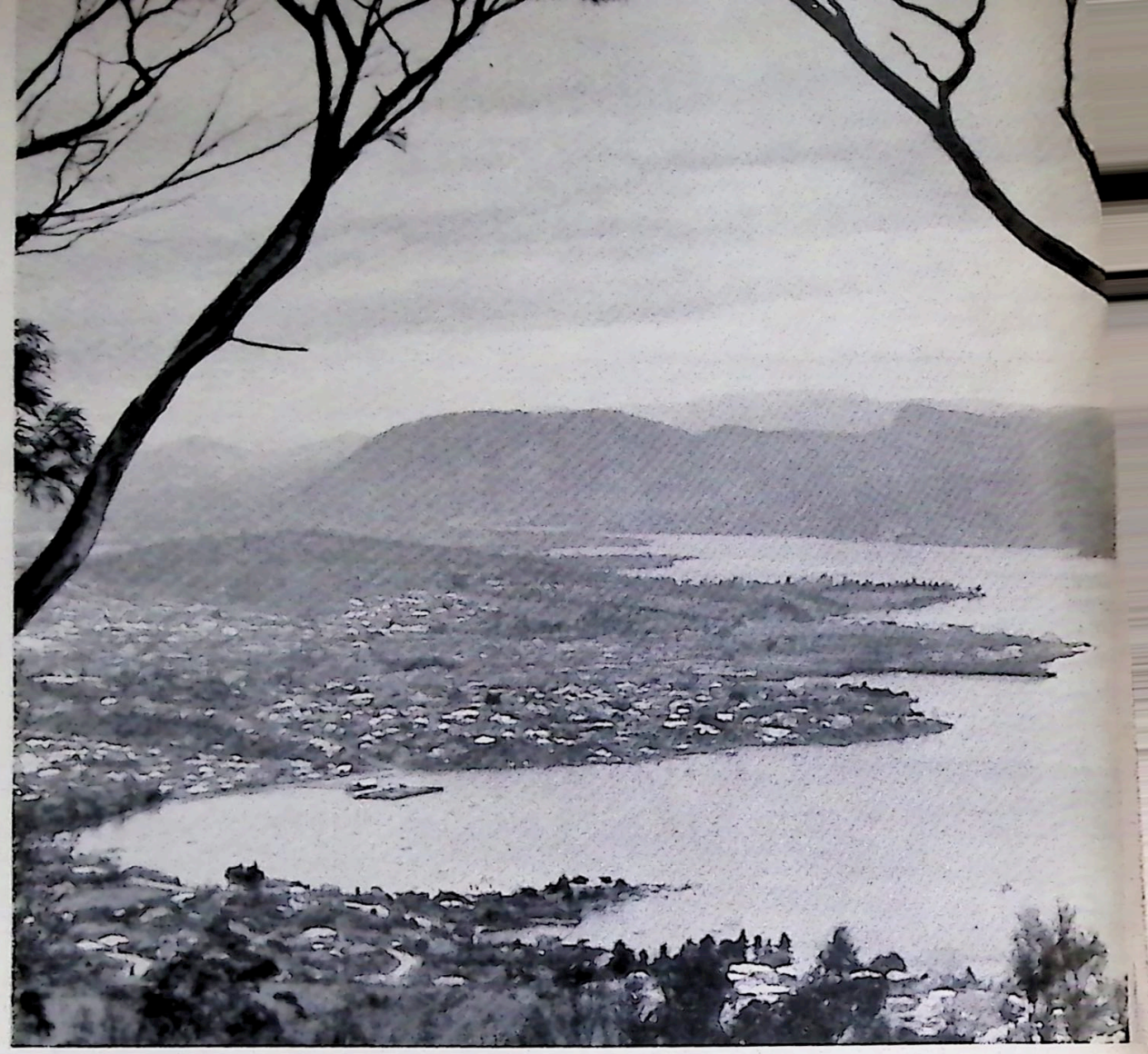
The kangaroo's companion on the Australian coat of arms is the emu. Next to its cousin, the ostrich, the emu is the largest bird in the world and one of the fleetest of foot. It can outrun a horse. Australians call it the noblest of all Australian birds, and it appears on various stamps and coins as well as the coat of arms. They say they like the idea of using it as an emblematic figure

The Australian Alps, in the continent's southeast corner, bloom in summer (December and January) with hundreds of plants a mile above sea level.

The Snowy Mountains of New South Wales, one of the coldest points on the mainland, are under heavy snow for about six months of the year.

A paddle steamer sails on the River Murray in South Australia. The river has been terraced from the mountains to the sea for irrigation and power.





Beautiful Hobart is capital of the island state of Tasmania. Parts of the isle are reputed to be "more English than England."

because it always runs forward, never backward. I saw many emus which were five feet or taller.

The platypus is probably the strangest of all Australia's unique and fascinating wildlife. This amazing animal, surely the most paradoxical collection of elements ever put together in one body, has a bill and webbed feet—which latter, however, are equipped with claws. It feeds in the water, and it lives in the ground. It wears a lovely fur coat, many sizes too big for its small body, yet it lays eggs—of an almost reptilian type. And, finally, being of the class Mammalia, it suckles its young.

Brisbane is capital of the sprawling state of Queensland, which embraces as much territory as all Texas, Montana, California and New Mexico together.

Brisbane's geographical position in the country is noteworthy. Five hundred miles south lies Sydney. North are Rockhampton, Mackay, Townsville and finally, 900 miles distant, Cairns—Japan's intended invasion point in World War II. This 900 miles of coast lying between Brisbane and Cairns (Aussies pronounce it *Kenz*) is about as lovely a strip of seaside beauty as any in the world. Northward from Cairns to land's end and the little dot of Thursday Island is another 500 miles; all Asia lies not far beyond. For two years Brisbane was General MacArthur's headquarters.

The Great Barrier Reef lies off the northeastern coast of Australia, remote and almost unknown throughout the world.

For approximately 1250 miles—roughly from the Tropic of Capricorn northward almost to New Guinea—this incredible submarine rampart confronts the savage, searching waters of the Pacific Ocean and the Coral Sea. Its distance from the mainland varies from perhaps 10 miles at the closest point to as much as 150 miles at the outermost.

Melbourne is the capital of Victoria, smallest of the mainland states, but one of the most beautiful, prosperous and highly developed—and Victorian. With a population of around 1,400,000,

Hop fields line the River Derwent in one of the loveliest spots in Tasmania—New Norfolk, approximately 20 miles from Hobart.

Melbourne is second-largest of Australian cities and fifth in the British Commonwealth of Nations. Any unprejudiced observer who has seen the other cities and towns of Australia is very likely to hand in his open ballot marked in favor of her Victorian Ladyship for beauty queen of the continent.

The main streets of Melbourne are a joy and comfort, thanks to the insistence of Robert Hoddle, first surveyor general, who stubbornly held out that they be 99 feet wide.

Melbourners have built spire-crowned cathedrals and big business buildings; they've developed parks and gardens of exceptional beauty. There's an excellent university; there's the Conservatorium of Music, whose cornerstone Dame Nellie Melba placed in 1910.

The famed Melbourne Cup is run on the first Tuesday in November. It's one of the richest races in the world. Visitors from all over the continent—and elsewhere, if they can come—descend upon the city for Cup Week by every known means of transportation. It's impossible to describe the excitement. It's as though you'd taken all the crowds, the tensions, the color and noise of the Kentucky Derby, the Indianapolis Auto Race, both the National Democratic and the National Republican Conventions, plus the World Series and the Army-Navy game, bottled them up together, shaken well, pulled the cork and—whacko!

South of the Australian mainland, across turbulent Bass Strait, lies the island of Tasmania, smallest of the six states. It's a little capsule of concentrated beauty.

Hobart, its capital, is in the far southeast corner of the state. It's only 383 air miles from Melbourne, but it's something of another world down there.

Tasmania is said to be the most mountainous island in the world. The mountains are always there, no matter where you look. They're heavily timbered—"enough to last the press of Fleet Street for 100 years." The little island supplies most of the

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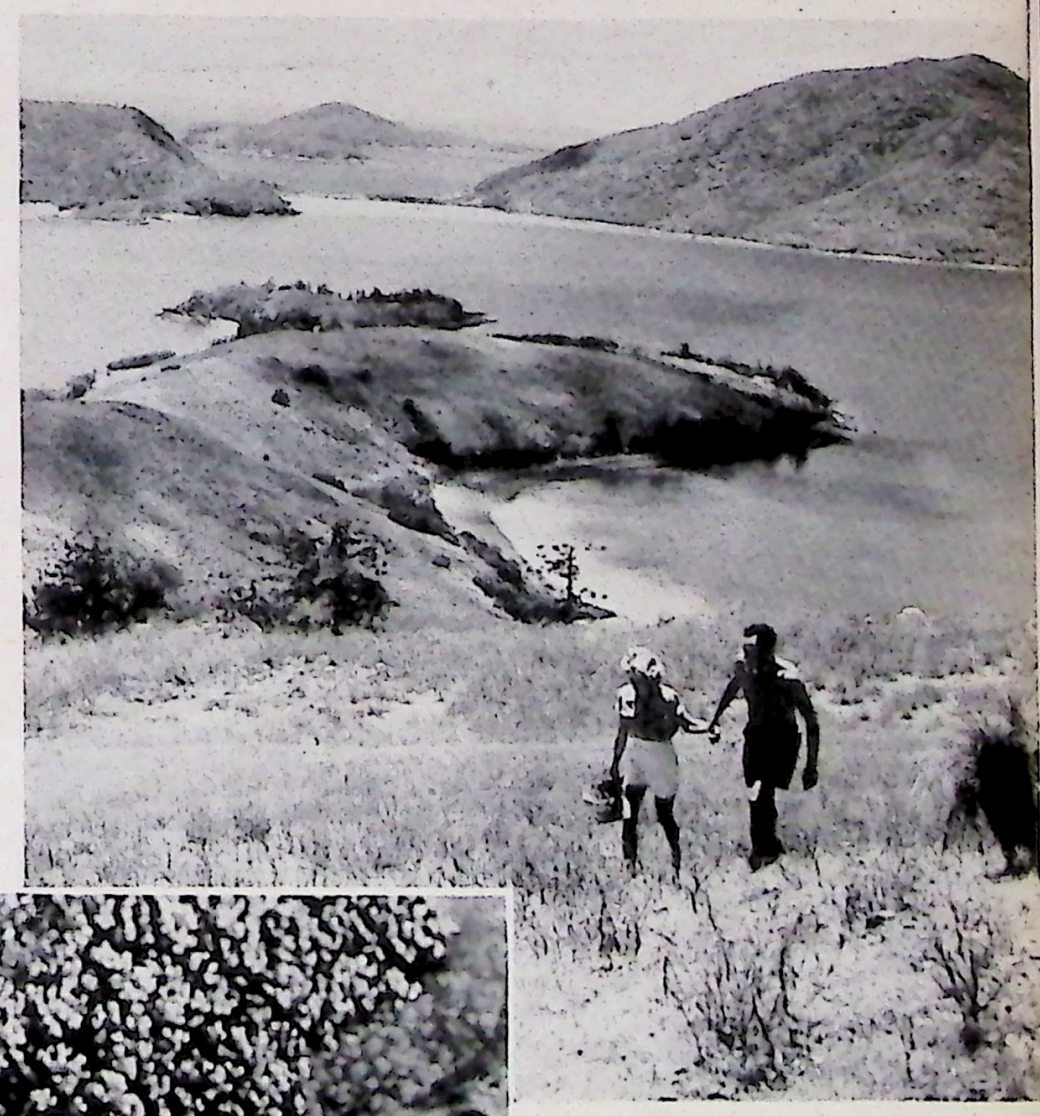
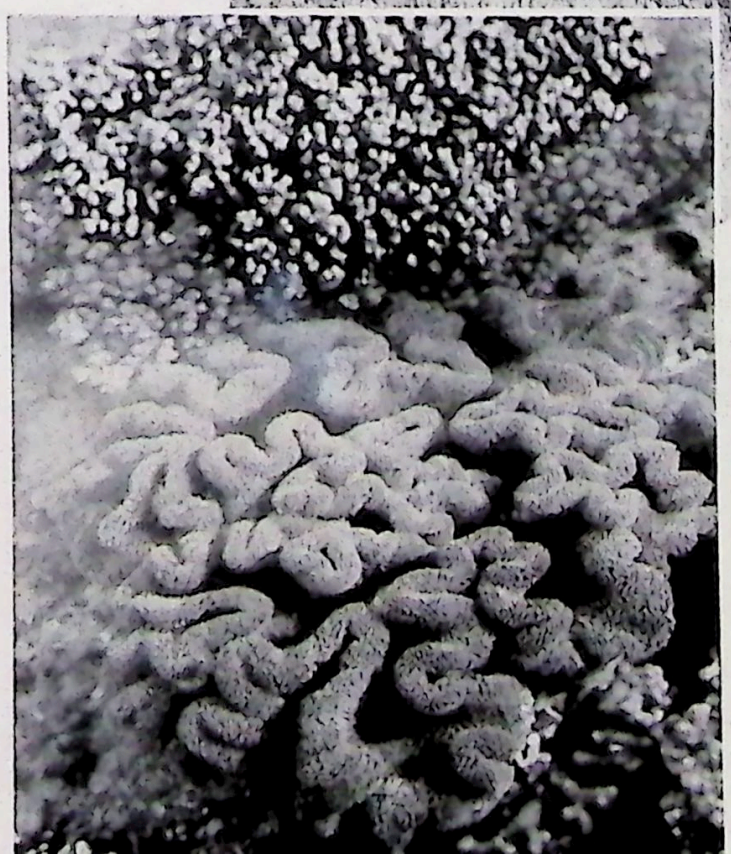
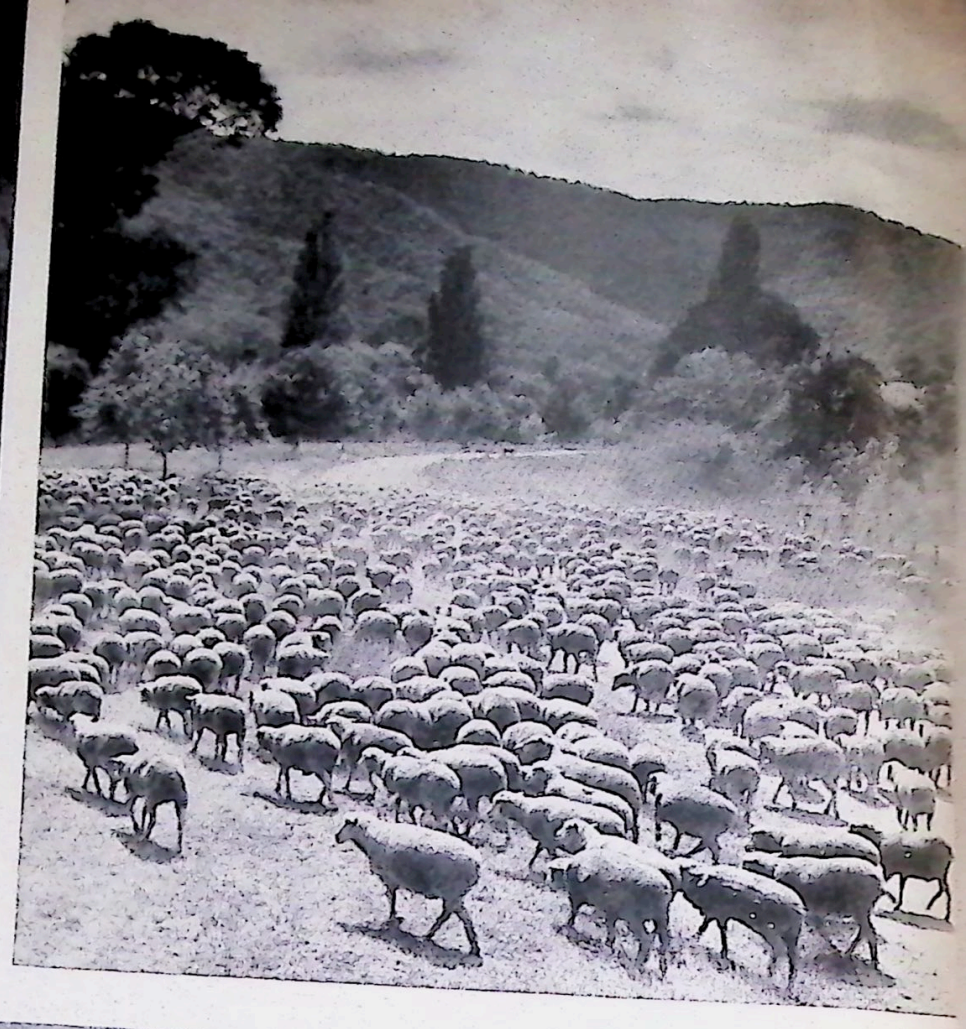
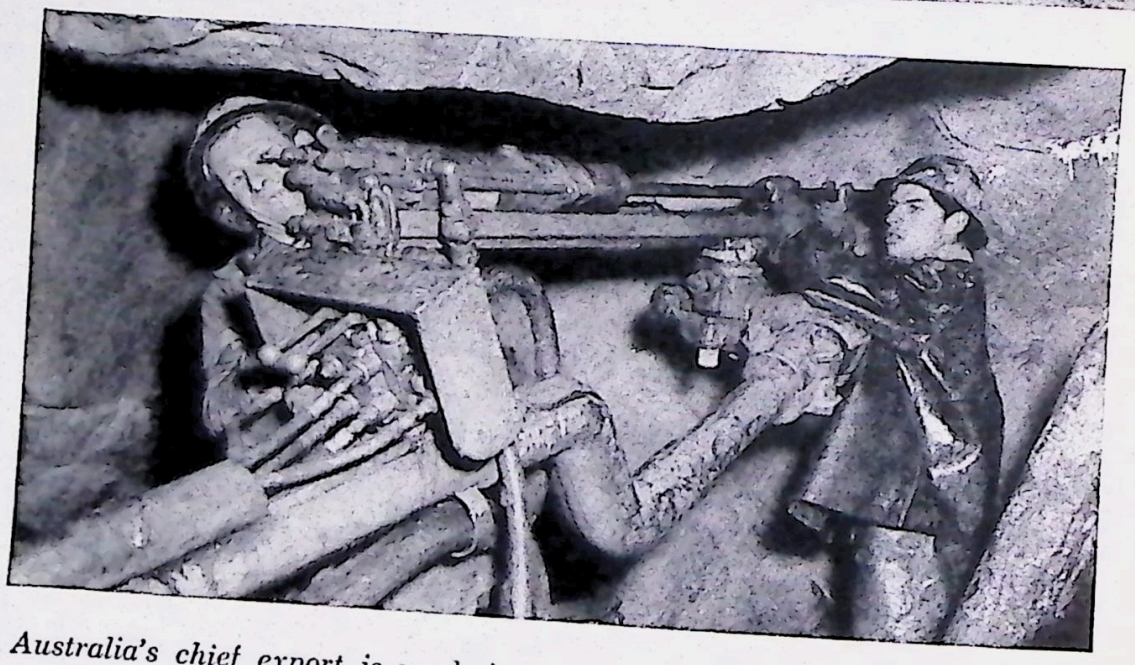




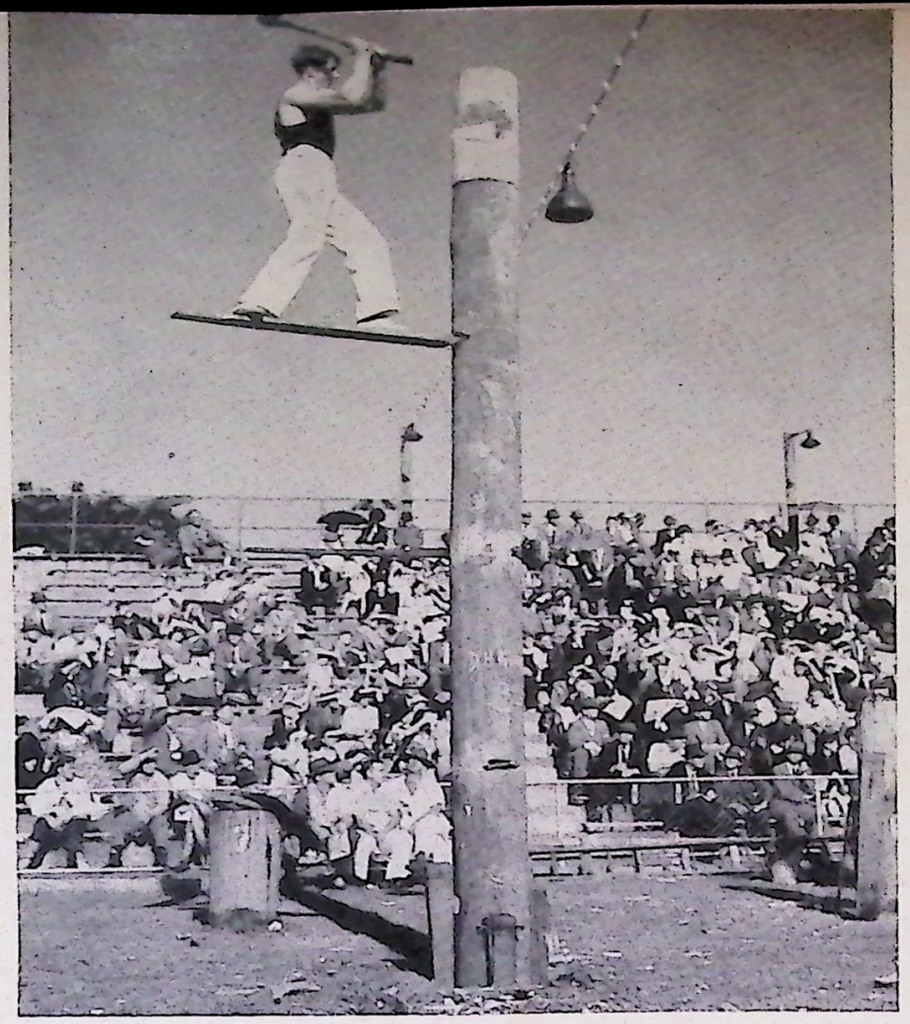
The Whitsunday Islands lie on the Great Barrier Reef; Lindeman Island (above, with Shaw Island and Kennedy Sound in background) is typical of the group. Flowerlike polyps (left) push up through the region's coral, adding color to the scene.

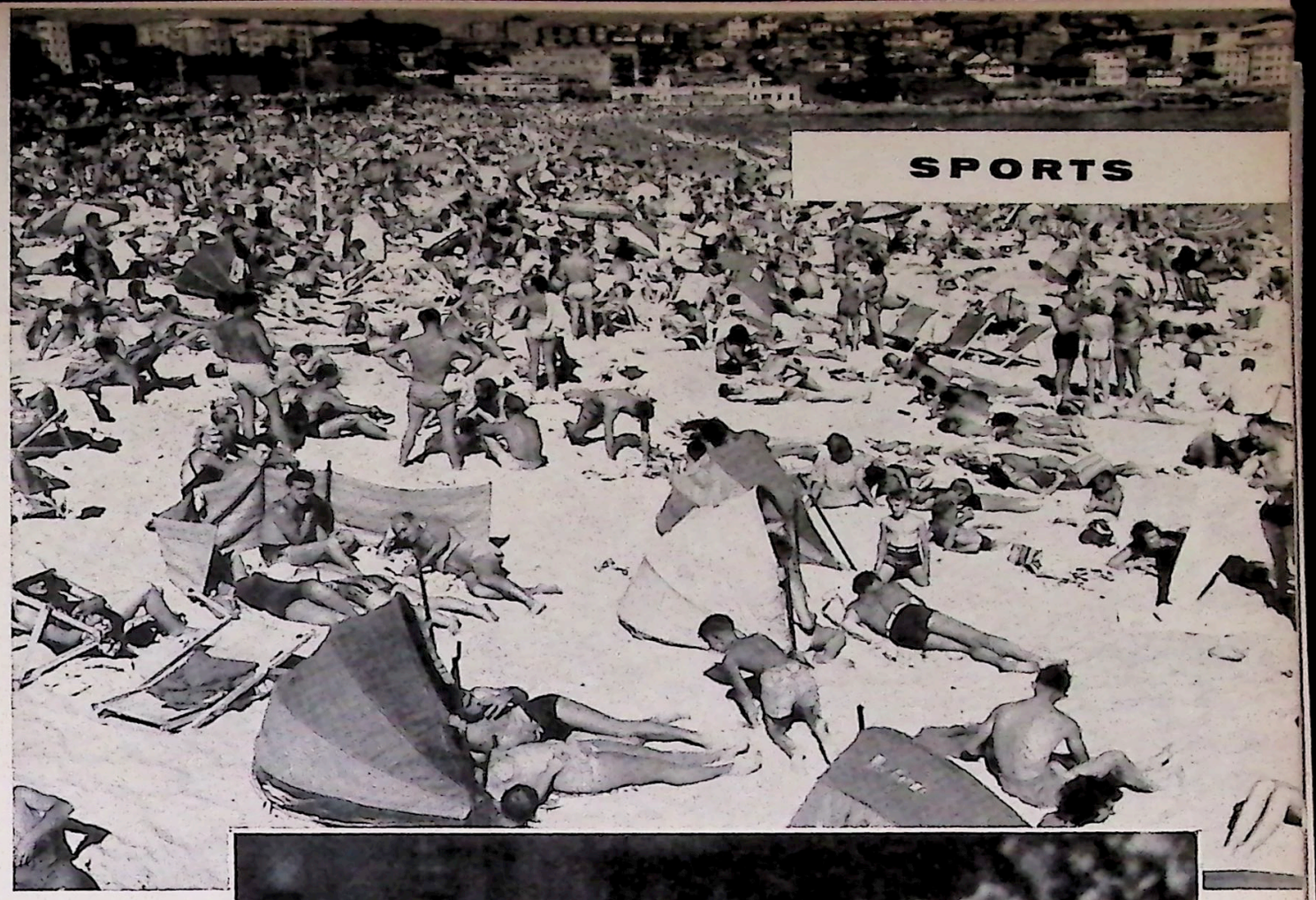
INDUSTRY



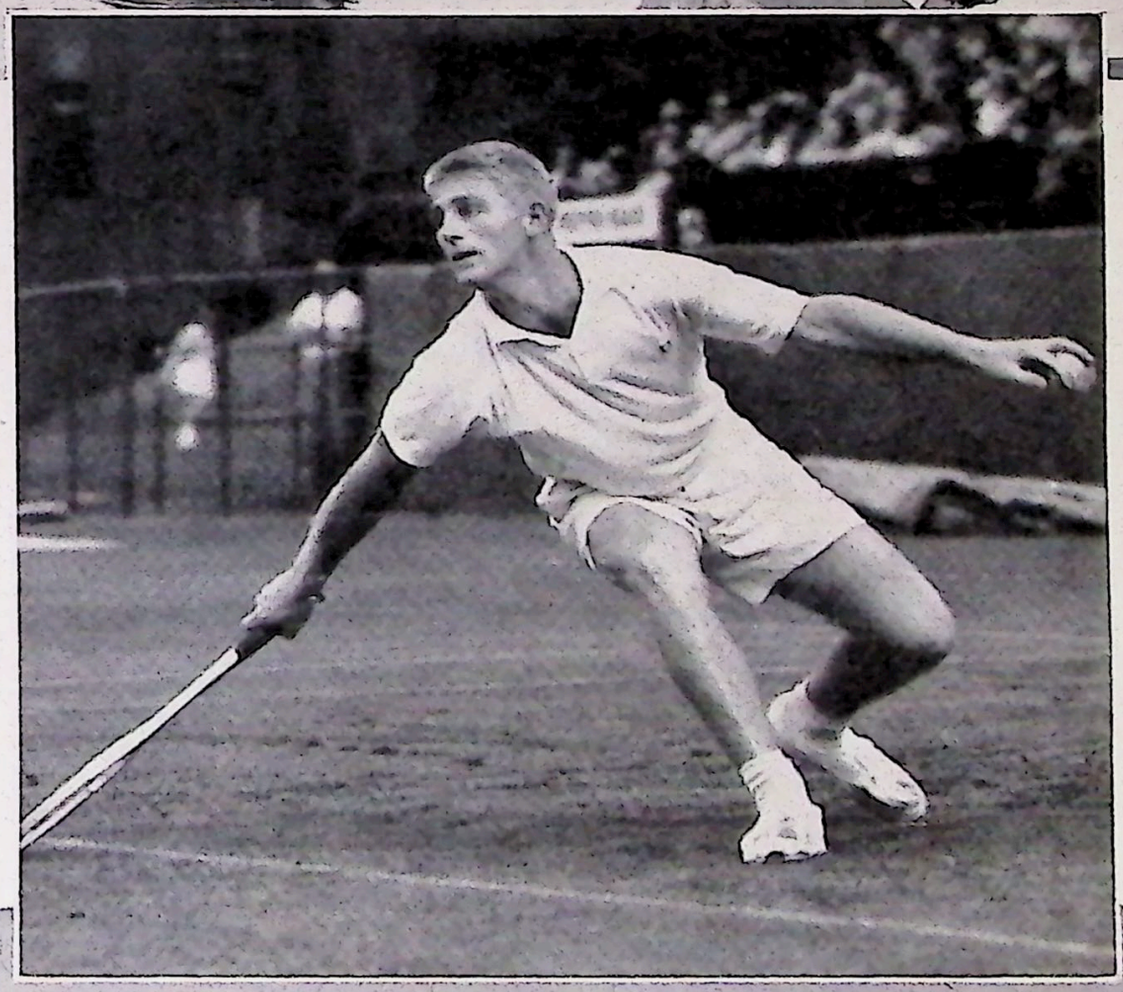


Australia's chief export is wool; its sheep produce one-fourth of the world's total. Its farms encompass 23,500,000 acres. And drilling is being carried on to divert rivers for dams and generators vital to industry.

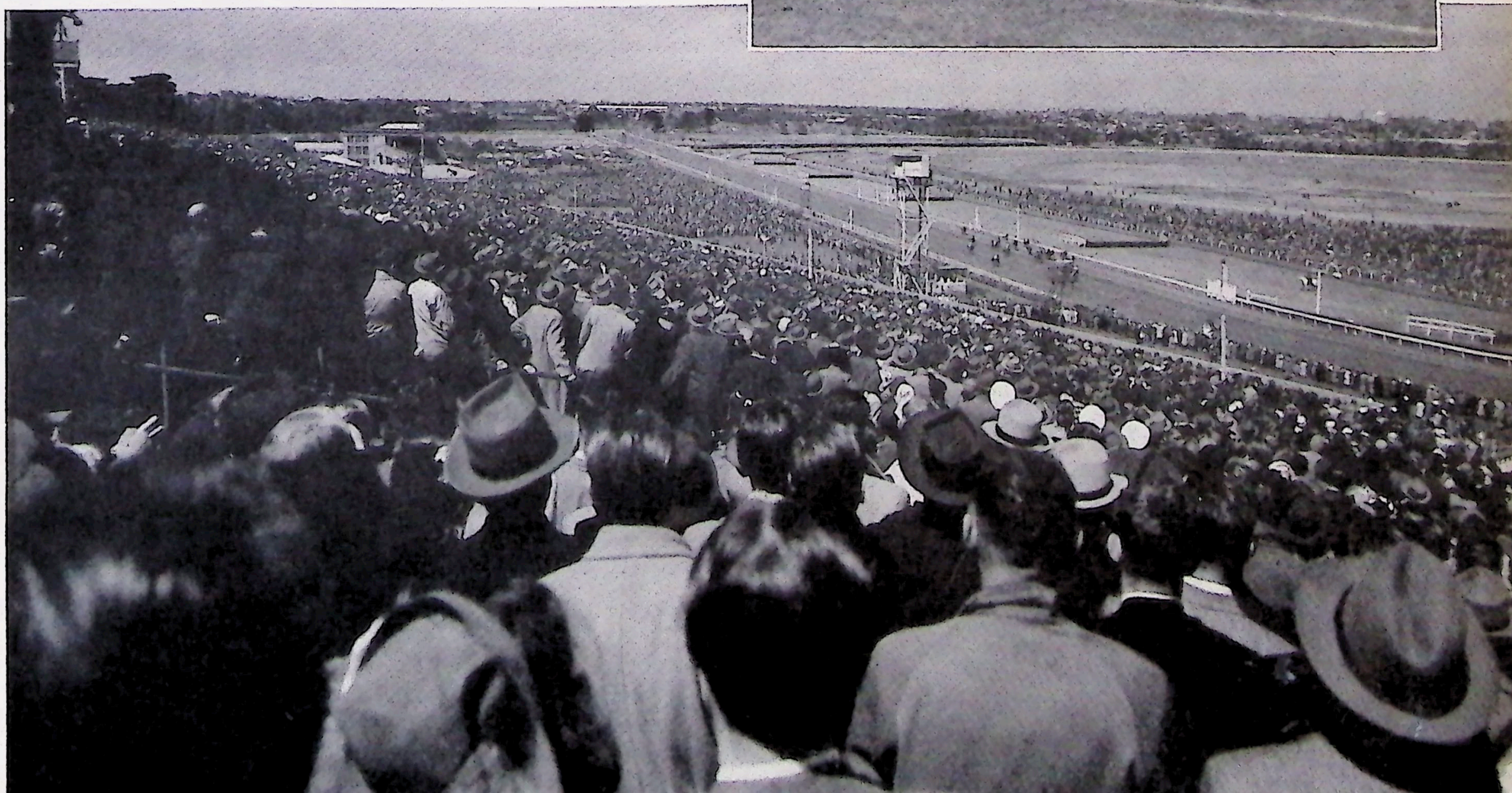




SPORTS



The Australians are great sportsmen—the rougher the game the better. Horse racing and Rugby are their favorites; tennis is perhaps their best. Tree-felling is a tough, exciting, new addition to the large repertory.



The platypus can be described, but it must be seen to be believed.

The kookaburra has a full-throated, gay laugh, ending in a very human chuckle.

The dingo, a type of wild dog, is a serious scourge to farming.

newsprint used on the mainland and she's now at work enlarging her newsprint manufacturing facilities.

But it's for her fruit that Tasmania is most famous. It's not unusual for the year's crop of apples to run to 8,000,000 or more bushels in the beautiful river valleys of the Huon and the Tamar. And few sights this side of Elysium could be so ethereally lovely as the sight of those wide valleys, white with clouds of pear and apple blossoms in early spring.

The River Derwent, wide, green and deep—64 feet at the heart of the city and able to accommodate the largest of ocean-going vessels—leads 12 miles from Hobart down to the sea.

The coastal scenery of the Tasman Peninsula is almost theatrically beautiful. From far beyond the vision's range, the brilliant blue waters of the oceans come rolling landward, flinging themselves against the rock escarpments of this shore. They've hacked and harried these cliffs for countless centuries, at one point chiseling out a narrow channel nearly 200 feet long through the steely rock, leaving the great Tasman's Arch overhead to bridge the channel.

The capital of South Australia was named Adelaide at the request of King William IV, who chose thus to honor his Queen. It's a peaceful-feeling place, home to about 450,000 Australians, and reminiscent of Texas. Its streets are wide and dusty; its people are generally amiable and unpretentious; its shops are adequate but not elaborate; and it seems always to be filled a little over capacity with easygoing folks, strolling in lackadaisical fashion through the business center, window-shopping, passing the time of day, just looking.

During World War II Adelaide was transformed into a manufacturing center for airplanes and parts and various precision instruments, and she's continued to develop and progress as an industrial city. She's the home of the Holden, first automobile to be built in Australia, backed by General Motors, U.S.A.

Western Australia—nearly 1,000,000 square miles—is a single state as big as one third of the United States of America. It runs the full depth of Australia, from the Timor Sea on the north to the Southern Ocean at the bottom of the continent, and its coastline gives Australia a 4350-mile western border.

Here are magnificent mountain ranges and wide, abandoned deserts; orchards and farmlands and forests whose noble trees, the jarrah and "king" karri, rival the giant redwoods of California;

Related distantly to the opossum is the koala, a live Teddy bear.

The spiny anteater is as strange as the platypus, its nearest living relative.

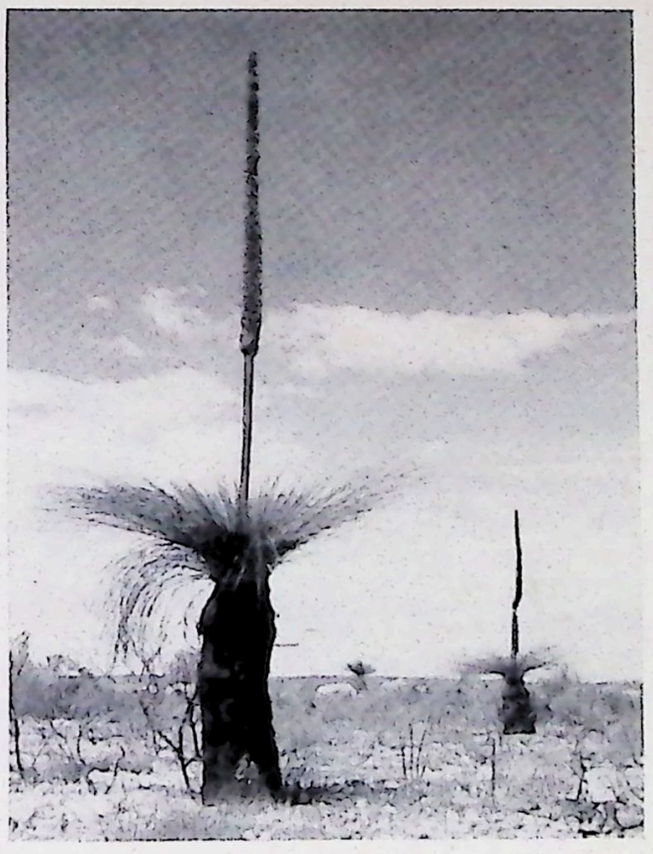
Kangaroo "mobs" are often accustomed to people, visit picnic sites.

lovely playground beaches and the "stern and rockbound coast." Here, too, are gold fields, where many a California Forty-niner came to dig for dust and tell tall tales of striking it rich at home.

Perth, on the Swan River, is capital of Westralia, as the state is usually called. It's a city of around 330,000 people—more than half the entire population of the million-mile state. Twelve miles down the Swan, on the Indian Ocean, is Fremantle, port city of Perth, and the first port of call for ships bound for Australia from Britain, 9550 sea miles distant by the most direct route.

Darwin, in the Northern Territory, is the last outpost of Australia and was named for Charles Darwin, who visited the Great Barrier Reef around 1835. The city lies along the jagged, humpbacked promontory of the top of the continent. You see it best as you come in from the north by air. To the west, the Timor Sea goes down to join the Indian Ocean. To the east, the Arafura runs out to meet the Coral and the Pacific.

The baobab tree sometimes measures 80 feet around. Its bark is eaten by aborigines.



Grass trees in bloom

The grass tree, or yacca, serves as a ready source of resin, camphor, oil and sugar.

It has been estimated, and generally accepted, that when the First Fleet arrived in Sydney in 1788 there were approximately 300,000 of Australia's original inhabitants scattered across the continent. Today it's believed there are probably 50,000 to 55,000 fullblood aborigines and around 30,000 half-bloods. The majority live in the Northern Territory. They don't at all resemble the peoples of the nearby islands. In fact, they differ so radically from other divisions of the human race they've been assigned the special classification of Australoid.

There are believed to be 30 or more tribes still extant. They have extensive tribal cultures, and some of their rituals are very complex and are executed with meticulous regard for ancient traditions. They have their own languages, and they also employ some sign language.

Of the fullblood aborigines in the Northern Territory, a large majority are settled in their own reservations, usually closed to white people—Arnhem Land is the largest of these—or in mission stations under the direction of one or another religious order. A good many are employed by whites, particularly on the large cattle stations. The police utilize their genius for tracking lost persons or escaped prisoners. Their tracking ability is so highly developed it almost deserves to be classed as an art or science.

The immense, empty inland of Australia is interrupted once in a while by an isolated sheep- or cattle-station homestead or outstation, or by a mining camp, a surveying party's tents, a cluster of shacks where opal hunters dig. The outposts may be hundreds of miles from the nearest township or neighbor.

From the time Australia was first established as a convict colony the Australian generally ascribed to himself a virtually dual nationality. The individual—and consequently the national—mind and heart were halved. All that was worthy or worthwhile was resident "at home" in Britain; whatever remained was good enough to carry out the functions necessary to existence in Australia. In those circumstances Australians could hardly be expected to think or see or feel as integrated persons should.

World War II aged Australia. She suffered. She paid some prices and sustained some losses, heavy ones for so small a nation. Thousands of Australians got their first glimpse of a big segment of the world outside their own; they caught a fleeting view of themselves and of their country mirrored in the world's eyes.

Like all other peoples of the world, Australians are threatened by the tornadoes which beset their century. Their country is no longer a "farthest spot on the globe."

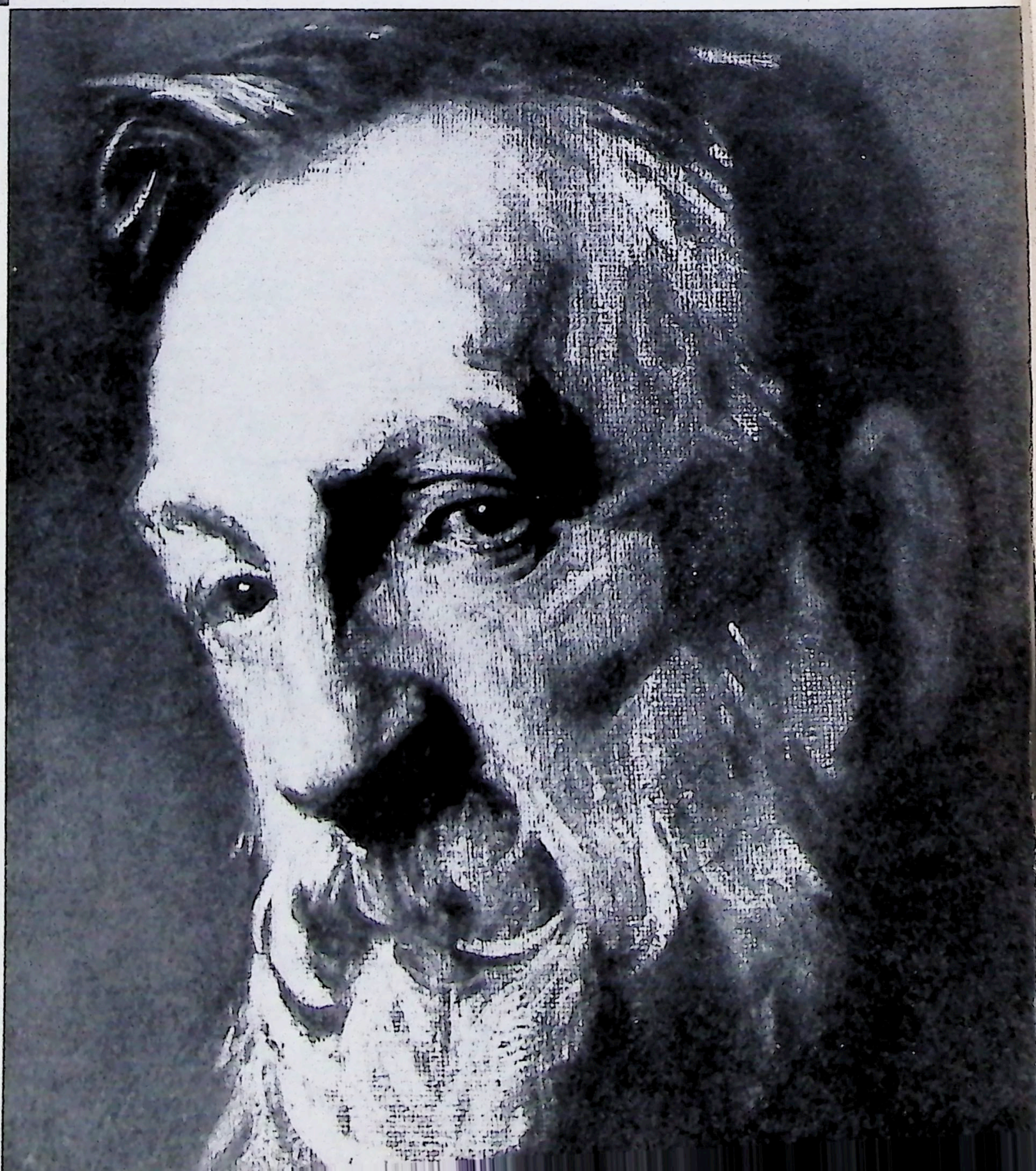
As one looks into the future of Australia, the nation's farthest past sinks to unimportance, the reasons for her founding to nothingness. One sees a good land, made better by the business of growing on into the full consummation of her potentialities. One sees a great nation, grown greater by reason of the fact that her men and women know they have found their own and only true home in the great Lonely Land. ♦

THE CRYING LION *(detail)*

A. Rodin

Sculptor of the Soul

by Louis Weinberg



AUGUSTE RODIN *(detail from a portrait by Jacques-Emile Blanche)*

In the year 1877 Auguste Rodin, then 37 years of age, exhibited at the Salon of Paris for the first time. Eleven years earlier he had submitted the head of *The Man with a Broken Nose*, but that had been rejected. At last, after having studied since he was a boy and having earned his living at sculpture as an anonymous assistant to others, he appeared before the critics and public of his native city with the full-length figure of the man of *The Age of Bronze*.

Up to this time there had been nothing eventful. His father, a Norman, was a clerk in the Central Police Office in Paris, and his mother, of Lorraine origin, helped through her sacrifices to enable him to attend boarding school as a child. At 14 he was sent for drawing lessons to a school in the Latin Quarter, where he discovered his calling in the modeling class. From that day, it was a story of almost unintermittent work. During the three years spent at the school he also drew from the antiques at the Louvre, studied and copied prints in the Imperial Library, and practiced memory drawing at home in the evenings. Then followed a course of lessons under Barye, the famous animal-sculptor, after which he applied to the *École des Beaux Arts*, which three times in succession refused to enter him upon its rolls.

After that, all formal study in school ceased. Rodin became a workman, but more than ever a student. At first he worked for a house decorator, designing moldings. Later he was employed by Carrier-Belleuse, one of the successful sculptors of the day, who received many commissions for the decorative features of public buildings. He worked for him in Paris, and after the War of 1870 moved to Brussels, making two brief tours: one to Italy to see the works of Michelangelo, the other through northern France to study the cathedrals.

His life was now almost half spent, but the statue into which he had wrought all that he had learned in those many years of search and study was on exhibit, and Rodin awaited the result. The plaster cast, modeled from a simple young Belgian soldier, represented a perfectly fashioned figure in the full vigor of grace and youth, one hand clenched to his head, the other holding an outstretched staff.

The verdict when it came was a staggering one. It was charged that the statue was a fraud, made from a mechanical mold obtained by the direct application of plaster to the figure of the model. A year later, however, Rodin was cleared through the petition of seven sculptors moved to intercede in his behalf because, quite by accident, one of their number had the opportunity to observe Rodin at work in the studio of Belleuse and realized, from the marvelous facility which Rodin displayed, that the charge of fraud was an injustice. Two years later, in the spirit of atonement, the State awarded Rodin a medal of the third class for the very statue which had been so libeled and for his *St. John the Baptist*, both of which were bought for the Luxembourg.

The 40 years following this sensation (Rodin died in 1917) were marked by one long series of controversies, during which his art became the most violently hated and the most ardently admired in all Europe.

His work was rejected in London, in 1886, by the Royal Academy, at which time Rodin was called the "Zola of Sculpture" in the English press. The charge in this case, repeated in Chicago in 1893, was failure to observe the decencies which the best traditions of sculpture imposed. At Chicago, where his works had been invited, his statue, *The Kiss*, was put into a private room,

BUST OF ROSE BEURET

Madame Rodin, née Rose Beuret, was born in 1845 of poor parents. She was quite young when she met Rodin, was his companion for 50 years and died shortly before he did. He made many busts of his wife and used her in larger works.

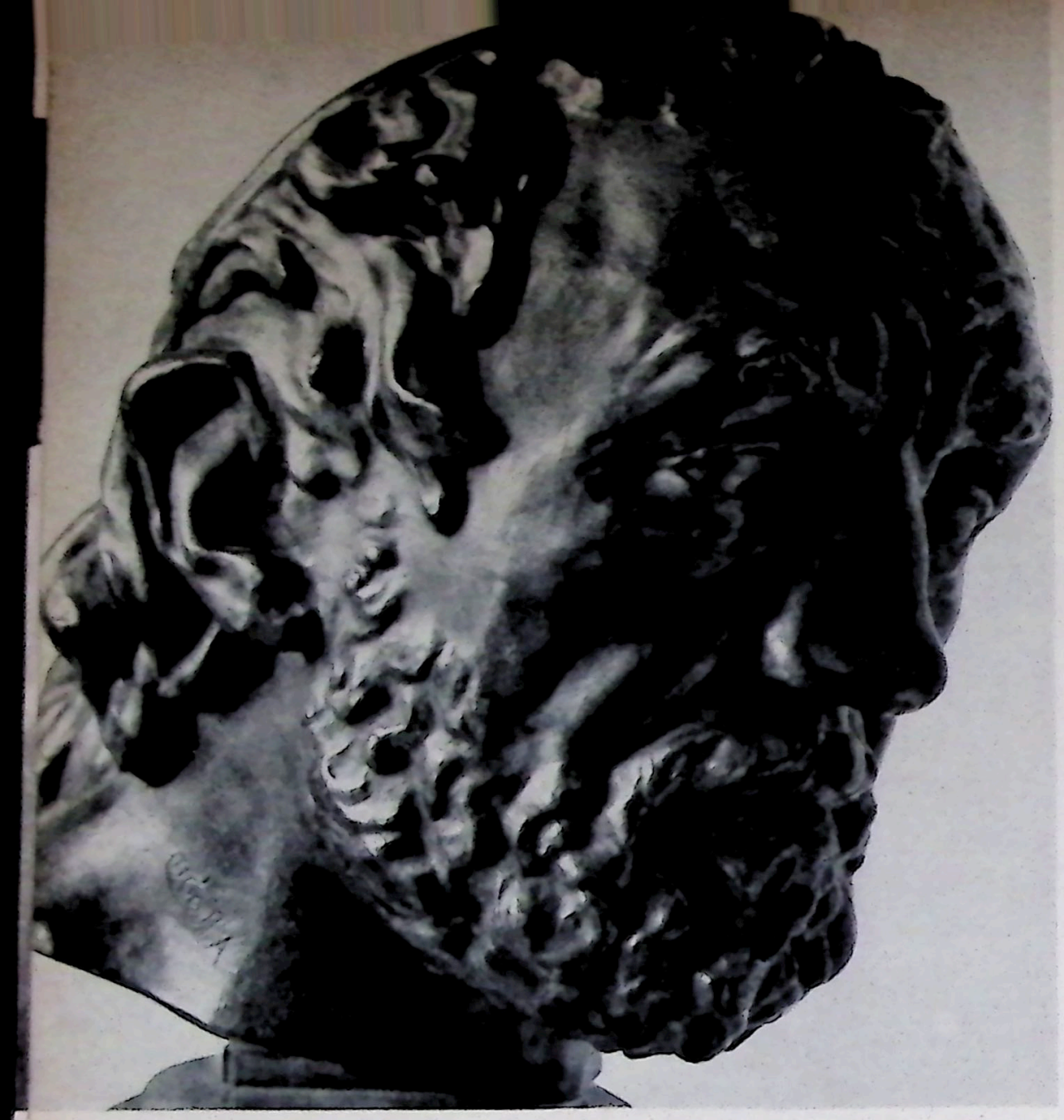
where it could be seen only by special request. A statue of Balzac, which he designed on a commission, was received with such a chorus of angry disapproval that it almost broke his mighty spirit.

Toward the end of his life, Rodin was an exalted hero. There were episodes like the one in London, and the one in Prague—when the horses of Rodin's carriage were unharnessed by the students and artists, who drew him through the streets in triumph—the occasion when his *Thinker* was placed as a public monument upon the steps of the Pantheon, and the final victory of his career, which came when the French government stopped in its war deliberations long enough to discuss and take favorable action on the project of making Rodin's studio and the works in it a governmental museum.

Like the other great stylistic interpreters of life in the last century, Rodin offended the rank and file of critics and public because he created what was virtually a new manner, new not as against the great traditions of the past but new as compared with the pretty rhetoric, the insincere pose, the rose-tinted lie, the myopic vision which could see beauty only in a minutely painstaking and polished "finish," the hyperopic vision which could see beauty only in a theme taken from the remote past or from the distant corners of the earth.

Rodin, like the other modern masters and like the great old masters, discovered beauty in the intimate, the immediate, the familiar and therefore the unobserved aspects of life. Though Rodin was neither a "modern" nor an "ultramodern," he was hated from the start by the Academy, which, in its attempt to institutionalize beauty, had created a body of rigid formulas false both to art and life. Rodin did not observe these rules.

Rodin's art was at one with all great art in its directness of inspiration. The nude is in a sense an anachronism, and it was



THE MAN WITH THE BROKEN NOSE

This mask, molded in 1864, strongly displays the classical influence on young Rodin. The model was an old Bohemian he knew.

almost inevitable that the feeling for the beauty of the body in its free movements should have been lost and forgotten, even among sculptors. For the Greeks, who saw the body nude or lightly draped, the figure was as expressive as the face of an emotional person. Rodin, like the Greeks, saw beauty in the simple, natural movements of the body.

He became sensitive to the ripple of light upon the surface of the figure, to the luminous glow which emanates from the nude, to the charm given to the form by the ambient air which bathes it. It is quite likely that his vision was quickened in this respect by the Impressionist interest in atmosphere and by the mist-enveloped portrait groups of his painter friend, Carrière.

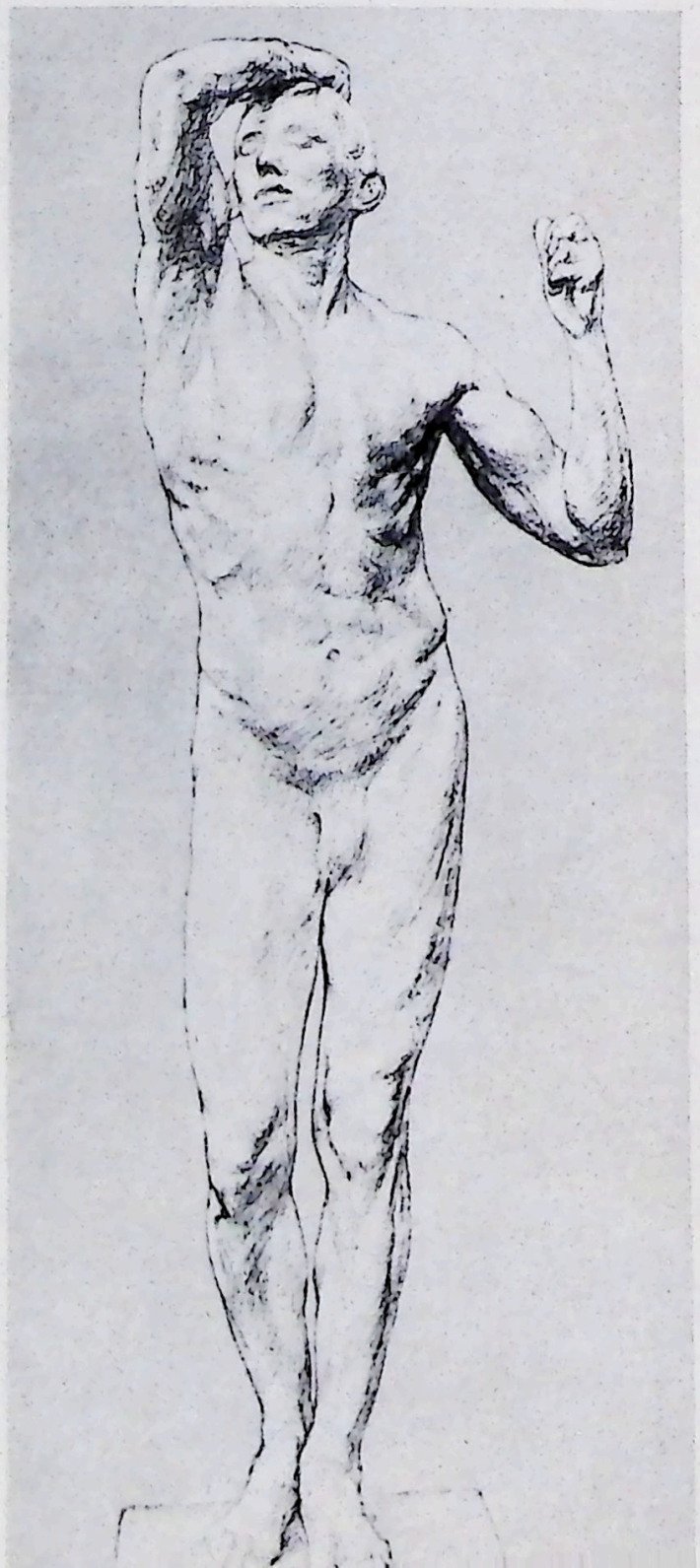
He deliberately modulated the surfaces as he modeled them, in such manner as to suggest the play of light without sacrificing what is proper to sculpture: the pleasure of mass and volume. In a sense—just as the correct local coloring of the earlier landscape-painters gave way to modified hues as influenced by light, so that trees were no longer brown of trunk and green of foliage but ran a color gamut from gray to violet—in Rodin the correct local modeling of the older schools gave way to atmospheric modeling. He sought not the structure, as it would reveal itself to the eye of a dissecting anatomist, but the form, as it would be seen in the reflection and refraction of light.

Another phase of Rodin's stylistic development was his policy of deliberate exaggeration or "deformation," as he called it, in the interest of a more positive expressiveness in the action as well as in the light and dark of the figure. If, while preserving the sensuous appeal of light-swept atmospherically bathed forms, the emotional power of the marble was to be enhanced, he realized

THE AGE OF BRONZE

This statue, Rodin's first masterpiece, was made in 1876 on his return from a trip to Florence and Rome. The artist was living in Brussels at the time—his model was a young Belgian soldier—and he exhibited the work there in 1877. He had originally titled it "Awakening Man," later changed it to "The Man of the First Ages" and it is now known as "The Age of Bronze." When the work was sent to the Salon of Paris, immediately after its showing in Belgium, it was denounced violently as a fraud, a plaster cast of the model. Thus began Rodin's 20-year battle with the Academy. The extent of his final vindication may be measured by the fact that the statue was subsequently moved to the Palais de Luxembourg in Paris.

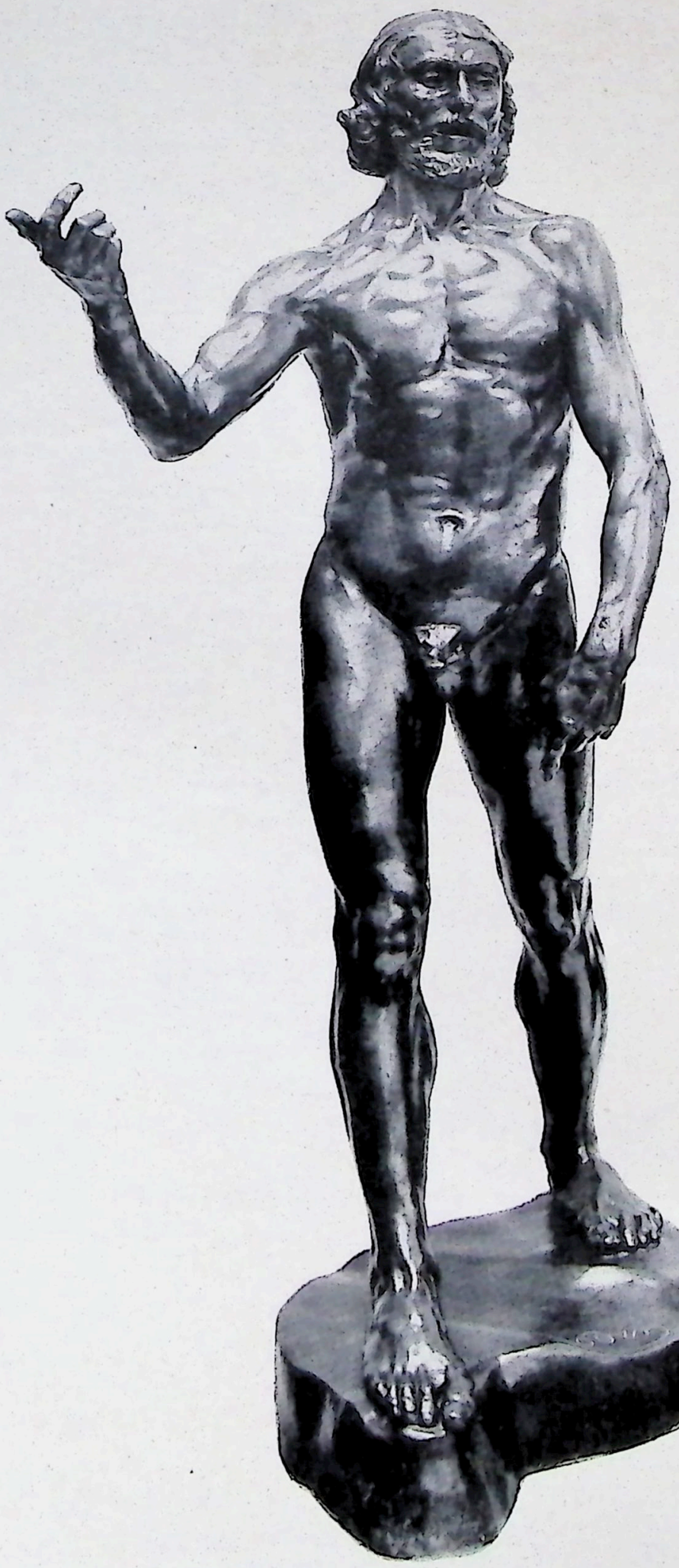
Detail from "The Age of Bronze"



Detail from "The Age of Bronze"

ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST

The Ghent Exhibit awarded Rodin its gold medal for this statue of St. John the Baptist at its 1879 showing. It was subsequently shown at the Paris Salon, and scored triumphs in Vienna and Munich, where it was sent by the Beaux-Arts. The poet Rilke, who served as Rodin's secretary, eloquently described it thus: "The body of this man is not untested. Deserts have glowed through it, hunger has made it ache and all thirsts have tried it . . . He walks as though all distances of the world were within him." Edmund Gosse called the St. John a "wasted and bitter anchorite." A detail of the head is shown at right.



that suggestion rather than frigidity of statement was to be employed. Rodin conceived each statue in terms of a simple dominant expressive action in which all the parts swung together in response to a common impulse. Emphasis, exaggeration, a marked insistence on this central action in which details intensified interest, would best serve to stimulate the imagination and to convey the mood of the action.

To talk of Rodin's sympathetic vision, his sensitiveness to light, his perception of the unity of action in the body is all beside the mark if one fails to enjoy in Rodin the craftsman who loved his material and molded it to his will. "Sculpture is the art of the hole and the lump," as Rodin bluntly put it. Working with marble or with bronze, he evoked from them a wealth of effects.

In textures his sculpture presents a varied surface of broad smooth planes catching luscious highlights, contrasting with soft roughly grained areas trembling in half-tone, these again giving way to recesses of softened shadow from which glints of subdued light glow. The material is not disguised, but its capacity for enchanting the eye is thoroughly exploited.

In recording movement, his honest craftsman's attitude led him to unceasing records of action caught on the wing. Those who have drawn from life know how far removed are the studio poses from the natural gestures of the body. These gestures, many as fleeting as a glance, Rodin fixed in swift sketches pinched in clay, or in pen and wash drawings, of which he made many thousands.

In the rendering of volume, the character and impressiveness of

bulk, he learned quite early from a fellow-workman the principle which he applied with the most painstaking thoroughness throughout his life. Having conceived the dominant action, the actual transcription from life to art was to be undertaken from a succession of profiles. The true mass, as well as the ripple or wave movement of its surfaces, he studied from a great number of angles, not only from all sides but also from above and from below. The completed surface, with all its play of texture and plane, conveyed the effect of a mass organically related to its core.

A few of the typical reactions of those of hasty vision or of preconceived art theories in the presence of the works of Rodin are these: "Why did Rodin exaggerate so? His heads of men look like caricatures." "Why did Rodin choose an ugly theme like *The Old Courtesan (Celle Qui Fut la Belle Heaulmière)*?" "Isn't there enough ugliness in the world without adding to it by the perpetuation of an ugly figure in bronze?" "Why didn't Rodin finish his work instead of leaving off with a rough sketch, as in the *Balzac*?" "Why did Rodin ignore correct proportions in his figures? The arms of *The Old Courtesan* seem a mile too long."

What seems exaggeration in Rodin may represent his clearer and intenser seeing. The note of caricature which some feel in Rodin's heads of men may be accounted for by the fact that they are so accustomed to the conventional falseness of professional portraiture with its hollow, superficial masks, that a head seen boldly is a shock. Those who believe that they have seen the head may find it an interesting experience, before they look at a Rodin again, to let their eyes wander as a sculptor's would over its surfaces. Any head will do. In bulk it is elongated like a pear, narrow, sharp-edged like an ax blade, or cubic like a granite block. The forehead—a broad arch, fitful and agitated of surface, deeply cleft above the eyes—is sharply cut at the sides to recede toward the temples. The nose is large, projecting, the hard bone of the bridge contrasting with the sensitively vibrating tunneled nostrils. No one who has once truly looked at the head of a man will ever again call the portraits of Rodin caricatures, even if the sculptor, in his interest in light and dark, has intensified "the hole and the lump."

The Old Courtesan, who, stirred by memories of the past, contemplates her present state, a withered rose mourning its own decay, is—in the opinion of many—an example of ugliness morbidly selected for portrayal. The artist, in the conception of the people who object so strenuously to "the ugly," is like a guest at the table of life who must earn his meal by saying pretty things to his hostess, the public. He is the entertainer who will help digestion wait on appetite, even, if need be, the panderer who will give an edge to desire. He must remember his role. Seriousness is taboo. Like Dante and like Ibsen, Rodin saw the withering of the body as only a phase in the eternal pulse of life and death. And how that pulsation moved him to awe and wonder!

The 19th century renounced the golden age of the court poets and the heaven of the monks to grasp more passionately at the present, at the richest fulfillment of life here and now. But in *The Age of Bronze,* in the *Adam,* in *The Thinker,* in the *Gate of Hell,* Rodin reveals himself perplexed by the mystery of the life which he so reverenced. His figures are strangely stirred by the currents of energy which pass through them, by the fascinating intimacy and cool aloofness of the world about them, by the subtlety and intensity of their inner moods.

The clenched hand pressed to the head in the lightly poised *Age of Bronze,* thrilling with some keenly felt mysterious awakening; the uncomprehending head of *Adam* slowly raising itself to a position of dominance above the perfect engine of his body, fresh-wrought of earth and inspiration; the introspective mood of *The Old Courtesan,* meditating on youth and the brevity of charm; the brooding *Thinker,* whose massive body is all tense with the concentration of his perplexity as he sits above the *Gate of Hell,* where the agonized forms of men and women writhe in the torment of the fevered struggle called life—these are all symbols of that wonder concerning life which Rodin combined with his love of its forms.

Now what can be said to those who, looking at so profoundly stirring a work, discover that the arms are overlong? It is not their fault if the theory of the artist as an anatomist who draws and models "correctly" has displaced the conception of the artist as one who uses the material he loves to express his feeling about life. Rodin found the same weird beauty in the gesture and detailed modeling of the gaunt old body as a great landscape-painter like Ryder might have found in a storm-swept, devastated scene. A touch of exaggeration and of emphasis in the parallelism of the tense, gaunt, long lines is essential to the mood and its carrying power.

Great artists of all times have frequently strained at the leash of form in their eagerness to obtain a fuller expressiveness. The orchestra seemed too small for the symphonies in the ear of Beethoven, marble too cold for the vision of Michelangelo, words too definite for the moods of Poe. Rodin, like Michelangelo, sometimes found in the rough-hewn block, as he worked over it, a power of suggestion and completeness of design that further work would only have dwarfed and limited. He accepted the hints which the material gave him. Just as in the *Hand of God*—so delicately sensitive, so magically skillful, so intelligently powerful—the figures of Man and Woman, curled like two petals, barely disengage themselves from the rough earth of which they are molded, so in many of the statues by Rodin his own creations barely emerge from the stone which envelops them.

Expressiveness and not finish was his ideal. In *The Kiss,* executed shortly before the *Balzac,* he proved himself master of the most highly polished delicacy of surface, all a-tremble with the quiver of tender love. But the *Balzac,* when it emerged in the rough as a huge monolith, a mighty, towering block, seemed to him complete in its mood as well as in its structure, and so was left free from the elaboration of separately wrought folds, hands and similar inconsequentials.

Yet when the statue was exhibited at the Salon the sensational outburst of abuse which it aroused was probably the most trying ordeal which any sculptor in the last century was called upon to face. Its rugged simplicity struck the critics and the crowd as such a stupid jest that café singers sang scurrilous songs about him in the cabarets, street comedians aimed their vile shafts at him, and statuettes of Rodin himself—modeled as a snowman, in imitation of his statue—were sold like Billikens in the shops.

THE KISS

Despite its poetic quality, "The Kiss" may well be called one of Rodin's most controversial statues—judging from the furor it aroused. "Immorality" was the charge most often flung at it; at one exhibition, it was kept in a private room, where the public was not freely admitted.

THE OLD COURTESAN

The inspiration for "The Old Courtesan," one of Rodin's finest works, was a Villon ballad, from which the sculptor drew his original title: "Celle Qui Fut la Belle Heaulmière" (She Who Was the Helmetmaker's Beautiful Wife). It was completed in 1885.

HEAD OF SORROW *(detail)*

With that dissatisfaction with his own work that is habitual to genius, Rodin often worked and reworked the same piece. "Head of Sorrow" is a "retake" from "Ugolino," was later modeled after Duse.

Another of Rodin's statues which has provoked much difference of opinion is *The Thinker*, which is frequently complained of as too muscular and huge to represent a man of thought. But Rodin was not fashioning a modern "intellectual," bespectacled and anemic. The baffled intensity of his desire to grasp the key to the mystery of life is expressed not only in the head with its troubled eye and mouth beneath the overhanging clouded brow, in the supporting hand upon which the chin rests firmly, the set jaw clenched against it, the great shoulders and trunk straining forward toward the truth, but even in the very toes which grip the earth and convey the power to pivot the whole body into action toward an end, when once that end has been grasped.

Though the thinker doubts, the lovers in the fresh ardor of youth grasp at the fleeting moments which seem to give purpose to life. Their adoration, their embrace, their hunger for life, he has modeled again and again, both in the free abandon of the pagan with satyrs madly kissing laughing, struggling nymphs, and in the more self-conscious absorption of modern love, tender, reverent and finely sensuous. The theme of the love of man and woman fascinated him, quite possibly because it is a source of so many naturally complete groupings of two figures. To compose two figures into a unit—the gestures mutually completing each other—requires the themes of combat, of mother love, of the love of a man and a woman. In a long series of works, many of which have never been publicly exhibited, Rodin glorified the themes of love.

It was only to be expected that he should on that account be labeled erotic, and even obscene by some, an English critic having gone so far as to say that the French stomach toughened by Zola might put up with Rodin, but it could hardly be expected that the English would tolerate him.

Rodin, like Whitman in his *Leaves of Grass*, opened the gateway

BALZAC

Rodin went to unbelievable lengths to find physical models for his "Balzac," and did many versions before his final one, which turned out to be a poetic symbol of the novelist's genius. It met with public ridicule.

THOUGHT

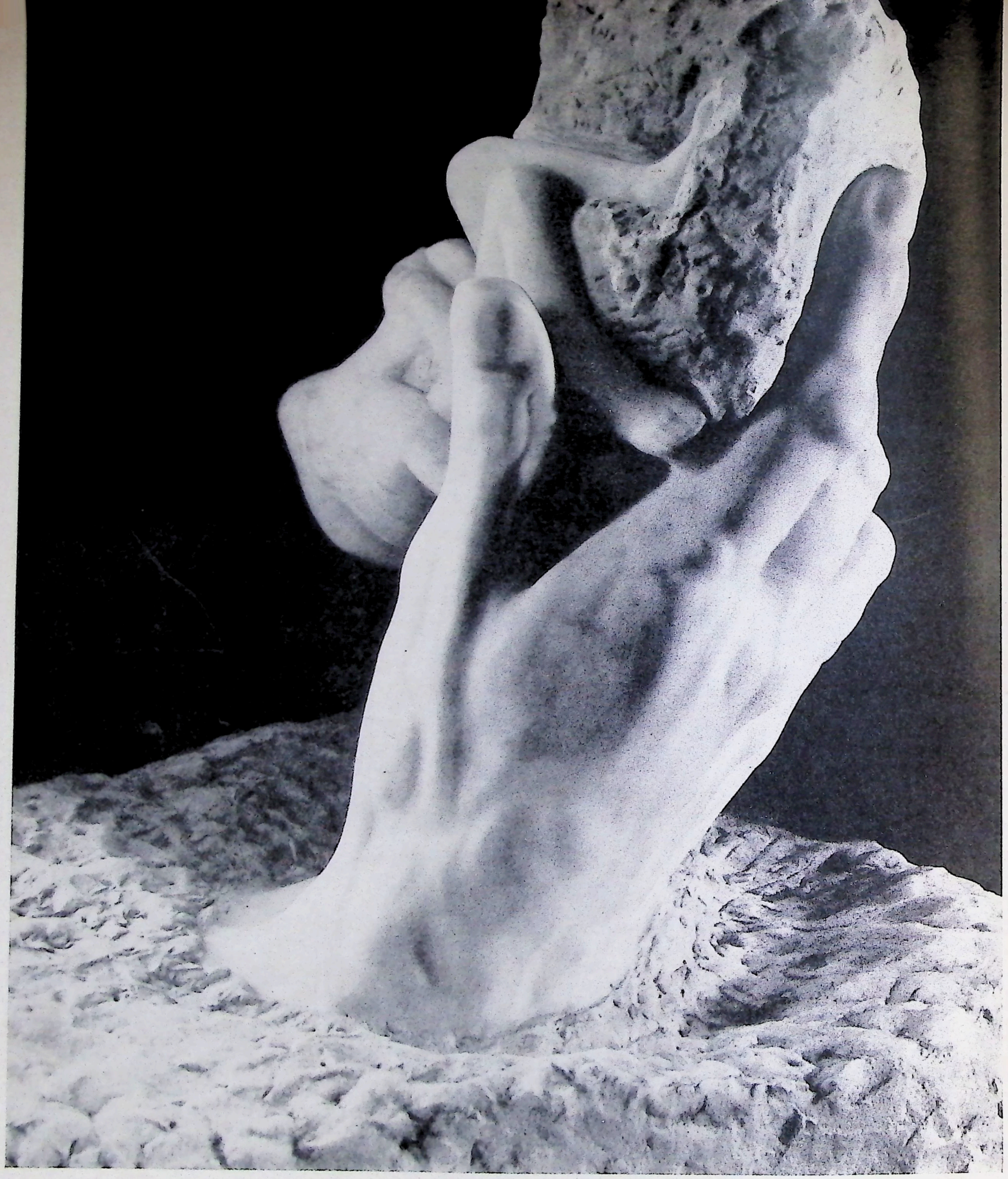
Executed in 1886, "Thought" was not exhibited until 1895. Rodin's reputation and the statue's beauty won it immediate acclaim. The model was Camille Claudel, a pupil of the sculptor.

of art to the theme of love treated as frankly and as reverentially as are the themes of toil, of rebellion, of war and death. In so doing he has enriched the content of sculpture by some of its most beautiful groups.

By comparison with the range of expression and gesture in Rodin's works, almost every other sculptor seems like a musician playing one tune. Even the mighty Michelangelo did not manifest the range of action and mood present in Rodin.

In *The Burghers of Calais*—those six citizens of the old city, self-elected to surrender themselves to death so that their city may be saved—Rodin had been commissioned to do a single figure, but the theme as recorded in the old chronicles so moved him that he determined to render it dramatically in a complete group. Here was a theme in which six figures became a unit through the binding power of group feeling, of civic pride and love of their fellow men. As they walk slowly through the streets to surrender themselves to death, the character of each and his attitude toward the event and toward the end express themselves in the carriage of the whole body. Richly contrasting as their moods and movements are, they are nonetheless actors in a common drama, sustained by and sustaining one another.

In a world of large cities, cumbered with outrageously rhetorical statues devoid of enchantment of surface, beauty of action or nobility of form, the works of Rodin are crowded into the narrow hallways of museums or placed without regard for setting in the homes of the wealthy. Very rare were the occasions when his statues were direct commissions for public monuments. But it is not too late to give to his larger works the place that they were meant to have, to enable them to mingle their lives with ours in the busy squares of the city, to mingle their reveries and doubts, their passions and their hopes with ours, in the play of sunlight and shadow in our public parks.



HAND OF GOD

Hands were immensely important to Rodin as symbols of character and as static studies in action. Such was his concern with them that when he felt they might detract from the main idea he veiled them under draperies or omitted them entirely. The "Hand of God" is a magnificent work, full of nervous energy. It bears in its palm an unfinished piece of marble from which Adam and Eve will emerge. Henri Bergson made the point that the "Hand" is "the fleeting moment of creation, which never stops; it is in a sense the genius of Rodin himself in its eternal creative force. He that lives in the intention lives free, lives creating, lives like a very god." Rodin's work supports this appraisal.

VICTOR HUGO

Victor Hugo, the great man of his time in French letters, was old, tired and unenthusiastic when Rodin met him and desired to sculpt him. Rodin worked during his lunch hours on this bust, but the poet—as famous for his vanity as for his writing—was not pleased. A subsequent treatment of Hugo, on a commission from Beaux-Arts, is probably the best portrayal of him that exists.

LITTLE BROTHER AND SISTER

MOZART

THE BURGHERS OF CALAIS

"The Burghers of Calais" is based on a military episode almost grisly enough to have taken place in modern times. In the mid-14th century, King Edward of England was besieging the French town. He offered to spare it only on condition that six of the leading citizens surrender themselves to him immediately, "bareheaded, barefooted, with ropes about their necks and the keys of the town and castle in their hands." Six complied with the request. According to the chronicler, Froissart, they were freed; according to the records at the Tower of London, they were imprisoned, after much intercession for their lives. In 1884 Calais held a competition for a statue commemorating the event. It occupied Rodin for 10 years, and the result is one of his finest works, each figure an individual and yet each a part of the whole group. Their simplicity — for they are too real for "grand gestures"—makes their unwilling heroism the more convincing and noble, that of ordinary citizens.

Detail from "The Burghers of Calais"

Detail from "The Burghers of Calais"

MY ART by Auguste Rodin

Rodin died in 1917, but his credo—set down in his own words, which we present here—remains an inspiration to all sculptors.

I HAVE INVENTED NOTHING, I only rediscover, and it seems to be new because the aim and the methods of my art have in a general way been lost sight of. People mistake for innovation what is only a return to the laws of the great statuary of antiquity. I do not imitate the Greeks, but I try to put myself in the state of mind of the men who have left us these statues. The schools copy their works, but what is of importance is to rediscover their methods.

First, I made close studies after nature, like *The Age of Bronze*. Later, I understood that art requires more breadth—exaggeration, in fact—and my aim was then, after *The Burghers of Calais*, to find ways of exaggerating logically, that is to say, by reasonable amplification of the modeling. That, also, consists in the constant reduction of the face to a geometrical figure, and the resolve to sacrifice every part of the face to the synthesis of its aspect. Look what they did in Gothic times. Take the Cathedral of Chartres as an example: One of its towers is massive and without ornamentation, having been neglected in order that the exquisite delicacy of the other could be better seen. In sculpture the projection of the sheaths of muscles must be accentuated, the shortenings heightened, the holes made deeper.

Art steps in to exaggerate certain planes and give finesse to others. In sculpture everything depends upon the way modeling is carried out, and the active line of the plane found, the hollows and projections and their connections rendered. That is how one obtains fine lights and beautiful shadows that are not opaque. All this is a matter personal to the tact and temperament of each sculptor, and that is why it is not a transmissible method or studio recipe, but a just law. I see it in Michelangelo and in the ancients.

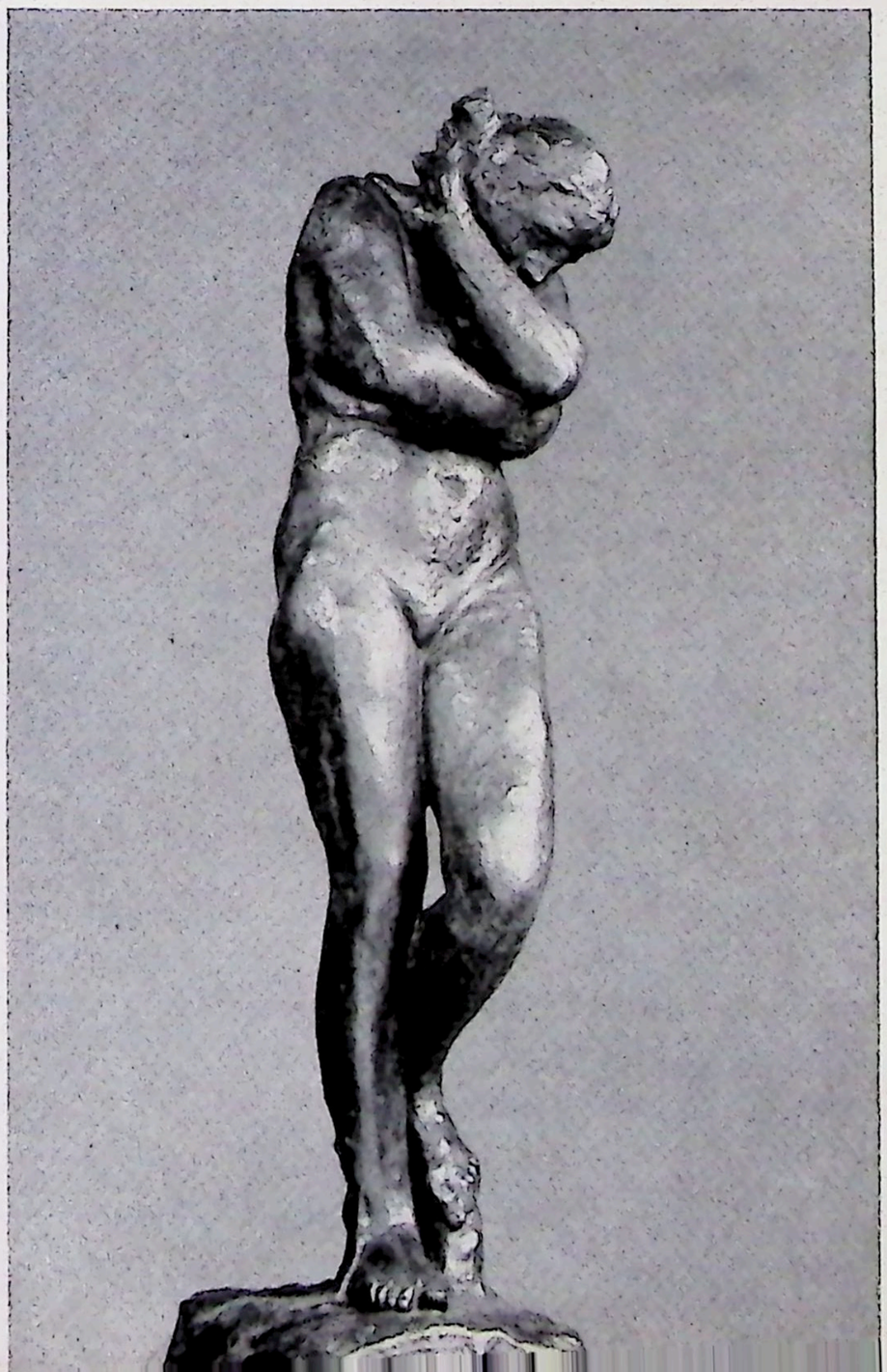
I went to Rome to find what is found everywhere—the latent heroism of all natural movement. Such was the basis of what is called my Symbolism. I do not mind being called a Symbolist if that will define the essential principle of sculpture, which is the modeling that alone permits rendering the intensity and supple variety of movement and character. If we can imagine the thought of God in creating the world, we shall find that He first thought of the modeling, which is the unique principle of Nature—and perhaps of the planets.

The human body is like a temple marching. Like a temple, it has a central point around which volume is placed and spreads. When one understands that, one knows all.

I am not a dreamer but a mathematician, and my sculpture is good because it is geometrical. By following Nature one obtains everything. A woman, a mountain or a horse is formed according to the same principles. That seems incredible, and I did not know it myself until I discovered it. There is no need to create. *To create, to improvise* are words that mean nothing. Genius comes only to those who know how to use their eyes and their intelligence.

Beauty is not a starting point, but a point of arrival. A thing can be beautiful only if it be true. Truth is itself only a complete harmony, and harmony is, when all is said and done, only a bundle of utilities! The miracle of life could not be perpetuated without the continued renewal of a universal equilibrium.

ADAM



EVE

The Thinker no academy could kill

by Victor Frisch

Auguste Rodin's most celebrated work, "The Thinker," has been reproduced for many museums, and Rodin himself made several different models of it. Here, from the pen of his favorite pupil and assistant, is the firsthand story of its birth.

Rodin was in the midst of his preparation of *The Thinker*. This great figure he wanted to stand before the Pantheon, a shrine not to warriors, but to the artists and statesmen, the lovers and thinkers, the illustrious of France. But think as he might, no proper conception for the statue came to Rodin.

Tables, benches, chairs, the floor itself, were covered with drawings, with clay questings of his unsatisfied spirit. He had dismissed with a moment's scorn the obvious theme: no Greek sage solemn in his robe, no earnest philosopher with a papyrus scroll.

For some years no work had thus dwelled within him, thus wrung him with travail of its creation. In all the restlessness and unapproachable impatience of those hard months—hard for him and for us who were working with him—there was a sense once more of truly germinal chaos out of which new beauty would be born.

And one afternoon he came from the private corner of the studio, the deep lines that had marked his inner struggle smoothed away, his familiar, friendly smile a-twinkle in his eyes. "Let's go and eat!" was all he said. But *The Thinker*, though as yet invisible, had taken form.

As usual, Rodin made a large number of little clay figures, comparing, constantly changing, then destroying all but one. At last he called us in, drew quick drawings of the projected statue, front, back and both profiles, and set us to building the armature. It was to be 12 times the size of his sketches.

When Rodin had checked and approved our work, we laid on the clay, following the drawings as closely as we could. Even from them, we were aware of the magnitude and daring of his conception, and we worked in a fever of joyous expectancy. When the rough outlines of the figure were visible, Rodin dismissed us and locked the studio door. It was seven months before any other than he stepped inside . . .

I was in the stable tending to Nancy, the master's 28-year-old mare. He hurried over and asked how she was faring. And I watched the inspired sculptor in him slip away as just an aging old man stroked his dear friend, the aged horse.

It was only the next morning that we looked upon *The Thinker*, the majestic figure that is a monument to thought's first struggling into the emergent brain, to man's evolving out of brute, to the primeval ancestor of all the seers and sages.

Whenever possible, and whether the finished figure was to be marble or bronze, Rodin would have the plaster cast erected where the statue was to stand, and study its proportions and harmonies as affected by the surroundings. Early in the morning, with two loaded carts, we set out from Meudon for the Pantheon. Four of us pulled and pushed the handcart that bore the cast, two walked alongside to guard against its rolling and four others brought the material for the base, ladders, boards, shellac, bronze dust and other equipment.

The day was darkening before we had finished coloring the erected cast; we covered it with canvas, went for dinner, then back to Meudon. The next day, Rodin would study the figure in its environment, then it would be loaded on the cart once more and brought back to Meudon.

In the next day's downpour of rain, we took the train to the city. As we hurried from the Gare des Invalides to the Pantheon, we could see from afar that the silhouette under the canvas had changed. What incredible thing had occurred?

From beneath the canvas a great sliding of broken and crumbled plaster lay around. On removing the cover, we found *The Thinker* smashed into thousands of pieces. A policeman informed us that some 20 students from the Academy, caught when a larger number fled, were under arrest for the outrage. Pupils of Rodin's arch-enemies, they had swept upon the figure with their cudgels and demolished it. Had Rodin, like their masters, been in the habit of resting content with the first modeling, and ordered but one cast, their work would have been indeed a devastation.

The sculptor smiled grimly: "The Academy, which is death, cannot destroy *The Thinker*, who is life." And in four days another cast, set up and guarded during the night, awaited Rodin's study in the morning.

But that night, more than he grieved over the Academy's envy, Rodin mourned the death of Nancy, his aged mare. ◆

Rodin worked on the "Gate of Hell" for 20 years, but never finished it. It was both source and repository of many of his finest works, including "The Thinker." It was first ordered by the state to serve as a museum door.

◀ THE THINKER *(detail)—photo by Karsh of Ottawa*

Learning to Fight Wisely

by John J. B. Morgan

"A large bottle of cream two-thirds full was left one night in a farmer's shed. Two mice investigated the situation. By vigorous jumping they succeeded in gaining the top of the bottle and jumped in for the cream. They were then in danger of drowning.

"Mouse Number One had been trained by the modern method of constant failure and he cried out, 'Help, help,' and when no help came, gradually lost strength and fell to the bottom. Mouse Number Two had been trained by the constant stimulus of success and had become so habituated to facing difficult situations that he had, even in a practical way, gained the insight that doing is itself worthwhile for its own sake. So he cried out lustily, 'Hustle, hustle,' and suiting the action to the word kept trying to jump out of the bottle.

"At first he improved by practice and jumped higher and higher, but soon the effect of practice was overcome by fatigue, and gradually as he became exhausted his jumps were lower and lower, but he nevertheless kept struggling. Gradually, as exhaustion came on, the cream became harder and harder. In the morning mouse Number One was found dead at the bottom of the bottle; mouse Number Two was serenely asleep on a lump of butter."

What is your reaction to this fable? Do you feel proud of mouse Number Two? Does his refusal to give up illustrate the type of conduct you wish you had shown in a similar situation? Or do you feel that he was foolish to labor to get out of one difficulty only to get into another and probably worse one, the menace of the farmer or a cat that should find him trapped in the bottle? You will be able to discover something about your own attitude toward life by your response to this fable.

There are some very serious problems which a tale so manifestly absurd raises in our minds. The mouse certainly did not know that his lashing about would churn up some butter; he could not see the outcome of his activity. To what extent should a person fight even in the face of apparent opposing odds with no possible foresight into a successful termination of his struggles? When we cannot see ahead are we justified in blind fighting? Suppose the jar had been filled with skimmed milk or with water? Mouse Number Two would have died in spite of his fighting.

"Well, he would have died fighting," you might answer, with a feeling that he had done something virtuous in fighting even if he lost. Why do you respect more a man who dies fighting than one who gives up easily? Is there any virtue in fighting in itself, or is it because you have been taught that it is a sign of weakness to surrender, no matter what the difficulty may be? Suppose we grant that it is well to fight wisely; if one lacks wisdom should he fight anyway?

Again this fable implies that if you work hard enough you will eventually win. Is that so? The most casual observation of life demonstrates that it is not so. Many people put up a heroic struggle and lose. In fact so many people lose that, if the only justification for fighting is the victory that lies ahead, one is forced to admit that fighting is rather unfruitful. Perhaps if we study the motives which lie behind the fighting of various

persons, if we can discover the effect that fighting has upon them, if we can point out the dangers of fighting as well as the advantages, we may arrive at some sort of satisfactory estimate of the value of fighting and may be able to give it a suitable place in our own lives.

While a child or an animal struggles merely because he is uncomfortable and lashes around with random movements and with no realization of the outcome of his endeavors, the mature individual has learned to expect some favorable outcome from his struggles. Experience has taught him that inertness can bring him little else than failure, while exertion on his part may bring a change of circumstances. Faith in the future comes to him because his strivings in the past have been followed by a cessation of the discomfort which initiated his fighting.

This faith in the future may take two forms. In some instances he may expect a specific result to follow his efforts. When he is hungry, for example, a grown man does not yell and throw himself around. He obtains food and eats, fully expecting that the hunger will disappear. When he is cold he builds a fire, knowing that he will obtain comfort from its warmth. In such a complex situation as treating an enemy with kindness he may not be so sure of the outcome, but he has a reasonable expectation that his treatment may effect a change in the behavior of his enemy.

In other cases, because of his lack of experience or his ignorance of the laws which control a situation, he may be unable to foresee the outcome of his efforts; he may even not know that he should exert himself at all. All he knows is that things are not to his liking and he has no knowledge of the procedure he should follow to modify them. Lacking any vision of what the future has in store for him, does he assume that things will remain as they are? By no means. He knows not what will happen but he can be sure of one thing, and that is that circumstances will be different. A person does not have to live very long to learn that everything in life is continually changing. It may become better or worse; he cannot tell which but he may know with certainty that it will be different from what it now is.

Faith that life will change is very reassuring to us when circumstances are unfavorable. We know that there will be some change and if everything is extremely unfavorable we argue that the chances favor a change for the better. If things cannot get much worse they may get better. Such optimism is warranted and is wholesome. We do not need to predict when and how the change will come; we may not know enough to make any such prediction. But we can be certain that the turn will come.

The writer has had persons lay before him a set of unfortunate circumstances which made the future look absolutely hopeless. These poor creatures could not see a ray of light ahead of them. All was utter blackness, and there seemed nothing specific upon which to pin the slightest hope. The only help that could be given in such cases was to encourage the unfortunates to "sit tight" and wait. Later events proved the value of this procedure.

When we cannot see clearly ahead we need not assume that there is nothing ahead. There *is* something and we can be absolutely certain that it will not be a continuation of existing conditions. *If there is one thing that you can be certain about in life it is that things will change.*

While it is relatively easy to adopt this attitude and to stress this faith in the future when we are in unpleasant circumstances, we are not so ready to do so when we are prospering. At such times we hope that the law of change will be inoperative, or—if change must come—it will keep its present direction. This is a form of wishful thinking which can only end in disappointment.

It is just as foolish to expect permanency of conditions when we are happy as to fear impending doom when we are depressed. Knowledge of this law of change should give rise neither to chronic optimism nor to chronic pessimism. We are all familiar with the habitual growler who cannot enjoy a sunny day because he complains that it is a weather breeder and that tomorrow will be cloudy. The wholesome individual enjoys the sunshine when it is here but at the same time prepares for the rain. He makes the best of bad weather but knows that it will not last forever.

Another fact to bear in mind is that no event is wholly dependent upon our own endeavors. "The outcome of every human venture is determined by the interplay of factors, only a few of which are under our control. We may do our best in a given situation and emphatically deserve success. But the uncontrollable factors in that situation may conspire against us and eventually bring about a stinging defeat. Conversely we may find success literally given to us, pushed into our hands by forces which we did not set in motion and the operations of which actually eluded our attention."

Our future is determined by the operation of inexorable laws, most of which are beyond our control. Does the knowledge of this fact lead to a fatalistic attitude? Instead it should warn us against taking too much credit to ourselves when we are successful and against placing too much blame upon outside factors when we fail.

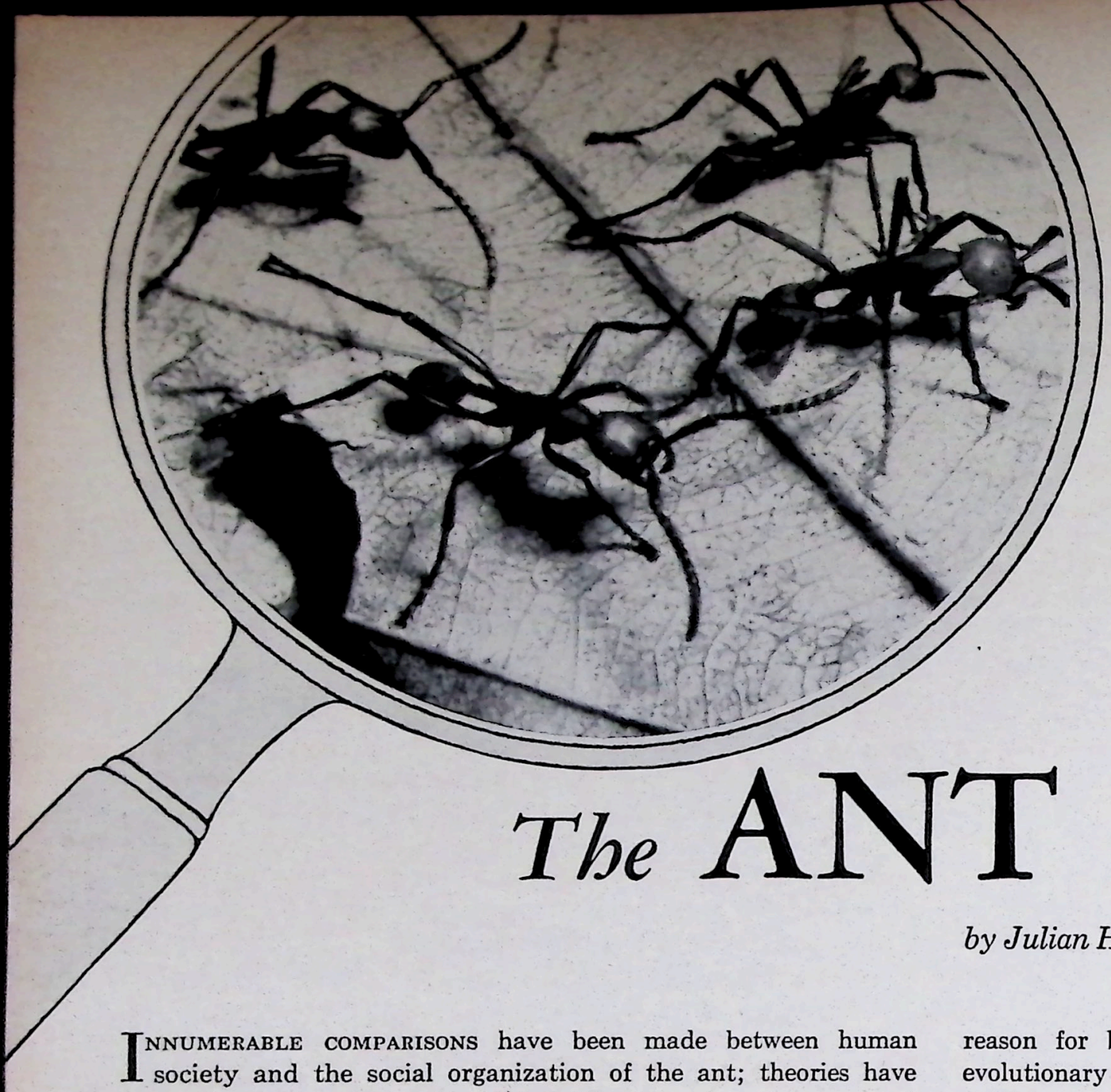
We do not know enough to guarantee to ourselves that strenuous endeavor will bring success, but we do know enough about the laws of life to warrant continuing to struggle instead of abandoning ourselves to fate. At any rate the man who is succeeding can easily take this position and contend that it pays to struggle, even though the man who is failing does not find it so easy to persist in working when he sees no resulting success.

Looking at the issue broadly it would appear that struggling should not be rated very high if its sole value is the success which it brings. It too often fails to do so. But struggling is not justified solely because of the possibility of success; it may exert a tremendous influence upon the struggler and play a big part in promoting mental health. We should for this reason be less concerned with the evaluation of endeavor in terms of resultant success or failure, and stress instead its effect upon the individual.

No matter what effects fighting may have upon the objective environment, it certainly effects changes in the fighter. These changes are, from the point of view of mental health, the more important. If fighting leaves the fighter a more virile, happier, more knowing man, it merits a high rating on the scale of human values, regardless of whether the fighter wins or loses in the battle. We question the value of an objective victory which leaves the fighter a moral and physical wreck.

Ordinarily when we speak of a fight we think of a spasmodic affair, a rare occurrence which suggests an emergency which must be met by drastic means. A milder type of fighting is the struggle that a person makes each day of his life. Life, to be successful, must be a continuous struggle, even though it does not involve a threat against the very existence of the fighter. This daily, habitual form of fighting we call work, and it is an extremely important element in the mental balance of each one of us.

The notion that work is undesirable, a punishment meted out to man for his sins, is no longer tenable. Modern researchers have demonstrated that effort is man's friend. It is a means of prophylaxis against mental disease and a therapeutic agent for effecting cures. ◆



The ANT WORLD

by Julian Huxley

INNUMERABLE COMPARISONS have been made between human society and the social organization of the ant; theories have been advanced and morals pointed, Utopian schemes encouraged and whole theories of the State built up for man on the basis of analogy with these little insects. Almost without exception the moral has been false, the analogy misleading.

Ants have been in existence well over five times as long as even the most primitive man; and the ratio, if we take the Triassic for the ants, and the Old Stone Age for man, becomes more like 100 times.

This difference in evolutionary past has another aspect. The societies of ants have changed extremely little since about 30,000,000 years ago. But we all know that the societies of men have changed profoundly since man's origin, and, what is more, that the change shows no sign of abating into a stable phase, but has, rather, been progressively accelerated throughout man's history.

This points the way to the most fundamental distinction of all, on which all the others hinge—the difference in the very structure of the societies and in the whole type of behavior of the two kinds of organisms. The insect image, or adult, appears upon the scene full-grown, with a full complement of diverse instincts, and does not require any teaching to be able to carry out all the duties biologically required of her. True, she possesses a quite definite, if restricted, power of learning, but this enables her rather to adapt her instinctive behavior to this or that detailed difference of the environment, not to ascend to wholly new levels of behavior. Furthermore, the major part of the division of labor in an insect society is predetermined by the structure of body and brain. Usually the different castes are of different structural pattern.

There is every reason for believing that ants have long since reached the highest level possible to them, and equally every reason for believing that man is only at the bottom of his evolutionary ladder.

The ants are, of all the social insects, the most successful and perhaps the most extraordinary. All their more than 3000 species are social, and show caste-differences, although their societies vary enormously both in size and complexity. Some species boast no more than a few dozen individuals to a nest, whereas in forms like *Atta* a single colony may muster half a million.

The range of adult ant-size is much greater than that of man; the largest ants weigh several thousand times as much as their tiniest relatives.

The dwellings of ants are usually underground, and are always characterized by great irregularity of construction as compared with those of bees or wasps. Gone are the honey cells, gone the separate room for each grub. What remain are irregular series of chambers, connected with each other and the exterior by equally irregular series of passages.

Their irregularity is really a sign of evolutionary advance, for it means that ants' habits are plastic and adaptable, and that, if conditions become unfavorable, the old nest can be abandoned and a new one constructed with a minimum of time and labor. The same is true of their care of their young. The young have no fixed and permanent cribs, but are carried from chamber to chamber as convenience and the conditions of moisture and temperature dictate; the pupae may even be taken out for a sunbath, and the whole brood may be rushed to a place of safety when the nest is disturbed.

If this continued contact with their helpless charges has favored the growth of many social qualities of their nurses, the intimate contact with their surroundings fixed upon them by their terrestrial habits must have favored intelligence and pertinacity.

It may be added that their dietary habits are equally plastic and varied. The ants eat not only insects and other animals alive

or dead, but also seeds, fungi, nectar, the honeydew voided by plant lice, and many substances which they find in the storehouses and kitchen cupboards of man.

Most ant-nests, as we have said, are usually irregular and subterranean, but in most cases the excavated earth is thrown out above ground in the form of mounds, and these may be large and be tunneled and chambered like the rest. Sometimes the main nest is above ground, like the familiar mounds of the big wood ant of Europe, built of twigs and pine needles, to three or four feet high. In the tropics and subtropics, however, a much greater range of constructional methods prevails. Some ants make earth-nests high above ground by plastering earth around the branches of trees; others have reverted to the use of cartons, like the wasps, and suspend their tough papery dwellings from boughs; others inhabit natural cavities in trees and shrubs; and still others build nests of leaves.

In all but the few parasitic ants, the method of founding new colonies is essentially similar throughout the group. Only the males and queens are winged, and they leave the nest for the nuptial flight, usually in swarms of many males and many queens from each nest. Usually these mass exoduses from the subterranean nest-chambers to the free air occur on still, sultry days, and there seems no doubt that particular weather conditions stimulate the males and queens to fly out, thus insuring that many nests shall discharge their reproductive units at the same time, and so promote cross-fertilization between nests.

Neither the short-lived males nor the long-lived queens use their wings save on this one occasion. Fertilization takes place in the air, and the queen—the hundreds of thousands of spermatozoa needed for the rest of her career now safely stored in the little bag which opens out of her genital tract and has tight purse-strings of muscle round its neck—descends to earth. There she casts her wings and either digs a little chamber in the soil or finds one ready-made under stone or bark. This done, she closes the door of the cell and becomes a voluntary prisoner. Strange to say, the eggs in her ovaries are unripe and minute at the moment of her flight—perhaps in order to save weight and make flight easier—and must now take weeks or even months to ripen. What is more, these weeks or months must be spent without food.

The rearing of the young is no light task. In the first place, the eggs appear incapable of hatching unless continually licked by the workers; they must also be carried from place to place according to the conditions of temperature and moisture within the nest. The young are entirely fed by the workers, either with cut-up insect-meat, or by liquid regurgitated from the crop. (This procedure is followed once a colony has been established.)

The grubs are regularly washed by their nurses, but this licking, though undoubtedly conducive to cleanliness, springs largely from greed on the worker's part. The full-grown grubs spin themselves cocoons, and in this guise are often miscalled "ants' eggs." Finally comes emergence to the unchanging adult state. Here ants once more illustrate the general rule that biological progress goes hand

The ant-nest shown in this cross-section is heated and protected by a rock; eventually, it may be built right up around it.

A nurse ant tends larvae in her nest. These nurses are also known as "acrobatic" ants, for the mites that ride on their backs are constantly changing position in order to avoid being thrown off balance. Until full-grown, ants require assistance from their elders.

in hand with the greater dependence of the young; almost alone among insects, they require help, or at least *are* helped, out of their prisons. The adult neuters first help by biting holes in the cocoon, but the insect which then appears is still so far from independence as to merit the special name of a *callow*. It is not fully pigmented, and is still enclosed in what looks like a shirt but is really its final molt. This is pulled off by the nurses. "When we see how gently this is done," says Buchner, "and how the young creature is then washed, brushed and fed, we are involuntarily reminded of the nursing of human babies."

It may take several years before a colony is adult; and, even when the swarms of new males and females are discharged, the old colony will continue. For one thing, the old queen may live 10 years or more—17-year-olds have been recorded—and will continue, still by means of her single original store of spermatozoa, to produce fertilized eggs until her death. Then too, in many ants, some of the daughter queens regularly return to the nest after being fecundated; since the queen ant, unlike the queen bee, is never hostile to other queens of her own species, the nest comes to have a multiplicity of egg-laying queens, and so becomes potentially as immortal as a human nation. If such a colony continues to grow, it will reach an inconvenient size, with its food needs outrunning its communications. When this happens new nests may be formed, just as new settlements were formed by the Greek cities, a band of workers with one or more queens leaving the old home to found a new one. Sometimes the new home is not far from the old, and then a federation of colonies is formed, differing from a number of separate colonies in the fact that all the workers are on friendly terms and may pay visits to other nests within the federation.

When a solitary queen founds a separate colony, on the other hand, the workers of this colony will exhibit hostility to those of all other colonies of the same species, including that which gave birth to their own royal founder. It seems probable that the friendliness or hostility of the workers to other ants of their own species depends on smell, each nest having some subtle "nest-smell" which is caused by each of its inmates. This smell-based friendliness may be extended to ants of other species, and even to other insects.

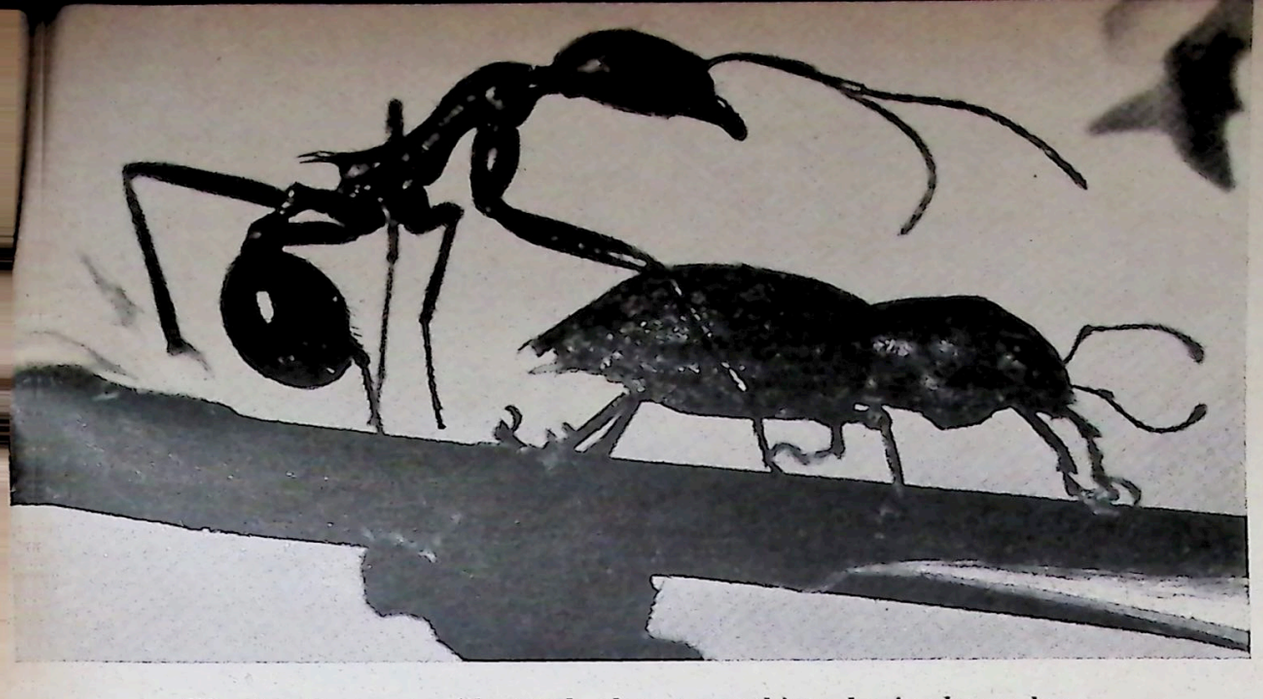
The members of a civilized human community are tied together by economic bonds. The ants in an ant colony are equally tied into a single economic whole, but the means by which this is accomplished are as unlike and, indeed, alien to those employed by man as is nest-smell to our methods of securing patriotism and the social subordination of the individual.

The whole of the colony has, for practical purposes, but a single stomach. When a worker has had a good meal, only a fraction of the partially digested food stored in the crop reaches the stomach and intestines, and is absorbed by the animal itself; most of it is distributed to other members of the colony, which solicit it by protruding their tongues and stroking the fortunate one with rapidly vibrating antennae. On this, a drop of the food is regurgitated from the crop and passed into the other's mouth.

The senses of ants are of considerable interest. Sight can never be very acute, as the compound eyes have few and widely diverging facets. The simple eyes, or ocelli, present in almost all forms, can serve only for extremely near vision, or perhaps merely for distinguishing light from darkness.

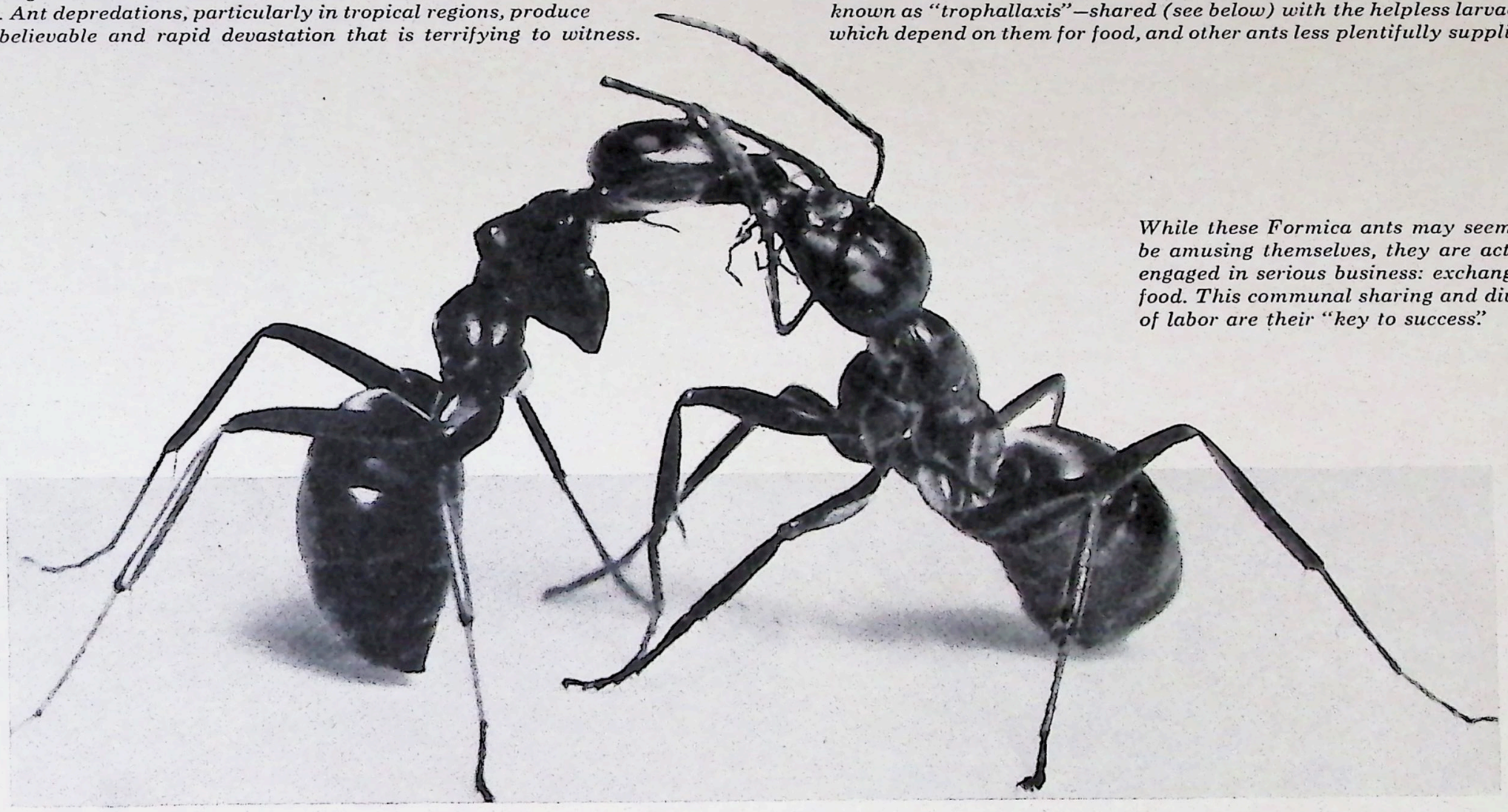
In ants the only sense organs of any delicacy of discrimination are the antennae. These mobile organs explore the environment with a combination of smell and of touch in a way which we, with our organs of smell fixed within our skulls, can scarcely imagine. Smells for us are without form and void. But ants can undoubtedly distinguish the shape of all such smells as are being given off by definite bodies of small size, and they must have a composite notion of such a body in terms of color, flat shape and shading derived from sight, and solidity derived from touch. In the battles between different colonies of the same species of ant, friends cannot be distinguished from foes by distinctive markings or uniform, nor are there any battle-cries. It appears that a touch of the antennae at once decides the point.

An obvious problem of ant biology is to know how ants find



The hunting ant will attack almost anything; he is shown here assaulting a bewildered weevil, whose hard shell, incidentally, will save it. Ant depredations, particularly in tropical regions, produce an unbelievable and rapid devastation that is terrifying to witness.

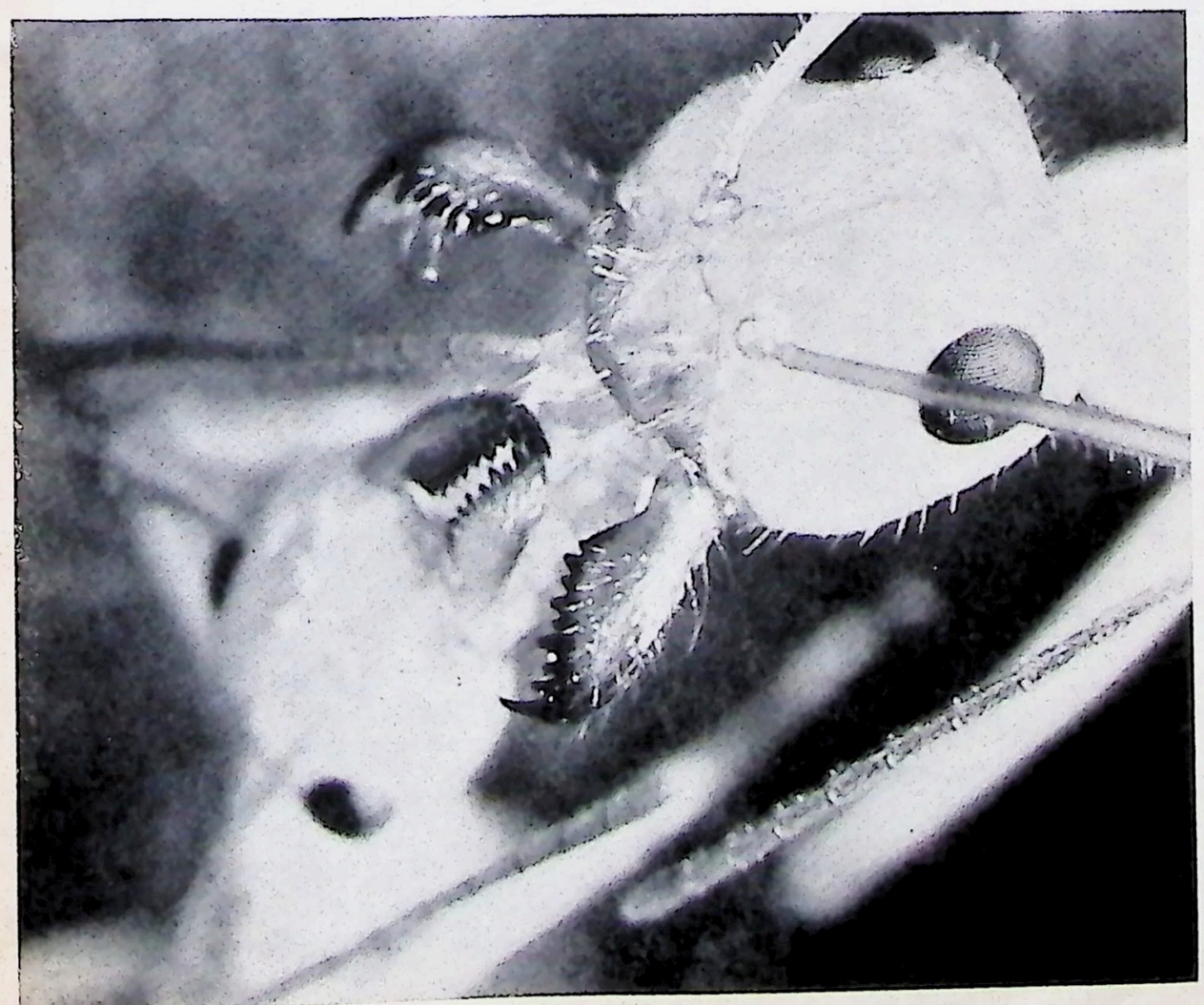
These Formica ants are sipping honey, which will be stored in their crops, the "social stomach" of the colony, and later—by a process known as "trophallaxis"—shared (see below) with the helpless larvae, which depend on them for food, and other ants less plentifully supplied.

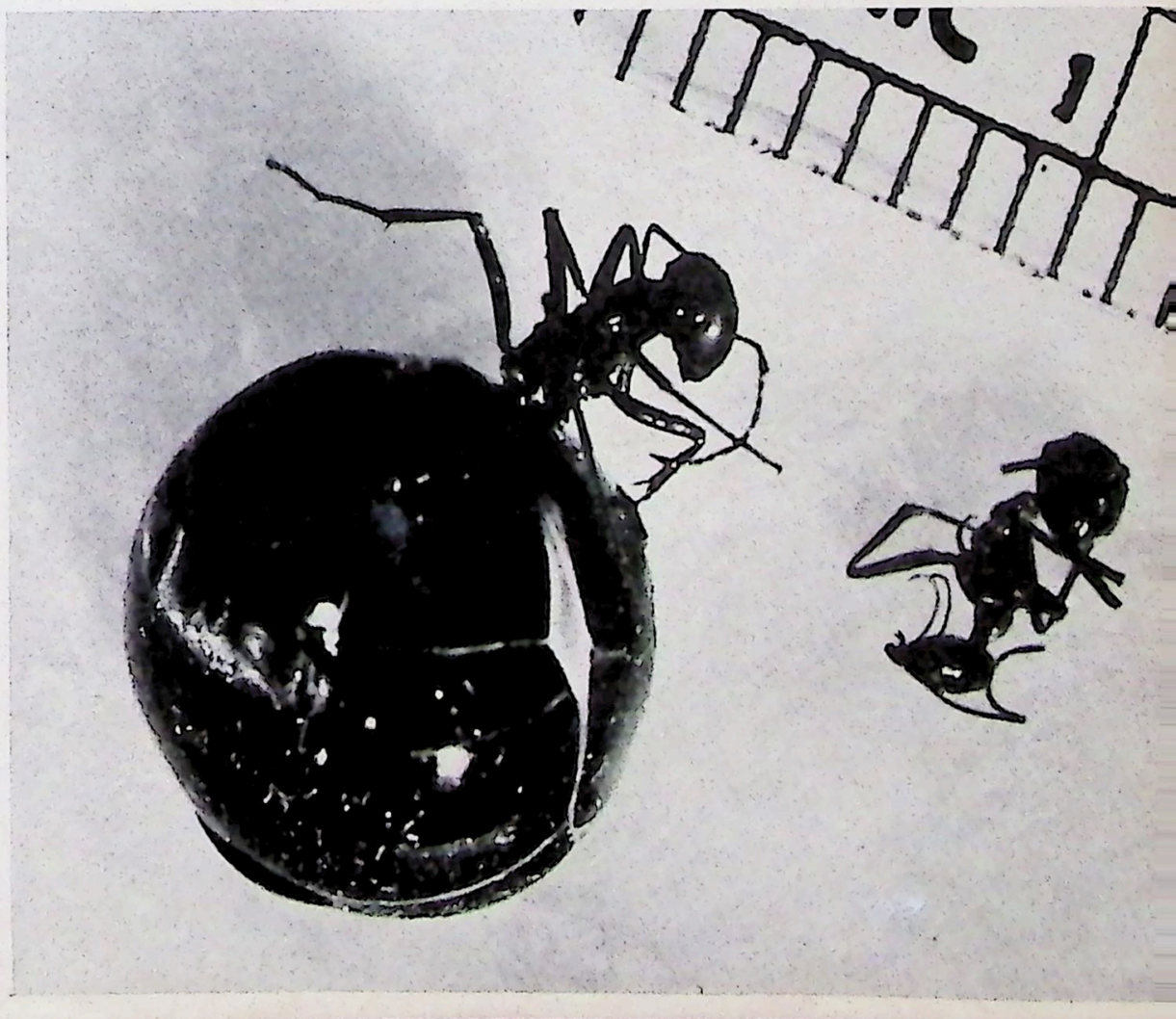


While these Formica ants may seem to be amusing themselves, they are actually engaged in serious business: exchanging food. This communal sharing and division of labor are their "key to success."

A honeycask ant feeds a "replete," which serves as the colony's living receptacle for the storage of honey. The "replete" gorges itself on honey, and hangs from the ceiling of its underground chamber, to be tapped for its food when needed by other members of the group.

The "replete," like an Eastern potentate, is valued for its obesity, i.e., the amount of honey it can store. When filled, it measures almost an inch across the abdomen. An ant of ordinary species size is also pictured, for contrast, in this remarkable photographic study.





their way back to the nest after long expeditions into the surrounding country. Most species of ants seem to employ three or four different methods in finding their way. To a slight extent they utilize what to us is the most important method—that of orienting themselves with regard to objects in the landscape. Wherever there exists a trail over which they or other ants have gone, they rely largely upon smell. Smell, however, cannot very well tell them much about direction.

Finally, the ants must have some sort of sense of distance, for when an ant has been tricked, by being kept prisoner for a time, into following a false direction on its homeward way, it stops its straight, unhesitating march when it has traveled a distance—which, had it been moving straight homeward, would have brought it to the near neighborhood of the nest—and begins to quest about in every direction. Apparently this faculty depends on some utilization of the muscular sense, the number of leg movements being more or less accurately registered.

Some ants are undoubtedly very stupid, judged by our standards. Lord Avebury found that the little ants which he kept in captivity could not learn to build up earth into a pile an eighth of an inch in height in order to get at some honey which they could smell and see just out of reach, or to perform a number of equally simple mechanical acts which would have secured them food or access to their larvae.

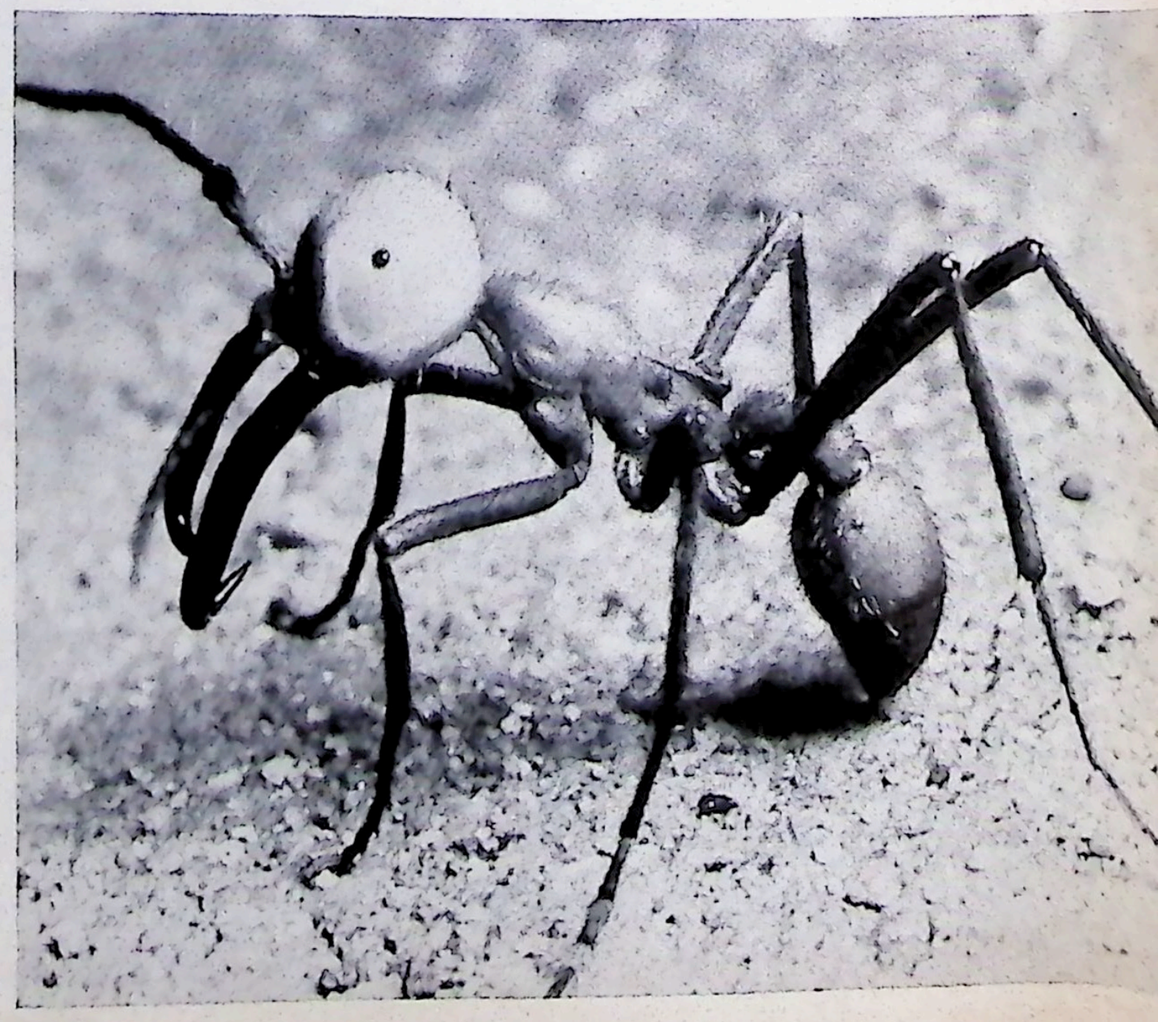
On the other hand, there are trustworthy accounts of driver ants bridging streams by each worker seizing a twig and then forming a living chain-bridge across the water, over which the rest of the army can cross. Bates records how the path of some South American ants lay across a tramline, and how, after a large number had been squashed by the tram, they made tunnels under the rails. When Bates stopped up these tunnels the workers refused to cross the rails, but waited until new tunnels were made. Cardinal Fleury communicated to the great Réaumur his observations of how ants surmounted a girdle of bird lime smeared round the trunk of a tree by laying a road of earth and small stones across it, and the fact has been corroborated in recent years, one observer stating that he has seen ants, trapped on a tree by a band of tar, bridge the obstacle with their own ant-cows!

All ants are extremely cleanly animals. Not only, however, are they cleanly with regard to their own persons, but their social nature even prompts them to mutual assistance in matters of the toilet. We may take McCook's account of the operation in the fungus-gardener *Atta*: "We take a couple; the cleaner has begun at the face, which is licked thoroughly, even the mandibles being cared for.

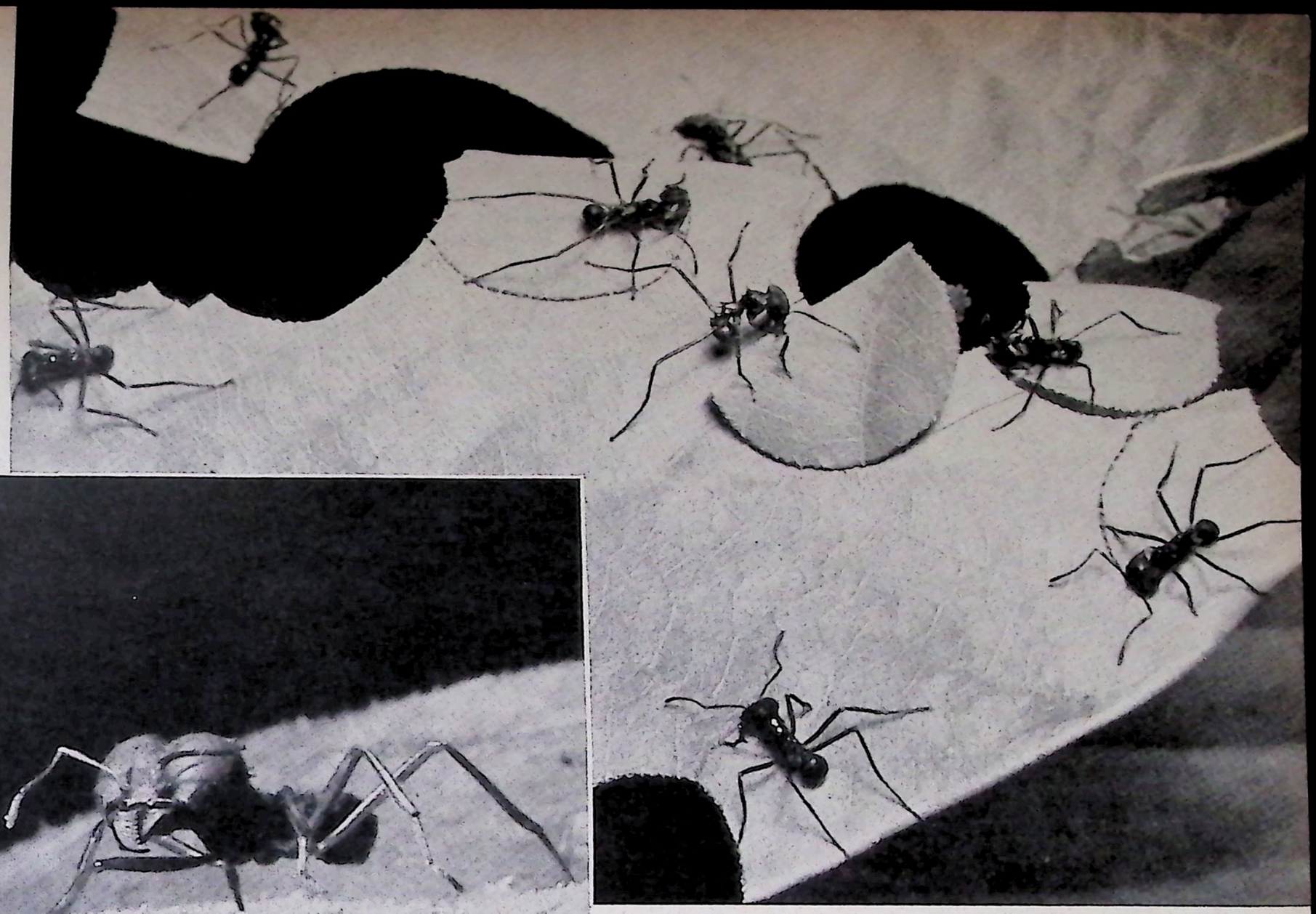
"The insect stretches out her limbs, and as her friend takes

The army ant queen has a large bodyguard of small workers, loyal largely, perhaps, because of the "pleasing odor" she exudes. Although much larger than the others, she is agile, and when not loaded with eggs she can move quite rapidly. Since there is a "bivouac" while she is hatching, she is seldom captured alive by man or animal.

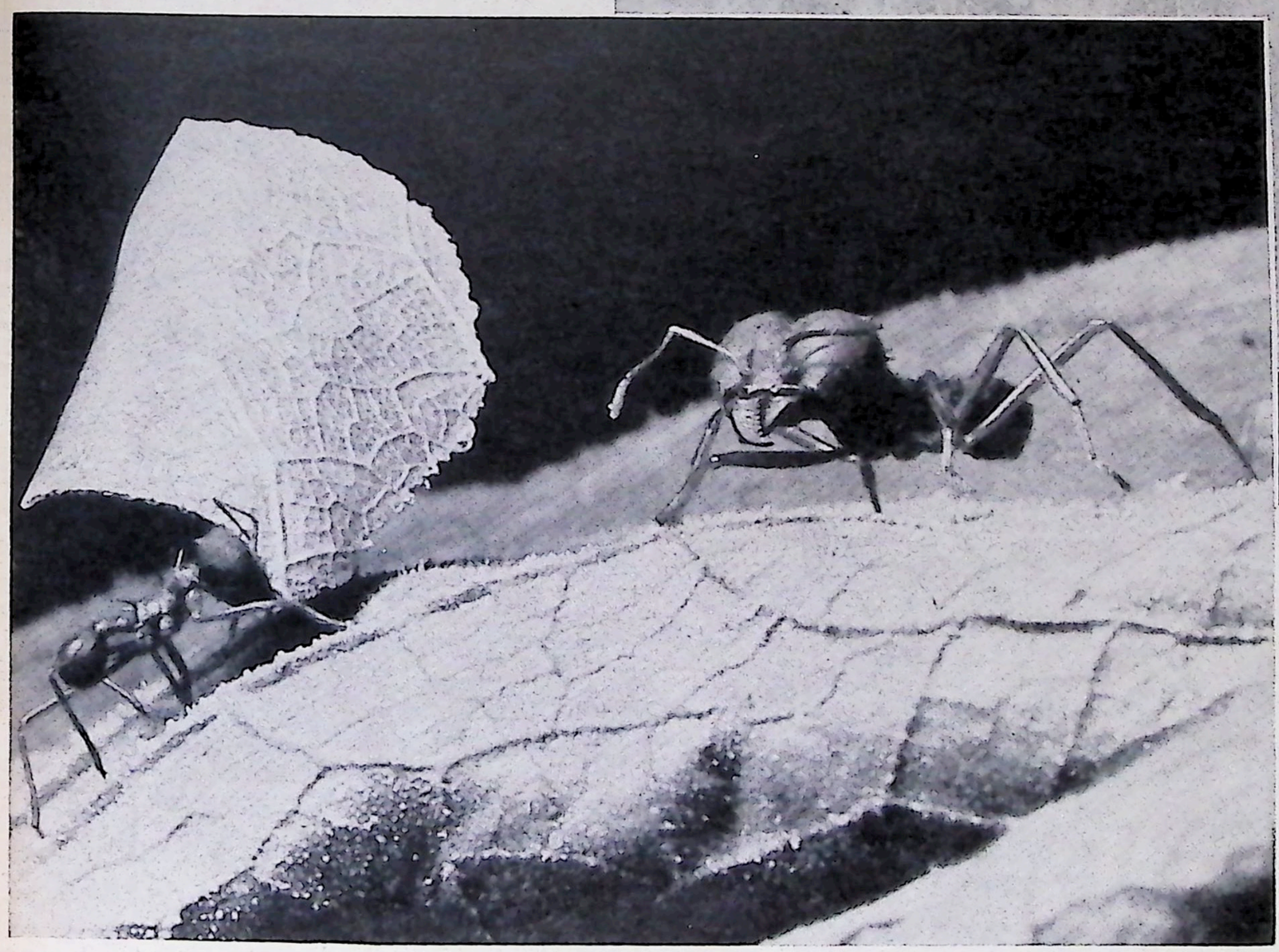
This carpenter ant queen, her nuptial flight only a memory, has chosen a log in which she will found a new colony, and there continue for years to provide new members from her original mating. She has bitten off her wings upon landing; the large, now-useless wing muscles will be dissolved and reabsorbed into her bloodstream. Having sealed the door behind her, she must now rely on these muscles as her sole food source for weeks or even months, while her eggs ripen. Nature provides for her young, too; sometimes she feeds them with her own saliva, sometimes—as with the fungus-growers—she feeds them her other eggs, their less-favored siblings. In new colonies there are no workers and nurses at hand to care for the young, and the queen must manage by herself until the first workers mature and can assist her in caring for succeeding generations.



The vicious-looking specimen at right is one of the large soldier members of the army ants. This group lives wholly on flesh, which is obtained in raids conducted by almost the entire colony. Like the predators they are, they have no permanent nest, only temporary camps between raids. While they appear to execute coordinated flanking movements and other such tactics, their intelligence is perhaps overrated (see page 70). They have elaborate battle formations, however, generally maintained by following the odor trail that is left by the leader; in front are the big soldiers, behind—to butcher the game and carry it back—are the medium-sized workers. The small workers bring up the rear, their assignment being to take care of transport and the young.



Fungus ants, great agricultural pests south of the border, cut leaves (right). The workers carry the leaves to the nests, sometimes as much as 16 feet below the ground, and divided into hundreds of chambers which may measure 10 inches in height and 40 by 10 in length and breadth. They are guarded by soldier members of this complex ant society (below).



Ant societies, like human societies, have their different means of existence, their nomads and their farmers. Of these, the fungus-growers, or leaf-cutters, are perhaps the most remarkable, and certainly the most self-sufficient. They raise their own food in fungus gardens, which are formed from masticated leaves. Workers and soldiers have their duties; the nurses tend the young and the garden. When founding a new colony, the queen will take some fungus from the old nest as the pioneer's bride would take some of Mother's yeast, thus perpetuating the food supply; she tends the garden herself at first.

them successively into hand, yields them limp and supple to her manipulation; she rolls gently over upon her side . . . and with all her limbs relaxed presents a perfect picture of muscular surrender . . . I have seen an ant kneel down before another and thrust forward the head, drooping, quite under the face, and lie there motionless, thus expressing . . . her desire to be cleansed. I at once understood the gesture, and so did the supplicated ant, for she immediately went to work."

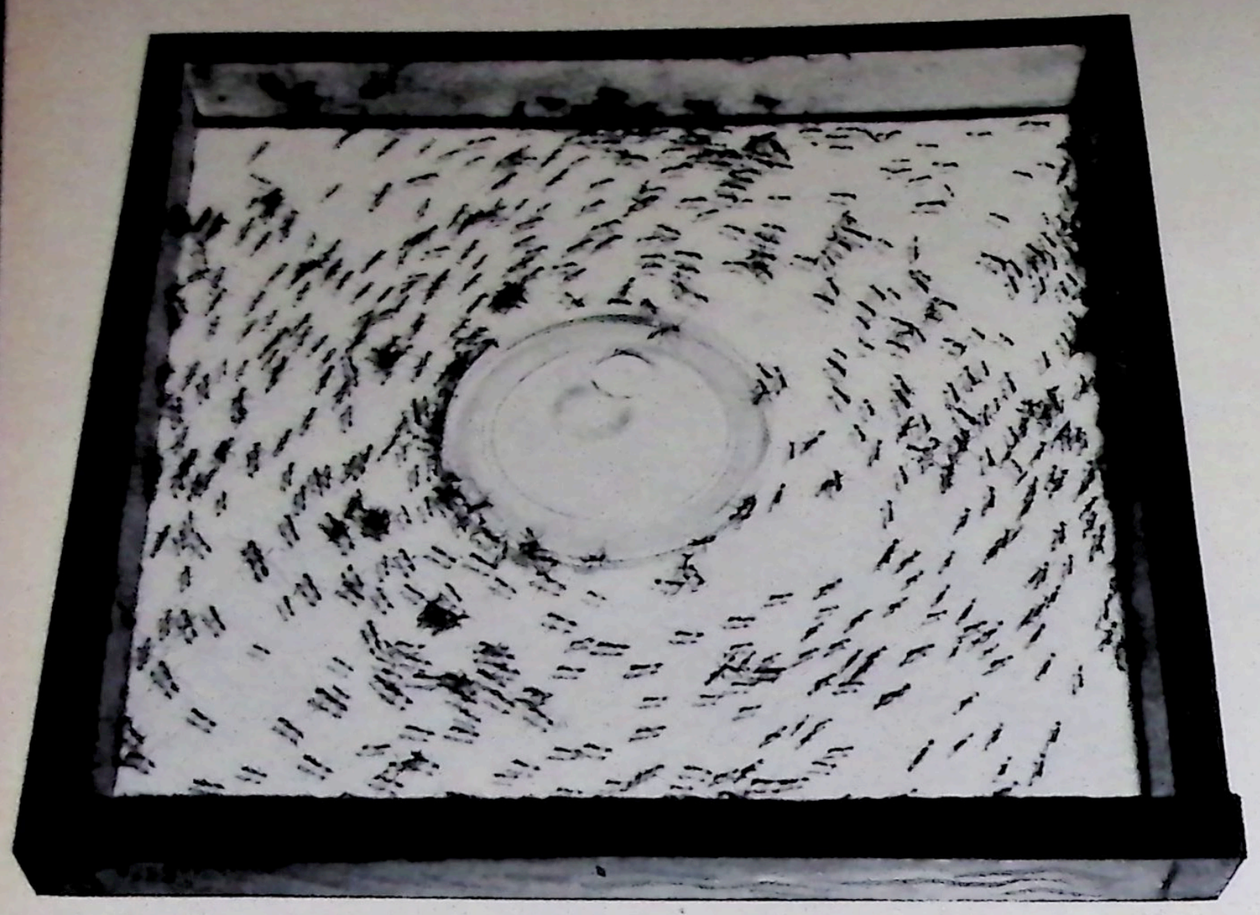
Ants, like other higher insects, require sleep. The exposition of sleep may come on at any time of day, and its duration, in those species where it has been timed, averages some three hours. They may choose a depression in the soil as a bed, and there lay themselves down, with legs drawn close to the body. When asleep, they may be stroked without awaking, though a sharper tap rouses them at once. When waking naturally, they behave in a way startlingly like that of mammals or our proud human selves. The head and then the six legs are stretched to their fullest extent, and often shaken; the jaws are strained open in a way remarkably reminiscent of a yawn.

Some observations indicate that ants have reached that high state of mental development at which play appears. The sport generally consists in mock fight between the workers of a single colony, the ants behaving just like dogs when they play at fighting. They may also pursue each other, again like puppies, or like children playing tag.

Ants are among the very few organisms other than man which go to war. In ants there are all gradations from the pure predation of such forms as the legionaries, against which no other ant defends itself, up through stages where the species preyed upon occasionally defends itself vigorously or even takes the offensive, to those of habitual warfare between closely allied species, and, finally, battles between different nests of the same species.

The best-known military activities of ants are those concerned with the raids of the slave-makers on the nests of the related species from which they wish to steal pupae to be reared as slaves.

In more peaceful species, solitary workers scout about for food, and, after it is found, their return to the nest is followed by a large exodus of other workers to exploit the provisions. Similarly,



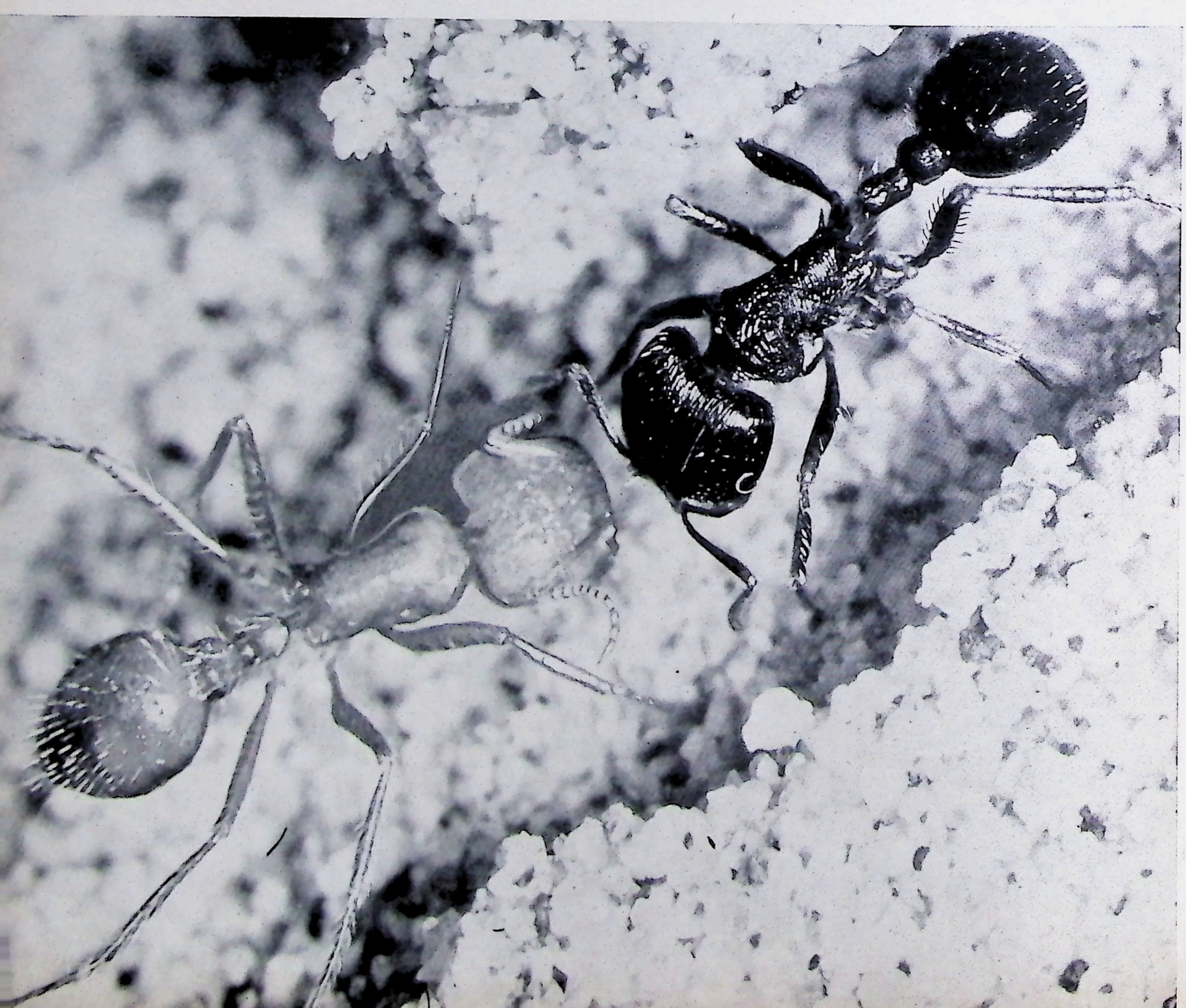
Despite their reputed military ability and ferocity, army ants, or legionaries—which invade entire African villages, eating chickens, pigs, even pythons—show little initiative. Once started in a circle by accident, they continue following the leaders for days, until dead of desiccation.

the slave-makers' scouts go out in search of suitable nests to attack, and, when they return successful, all the neuters of the nest advance to the attack in a body. The slave-makers form in dense columns when near the objective, apparently searching for the scent. Such columns may be 15 feet long, with breadth up to six inches, and the march may last an hour, at an average speed of a yard a minute, or more. The leading ants are apparently sniffing eagerly for the scent of the slave-species. When this is found they dash forward to the attack. Some slave-species fly at once. Others offer violent resistance, but they are usually driven to fleeing with as many larvae and pupae as they can save, and to pursuing the Amazons, when they retreat, in the attempt to retrieve some of their booty.

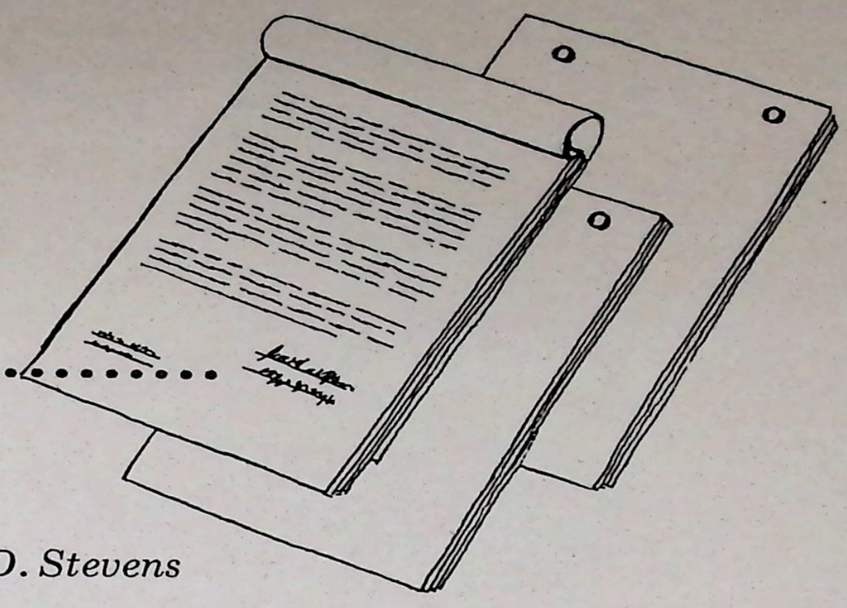
There seems to be no leadership in the human sense, but some ants often appear to be very half-hearted and need to be tapped with the antennae of more actively inclined animals before they will advance. Halts are often made to let the column close up, and usually again when the van has arrived close to the objective.

The ants are, with birds and with man, the fine flowers of the tree of life. Had not their advance to greater size and strength been checked through limitations inherent from the first in the fundamentals of insect organization, they might well have evolved into beings so formidable as to have held the vertebrates back in their conquest of the land, and forever prevented the development of man. ◆

The bitter, age-old rivalry between red and black ants, here pictured preparing for combat in a tunnel, often involves a fight to the death.



SIGN ON THE DOTTED LINE.....



by Earl W. Mounce and Robley D. Stevens

How will a knowledge of contract law help you? Now is a good time to ask this question—before you innocently commit yourself to an action with serious legal consequences.

While you must not attempt to be a legal expert, you can familiarize yourself with some basic legal points. It takes only one mistake in your business or personal dealings with others to place yourself in a financial difficulty.

You can be at a disadvantage if you do not know and understand your legal rights and duties which are given and imposed by contract law.

You might not realize it, but you probably sign or make orally hundreds of contracts in the course of a year. In some instances, you may do so without realizing what, exactly, a contract is or what it involves.

What is the nature of a contract? A simple case in point involves the following situations: You ask your bookseller the price of a business encyclopedia. He tells you the price and you say you will take it. You have just made an oral contract. You go into a clothing store and order an imported Harris tweed tailored suit for next spring. After the tailor fits the suit to your liking and it is delivered to you, the store has performed its part of the contract. In both cases you are legally liable to pay the bill or else!

To protect yourself against making unnecessary contracts you should understand the definition of a contract. Simply stated, "A contract is a promise or set of promises for the breach of which the law gives a remedy, or the performance of which the law in some way recognizes as a duty."

Obviously, a contract must be voluntarily and freely entered into, and the obligations assumed by the parties are voluntarily assumed.

You are not compelled by law to enter into a particular contract. If you should enter into such a contract, your rights and duties which you have under the contract will be derived from your voluntary agreement. Whether or not your contract results from your negotiations with the parties involved depends upon the parties themselves. The court will not make a contract for you. If, however, the parties voluntarily enter into a legally enforceable contract, the court will interpret and enforce it as such.

It is to your personal benefit to know what elements go to make up a contract, how to draw up a contract, understand the terms of a contract and when a contract must be in *writing* to be enforceable.

If you don't already know, you might find it interesting to learn that a legal, enforceable contract consists of the mutual assent, the capacity of the parties to contract, consideration *(legal* and *valuable)*, and the legality of subject matter. Not all contracts can be enforced. But if all four of the elements exist, a contract exists. However, the law provides that certain contracts must be in *writing* to be enforceable.

For example, the following types of contracts must be in writing to be valid: (a) contracts of executors and administrators who become personally bound for the debts of the estates that they are administering, (b) contracts in consideration of marriage, like prenuptial agreements, and (c) contracts to answer for the debt, default or miscarriage of another.

Are you aware that only the parties to a contract have any rights or duties under the contract? However, all rights under a contract may be assigned, without the consent of the other party, *unless* the contract is made nonassignable by its terms.

If, however, disagreement arises and the controversy goes to court, the court will have to decide whether or not a contract actually exists, and, if a contract does exist, what the rights and duties of the parties are under the contract.

Whether or not you make contracts, your contracts that are made may be discharged by performance, agreement of the parties, impossibility of performance, and by operation of law.

A breach of a contract by one of the parties gives the other party a right of action for damages and, under certain circumstances, will discharge him from further duty to perform under the contract.

Keep a copy of every agreement or contract you make and sign. If you don't have a genuine copy, you may have a difficult time proving what the agreement or contract involved, particularly when you signed it.

Prior to entering into any agreement or contract you should make certain that it is entirely clear and understandable to you. It should contain all the details which you intend to govern the transaction. Guesses as to what you may do can be costly.

This sampling consists of the pertinent points you must consider before making a contract, otherwise, you might be breaking a contract. You will be on safer ground to have all your agreements and contracts examined by a competent attorney before you approve or sign them. ♦

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For Significant Contributions to Knowledge and Distinguished Service to Mankind

The first Annual WISDOM Magazine Awards dinner was held in Beverly Hills, Calif., on December 2nd. Outstanding leaders in many fields were honored for their achievements. Recipients of the WISDOM Award—a statuette of Rodin's famous *The Thinker*—are listed on these pages.

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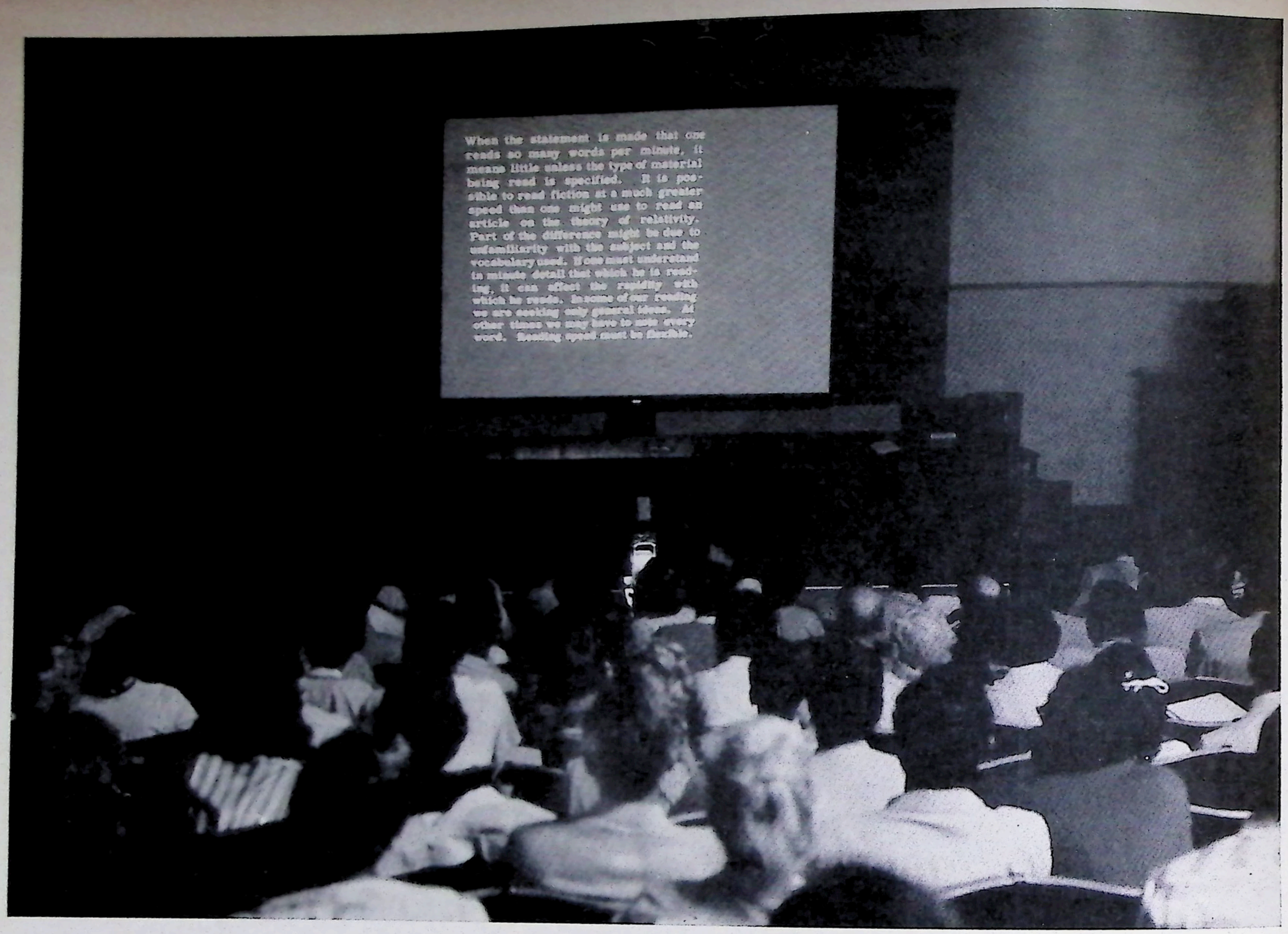

When the statement is made that one
reads so many words per minute, it
means little unless the type of materi
being read is specified. It is pos-
sible to read fiction at a much greater
speed than one might use to read an
article on the theory of relativity.
Part of the difference might be due to
unfamiliarity with the subject and the
vocabulary used. If one must understand
in minute detail that which he is read-
ing, it can affect the rapidity with
which he reads. In some of our reading
we are seeking only general ideas. At
other times we may have to note every
word. Reading speed must be flexible.

Large-screen projectors help ever-growing classes improve their reading habits.

THE ART OF *rapid reading*

by E. Wayne Marjarum

Long before the age of electronic communication the Lamaistic priests of Tibet devised a wondrous means of hailing their deities. They write out their prayers on a long strip of paper and then wind the paper about a cylinder which revolves on an axle. To pray then, they need only spin the prayer wheel. One can but wonder at the ingenuity of the device. *There* is broadcasting. But still more wonderful must be the rapidity with which the gods can read when the worshiper is feeling unusually sorry for himself, for, presumably, the more he needs the gods, the faster he whirls the wheel.

The flood of books, circulars and pamphlets which the world presents for our daily inspection makes one wish he could read as fast as a Tibetan god. Lacking such supernal endowments, we are forced to do the next best thing, which is to read as fast as we can. Most of us could read faster than we do. Laboratory methods have revealed much in recent years about our reading habits and capacities, and the results of experiments are somewhat amazing. It has been proven possible, for those willing to undertake the training, to increase their reading speeds twofold, in some cases to a rate three or four times as fast as the ordinary rate of vocal speech.

A preliminary to all such training is the eradication of habits which impede reading, and the worst of these is the tendency to pronounce the words. In old-fashioned schools the youngsters were frequently encouraged to read their lessons aloud. The masters in the "blab schools," as they were called, having accommodated their nerves to the infernal cacophony, could easily spot the idlers—they didn't make enough noise. And you yourself have seen persons form the words on their lips, with or without actual sound.

Many others who appear to read silently are actually readying their organs of speech for each sound, shifting the position of the tongue and the other organs toward, if not to, the positions they would take in articulating the word. Examine yourself

carefully and honestly to see if this is true of you. If it is, do not hesitate to apply mechanical aids. Some specialists recommend that one should, if necessary, practice regularly reading with some object in his mouth to inhibit and finally stop the habit of "vocalization." Since the speed with which we talk is only a fraction of that with which we read silently, it can easily be seen that even an incipient use of the vocal organs acts as a brake. It may seem to the reader that such advice is impertinent, but he would be surprised to find how frequently this habit is to be observed.

Closely related to this immaturity is the effect which some kinds of work produce upon reading habits. Proofreaders, copyists, and particularly teachers, the very nature of whose occupation is to scrutinize every written symbol on the page, get so in the habit of close inspection that even when reading for general purposes they see every misplaced comma, every slip in typesetting, and even check at the end of a sentence to make sure that the period is there. Only a deliberate effort to ignore such matters is likely to help them, and the resolution to be less careful must be renewed many times.

Laboratory studies of reading habits, with the aid of a motion-picture camera focused upon the eyeball of cooperating subjects, illustrate the most important difference between slow readers and fast. As you know, you have a direct line of vision which you use in sighting a rifle or aligning a row of fence posts. It corresponds to a point in the back of the eye called "the yellow spot," where the rod-and-cone-shaped tissues are very highly concentrated. But when aiming a rifle or putting the cross hairs of a telescope upon a target, you are aware of other objects on which your eye is not directly fixed, particularly if they are in motion. This kind of seeing is peripheral vision.

Now when you read a line of a book, your eye does not travel in a continuous sweep from left to right. If it did, your line of vision would traverse each letter and each word at about the same speed. Actually your eyeball, instead of rotating slowly, moves in a series of little jerking movements. Your center of vision is applied successively to a series of points in the line, resting upon each for a fraction of a second, and then jumping to another point to the right. In short, you don't look at all the letters with your yellow spot; you look at a few of them, and peripheral vision does the rest. You are so familiar with the general configuration of the letters in a word like *apple* that it is quite sufficient for you to look at one letter, for example the second *p*. When short words occur together, you read several of them at once. Instead of reading individual symbols you read clusters, and the more words you apprehend in any one cluster the faster you can read.

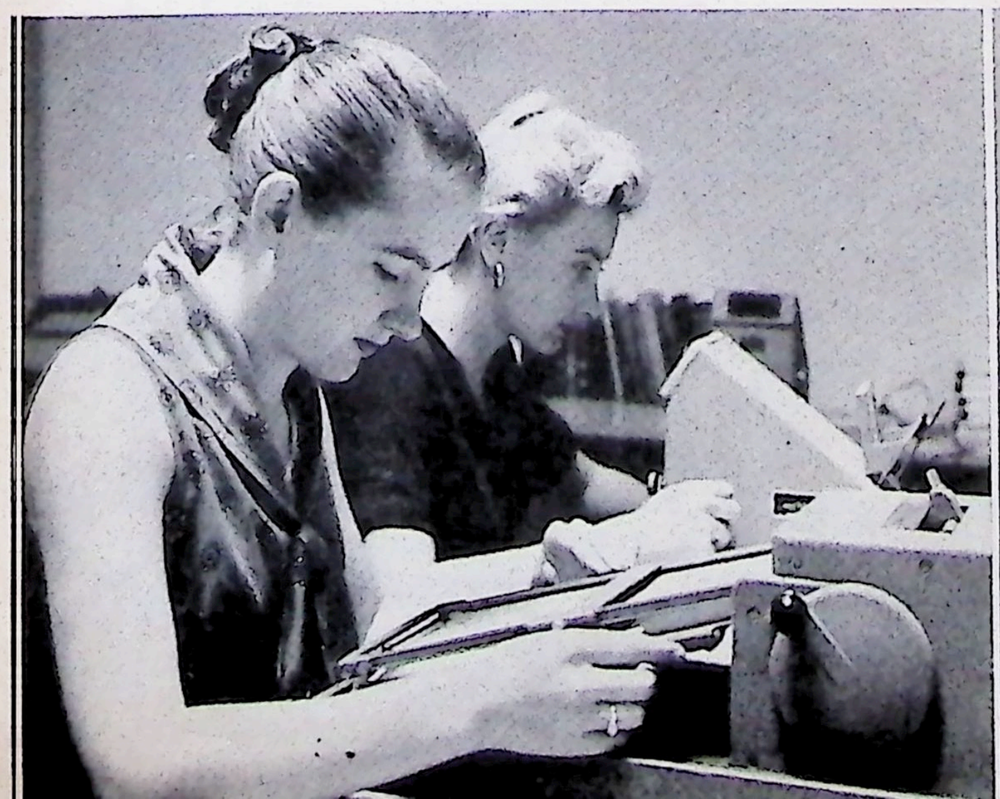
These fleeting stops made by the eyeball are called fixations, and it will obviously be to the reader's advantage if he can reduce the number of fixations needed to secure comprehension. And in most cases that result can be attained with practice, first of all as a deliberate exercise, and later as a habit as well defined as one's other reading habits.

When you pick up a newspaper, begin each column or each news item with a deliberate attempt to race. You will be slowed down in a few minutes the first time you try it, and you must remember that the acquisition of any skill is never a steady progress with slight increases at regular intervals, but rather a succession of sudden jumps to successively higher levels of facility followed by apparently long intervals showing no progress whatever. A typist increasing her speed does not increase from 90 to 100 words per minute in 10 intervals of one word each. She holds to the 90 for days; then, after the forces which make for improvement have gathered strength, she jumps to 93 or 97, and stays there for many days. Then she finds herself doing 105 words, and so on. Reading skill progresses by just such plateaus. But daily and persistent attempts to apply the reading techniques suggested have been proven by laboratory tests with hundreds of subjects to be of vast benefit.

What has been said so far concerns only eye habits. It has little to do with another process called skimming. When skimming is at its best not only does the eye make fewer fixations, it actually omits many fixations and does not inspect the text, because a few hints to an alert mind indicate that the material being presented is not relevant to the reader's present purposes. You already know how to skim vertically when you get to the page of the telephone book where you expect to find your number. You drop large sections from consideration because the alphabet tells you they are useless. But when you skim connected writing, your guide must be a swift indication of contents. If you are skimming a chapter looking for something on Mary, Queen of Scots, you waste only a few seconds on a page where the words that catch your eye are Elizabeth or Essex or Dudley or Raleigh. You are looking for a certain name; in fact, you are probably looking primarily for the *M*, *Q* and *S* that show its presence. This is slower work than the telephone book, and when it is an idea you are searching for, your progress will be still slower because of the fear of omission. Yet it should be faster than the fastest reading you could do with any pretense at full understanding.

In skimming, the principles you put into use are essentially those of rejection; the time saved is applied to selection, and the time needed is correspondingly less. This you must learn to practice constantly in all the reading that you do for the purpose

New devices for improved reading are the tachistoscopic trainers, which flash words on cards at rapid speeds, and speed pacers, in which a ruler moves over lines at a set rate (below, left). The ophtham-o-graph, in the other two pictures, photographs movements of the reading eye for study.



of getting information. It has nothing to do with enjoyment; it is not applicable to completely new material; it will not be of much help in closely reasoned material. But it should be put to work wherever and whenever that is possible.

It may be noted that there is a rough analogy between the increase in speed by using fewer fixations and the use of skimming. In each case, the reader foregoes the pleasure of dwelling even for an instant on what is not needed, looking only for the essentials. But in the first case the rejected material is rejected only by the central vision; the peripheral vision is on the alert. In the second, the rejection is on a much larger scale, consisting of whole paragraphs or even pages when the reader has sufficient command of the material to warrant taking the chance of omission.

Other things which affect one's reading speed are, of course, the obvious matters of physical comfort, proper light, quiet, freedom from interruption. We all know about these, but it takes some of us a long time to learn that such conditions are not always to be had. People who fill their lives with books snatch the few minutes that come while riding a bus, or waiting for a meal to be served or watching the coffee percolator. By all means, you should do everything you can to promote your comfort so that you may read faster and to greater advantage, but don't get the idea that all these matters are so essential that you just can't work otherwise.

Fatigue is also to be dealt with. A tired student takes more notes than one who is fresh, and it is usually true that he reads more slowly apart from whatever else he is doing. The most profitable way to rest is to change to another volume or another part of the same volume. When you come to the time when you must really knock off, get a complete change. The longer you work, the shorter will be the periods of profitable application, and the longer should be the rest periods.

Personal differences must always be taken into account. Many people will tell you that they read and study most enjoyably and with complete efficiency in the presence of music. The psychologists who work on reading problems solemnly shake their heads, but the radio addict, despite the doubtful force of his defense, is seldom to be deterred. Some other persons are at their best (for the purposes of reading, that is) not during the early hours of the day but in the long hours of the evening and night. This may be true, but don't let a sense of being personally a little different from other men betray you into the romantic notion that you must read all night or under an apple tree because you're you. The writer once knew a sensitive young genius who could not work in a room where a clock was ticking until the Army showed him how.

Your reading speed is also affected adversely by alcohol. Wine and poetry are alleged to be naturally concomitant; Longfellow enjoyed both in moderation, and Samuel Johnson, who read everything, was not a consistent teetotaler. But the laboratory shows conclusively that a few cocktails, despite their apparent stimulation, ultimately induce a postalcoholic period of depression (this doesn't mean drunkenness) more marked and of longer duration than the initial "lift." If you have serious reading to do in a hurry, don't get the idea that you are Superman.

The worst handicap that confronts a vast number of readers is the lack of an adequate vocabulary. It presents a problem for which there is no very good solution. If you are to overcome the handicap, you must of course keep a good desk dictionary handy and look up what you don't know. The time consumed is time gone from reading—there is no escape from that.

One caution by way of conclusion. You remember the tale of the sorcerer's apprentice who was told to carry in water during his master's absence, and how he conjured the broomstick into doing his task, but conjured so well that the broomstick broke into several pieces, each of which went to work despite the frantic efforts of the apprentice to end the spell he had cast. The principle is sometimes true of rapid reading. Don't let your broomstick get out of control. If you find your mind bewildered, or the quality of your results not quite useful, give the broomstick a rest and take a few turns with the bucket yourself. ◆

Housewives, scientists, businessmen—all ages and professions—are attending special classes to help their reading ability.

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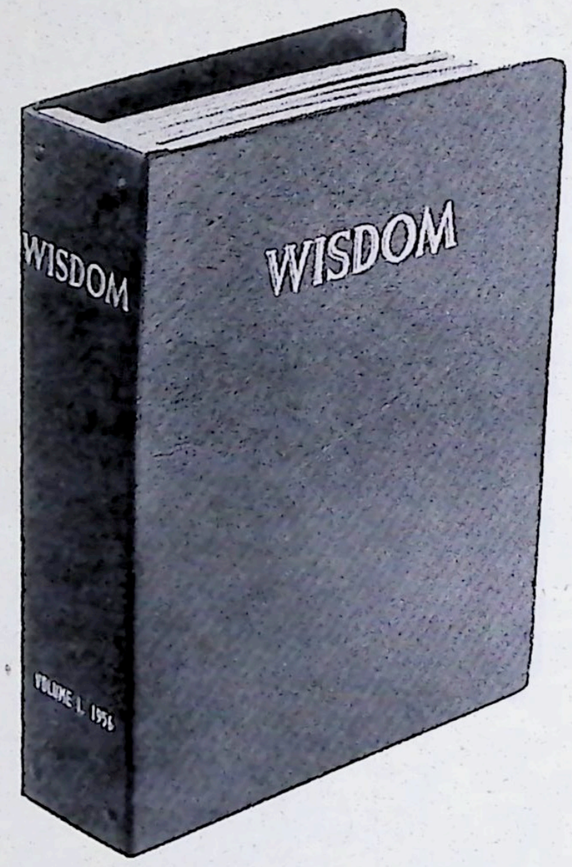

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Wit of Wisdom

THEODORE ROOSEVELT: A man who has never gone to school may steal from a freight car; but if he has a university education, he may steal the whole railroad.

* *

SAMUEL JOHNSON: Envy is almost the only vice which is practicable at all times and in every place.

* *

FRED ALLEN: Some movie stars wear their sunglasses even in church; they're afraid God might recognize them and ask for autographs.

* *

REMY DE GOURMONT: Women still remember the first kiss after men have forgotten the last.

* *

THOMAS BROWNE: The world, which took but six days to make, is like to take us six thousand years to make out.

* *

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW: Common people do not pray; they only beg.

* *

GEORGE JEAN NATHAN: What passes for woman's intuition is often nothing more than man's transparency.

* *

JOSH BILLINGS: As scarce as truth is, the supply has always been in excess of the demand.

* *

OLIVER HERFORD: Darling: the popular form of address used in speaking to a person of the opposite sex whose name you cannot at the moment recall.

* *

BARON DE MONTESQUIEU: When God endowed human beings with brains, He did not intend to guarantee them.

* *

JOHN BUCHAN: An atheist is a man who has no invisible means of support.

* *

NICHOLAS CHAMFORT: Men and women enjoy popular esteem not because they are known, but because they are not known.

* *

GEORGE ADE: After being turned down by numerous publishers, he decided to write for posterity.

* *

PAUL GERALDY: Generally the woman chooses the man who will choose her.

* *

DON MARQUIS: The successful people are the ones who can think up things for the rest of the world to keep busy at.

* *

ADDISON MIZNER: Poets are born, not paid.

* *

ALAN PATRICK HERBERT: A highbrow is the kind of person who looks at a sausage and thinks of Picasso.

* *

AMBROSE BIERCE: Calamities are of two kinds: misfortune to ourselves, and good fortune to others.

* *

H. L. MENCKEN: Conscience: the inner voice that warns us that someone may be looking.

* *

ARSENE HOUSSAYE: A woman forgives only when she is in the wrong.

* *

GEORGE CHAPMAN: Young men think old men are fools; but old men know young men are fools.

* *

SINCLAIR LEWIS: People will buy anything that's one to a customer.

* *

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: A miser grows rich by seeming poor; an extravagant man grows poor by seeming rich.

* *

JAMES AGATE: The English instinctively admire any man who has no talent and is modest about it.

* *

ABRAHAM LINCOLN: No man has a good enough memory to make a successful liar.

* *

SOCRATES: By all means marry; if you get a good wife, you'll become happy; if you get a bad one, you'll become a philosopher.

* *

JOHN BARRYMORE: The trouble with life is that there are so many beautiful women—and so little time.

* *

ELLEN GLASGOW: The only difference between a rut and a grave is their dimensions.

* *

HONORÉ DE BALZAC: One of the first conditions of learning in a woman is to keep the fact a profound secret.

* *

THOMAS CHANDLER HALIBURTON: A college education shows a man how little other people know.

* *

PIERRE CHARLES BAUDELAIRE: The man who gets on best with women is the one who knows best how to get on without them.

BOOKS FOR WISDOM

FOR YOUR READING ENJOYMENT *the Editors of Wisdom recommend:*

BOOKS THAT CHANGED THE WORLD
by Robert B. Downs

Robert B. Downs has selected for this volume 16 works which have had a profound impact on modern civilization. Among those chosen we find Machiavelli's *The Prince,* Paine's *Common Sense,* Smith's *The Wealth of Nations,* Malthus's *An Essay on the Principle of Population,* Thoreau's *Civil Disobedience,* Stowe's *Uncle Tom's Cabin,* Marx's *Das Kapital,* Mahan's *The Influence of Sea Power upon History,* Hitler's *Mein Kampf,* Harvey's *Exercitatis de motu cordis et sanguinis,* Copernicus' *De revolutionibus orbium coelestium,* Newton's *Philosophiae naturalis principia mathematica,* Darwin's *Origin of Species,* Freud's *The Interpretation of Dreams,* and Einstein's *Relativity: The Special and the General Theory.*

Downs writes with great force and comprehension about these works and their significance for our times. Reading great books, he implies, is a prelude to creative living. The reader will be impressed with the immortality of ideas, which exert an abiding influence long after material institutions have passed away. *Cloth-bound, American Library Association, $2.25; paper-bound, New American Library, Mentor Book, 35 cents*

THE BIRTH OF THE REPUBLIC: 1763-1789
by Edmund S. Morgan

This brief volume on an important chapter of American history should give the reader an excellent survey of the significance of the American Revolution. The author concentrates on the political aspects of history while giving only a sketchy account of the military developments during this era. He notes how great statesmen like Jefferson and Adams differed on specific issues such as centralization, yet how they agreed on certain fundamental views regarding the nature and destiny of man. He maintains that the ideas of outstanding Colonial thinkers like Jefferson still are important today and can influence us in our struggle against totalitarianism. Edmund S. Morgan writes dramatically and has the ability to see the past in contemporary terms. *University of Chicago Press, $3*

THEATRE IN THE EAST
by Faubion Bowers

The Western reader usually has only a superficial acquaintance with Oriental art, especially in the field of drama. To remedy this defect, *Theatre in the East* offers a more cosmopolitan view. Faubion Bowers discusses the theater of 14 countries, including Cambodia, India and Japan. His portrayals are extremely eloquent. He describes thus a musical performance which accompanied a drama in Cambodia: "The music sounds like drops of water falling in elusive rhythmic irregularity, while the winding melodic line of the horn, through which the player breathes both in and out so that the sound never stops until the end of the music, floats and hovers hesitantly over the music's substance. I have often thought if summery clouds had sound it would be like Cambodian music." *Thomas Nelson, $7.50*

DIAMOND
by Emily Hahn

There have been many legends about the Kimberley diamond mine in South Africa. In her latest book, Emily Hahn gives us a factual account of its operation and the men who guide its destiny. Her story of Diamond City is both colorful and unforgettable. A chapter in the book is devoted to Sir Ernest Oppenheimer, one of the financial geniuses of our time, who has amassed one of the world's largest fortunes. The book abounds with amusing anecdotes, such as the fulfillment of Cecil Rhodes's lifelong desire to touch a bucket filled with diamonds. For many years, the Kimberley diamond mine has been operated under a curtain of secrecy, but now this curtain has been lifted and the reader, through the writing of Emily Hahn, gains a better understanding of the diamond industry. *Doubleday, $5.95*

MAUDE ADAMS: AN INTIMATE PORTRAIT
by Phyllis Robbins

This portrait of one of the most famous actresses gives an excellent insight into the life of a great lady of the stage. Maude Adams belonged to the Gay Nineties and she typified the wild spirit of that age. In her youth she had a hard struggle but she overcame adversity and she had an amazing appeal as an actress. Her code was: "Life is full of adventure, perhaps of joy. There is something exciting in trimming your bark anew and challenging the years to come. What may those years hold: something of joy and adventure? More like, much of toil and anxiety—but that is a groveling thought. Oh, no! Thumbs up for joy and adventure!" *Putnam, $5*

MILITARY POLICY AND NATIONAL SECURITY
by William W. Kaufmann, Gordon A. Craig, Roger Hilsman and Klaus Knorr

The problem of military security is one of the most perplexing of our time. In this work four authors have written a well balanced book about the requirements for U. S. preparedness. Among the chapters we find: "The Requirements of Deterrence," "Strategic Doctrine for Nuclear War," "Passive Air Defense of the United States," "Limited Warfare," "Military Potential in the Nuclear Age," "Coalition and Alliances," "NATO and the New German Army" and "Force and Foreign Policy." The work will challenge many readers to think more deeply about the problems of the Atomic Age. The authors do not pretend to have magic formulas. Their main purpose is to evoke questions and concern. In this aim they have succeeded extremely well. *Princeton University Press, $5*

LITERATURE AND RELIGION
by I. C. Keller

This book by a noted student of the classics and college professor attempts to give the reader an understanding of spiritual ideals in literature. I. C. Keller believes that our greatest "need is men and women who clearly understand the deeper meaning of Charity—Love—who are willing to share their time, talents, influence and money so that the church may fulfill its intended mission in the world: to make men and women conscious of God and offer an avenue for consecrated service." *Richard R. Smith Publishers, Inc., $2*

THE CURIOUS ART OF AUTOBIOGRAPHY
by H. N: Wethered

Man's ideals and spiritual growth are perhaps best revealed in great autobiographies. H. N. Wethered in a critical treatise gives an account of autobiographical writings from the 16th century to the present. We meet such famous men as Cellini, Bunyan, Franklin, Newman, and Kipling. We learn much about the social environment, mental habits, and times of these authors and we have a better appreciation of their psychological development. The author has omitted living writers, for he feels that they cannot be discussed with a sufficient degree of objectivity. This book is written in a lucid style and it ought to have a wide appeal. *Philosophical Library, $7.50*

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